
The Works of
THOMAS OTWAY

THE WORKS OF
T h o m a s
O T W A Y

*PLAYS, POEMS, AND
LOVE-LETTERS*

Edited by J C GHOSH

VOLUME II

O X F O R D

At the Clarendon Press

1932

Printed in GREAT BRITAIN at the UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD
and Published by Mr. HUMPHREY MILFORD at the
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, LONDON
EDINBURGH GLASGOW LEIPZIG NEW YORK TORONTO
MELBOURNE CAPE TOWN BOMBAY

CONTENTS TO VOL. II

THE ORPHAN	I
THE SOULDIERS FORTUNE	89
VENICE PRESERV'D	197
THE ATHEIST	291
THE POET'S COMPLAINT OF HIS MUSE	401
PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS	427
EPILOGUE TO VENICE PRESERV'D ON THE DUKE'S COMING TO THE THEATRE	433
PROLOGUE TO THE CITY HEIRESS	435
EPILOGUE TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS	437
TO MR. CREECH	438
PROLOGUE TO CONSTANTINE THE GREAT	441
EPISTLE TO R. D.	443
THE SIXTEENTH ODE OF HORACE	447
WINDSOR CASTLE	449
THE COMPLAINT	470
A PASTORAL ON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY	472
LOVE-LETTERS	473
ADDITIONAL TEXTUAL NOTES	483
EXPLANATORY NOTES	488

THE
ORPHAN
OR, THE
Unhappy-Marriage
A
TRAGEDY,
As it is Acted
At His ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
DUKE's Theatre.

Written by *THO. OTWAT.*

*Qui Pelago credit magno, se fanore tollit ;
Qui Pugnas & Castra petit, præcingitur Auro ;
Vilis Adulator puto jacer Ebruius Ostro ;
Et qui sollicitat Nuptas, ad præmia peccat :
Sola pruinosis horret Facundia patris,
Atque inopi lingua desertas invocat Artes. Petron. Arb. Sat.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Bentley, and M. Magnes, in *Russel-
Street* in *Covent Garden*, 1680

TO HER
Royal Highness
THE
DUTCHESS

Madam,

AFTER having a great while wisht to write something that might be worthy to lay at your Highnesses Feet, and finding it impossible: Since the World has been so kind to me to Judge of this 5 Poem to my advantage, as the most pardonable fault which I have made in its kind; I had sinn'd against my self, if I had not chosen this Opportunity to implore (what my Ambition is most fond of) your Favour and Protection. 10

For though Fortune would not so far bless my endeavours, as to encourage them with your Royal Highnesses presence, when this came into the World: Yet, I cannot but declare it was my design and hopes it might have been your Divertisement 15 in that happy season, when you return'd again to cheer all those eyes that had before wept for your Departure, and enliven all hearts that had droopt for your Absence: When Wit ought to have pay'd it's Choicest Tributes in, and Joy have known no 20 Limits, then I hop'd my little Mite would not have been rejected; though my ill Fortune was too hard for me, and I lost a greater Honour, by your Royal Highnesses Absence, than all the Applauses of the World besides can make me Reparation for. 25

Nevertheless, I thought my self not quite unhappy, so long as I had hopes this way yet to recom-

pence my disappointment past : When I consider'd
also that Poetry might claim right to a little share
30 in your Favour : For *Tasso*, and *Ariosto*, some of
the best, have made their Names Eternal, by trans-
mitting to after-Ages the Glory of your Ancestors :
And under the spreading of that shade, where
two of the best have planted their Lawrels, how
35 Honoured should I be, who am the worst, if but
a branch might grow for me.

I dare not think of offering at any thing in this
Address, that might look like a Panegyrick, for fear
lest when I have done my best, the World should
40 Condemn me, for saying too little, and you your
self check me, for meddling with a Task unfit for
my Talent.

For the description of Vertues, and Perfections so
rare as yours are, ought to be done by as deliberate,
45 as skillful a Hand ; the Features must be drawn
very fine, to be like, hasty dawbing would but spoil
the Picture, and make it so unnatural, as must
want false lights to set it off : And your Vertue can
receive no more Lustre from Praises, than your
50 Beauty can be improv'd by Art ; which as it
Charms the bravest Prince that ever amaz'd the
World with his Virtue : So let but all other Hearts
enquire into themselves, and then Judge how it
ought to be prais'd.

55 Your Love too, as none but that great Heroe
who has it could deserve it, and therefore, by a
particular Lot from Heav'n, was destin'd to so
extraordinary a blessing, so matchless for itself,
and so wondrous for it's Constancy, shall be
60 remembred to your Immortal Honour, when all

other Transactions of the Age you live in shall be forgotten.

But I forget that I am to ask Pardon for the fault I have been all this while Committing : wherefore I beg your Highness to forgive me this presumption, 65 and that you will be pleas'd to think well of one who cannot help resolving with all the Actions of Life, to endeavour to deserve it : Nay more, I would beg, and hope it may be granted, that I may through yours never want an Advocate in his 70 Favour, whose Heart, and Mine, you have so entire a share in ; it is my only Portion and my Fortune ; I cannot but be happy, so long as I have but hopes I may enjoy it, and I must be Miserable, should it ever be my ill Fate to lose it. 75

This, with Eternal wishes for your Royal Highnesses Content, Happiness, and Prosperity, in all Humility is presented by

Your most obedient and devoted Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

The Persons Represented in the Tragedy.

M E N

A casto, A Nobleman retired from Court, and living privately in the Country.	By Mr. <i>Gillow</i> .
Castalio, } Polydore, } His Sons.	By Mr. <i>Betterton</i> . By Mr. <i>Jo. Williams</i> .
Chamount, A young Souldier of Fortune.	By Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
Ernesto, } Paulino, } Servants in the Family.	By Mr. <i>Norris</i> . By Mr. <i>Wiltshire</i> .
Cordelio, Polydore's Page.	By the little Girl.
Chaplain.	By Mr. <i>Percival</i> .

W O M E N .

Monimia, The Orphan, left un- der the Guardian-ship of old Acasto.	By Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
Serina, Acasto's Daughter.	By Mrs. <i>Boteler</i> .
Florella, Monimia's Woman.	By Mrs. <i>Osborn</i> .

SCENE, *BOHEMIA*.

Prologue

*To you, great Judges in this Writing Age,
 The Sons of Wit, and Patrons of the Stage,
 With all those humble thoughts, which still have sway'd
 His Pride, much doubting, trembling and affraid
 Of what is to his want of merit due,* 5
*And aw'd by every Excellence in you,
 The Author sends to beg you would be kind,
 And spare those many faults you needs must find.
 You to whom Wit a Common Foe is grown,
 The thing ye scorn, and publickly disown;* 10
*Though now perhaps y'are here for other ends,
 He swears to me, you ought to be his Friends:
 For he ne're call'd ye yet insipid Tools;
 Nor wrote one line to tell you ye were Fools:
 But says of Wit ye have so large a store,* 15
*So very much, you never will have more.
 He ne're with Libel treated yet the Town,
 The names of Honest men bedawb'd and shown,
 Nay, never once lampoon'd the harmless life
 Of Suburb Virgin, or of City Wife:* 20
*Satyr's the effect of Poetries disease;
 Which, sick of a lew'd Age, she vents for Ease,
 But now her only strife should be to please;
 Since of ill Fate the baneful Cloud's withdrawn;
 And happiness again begins to dawn,* 25
*Since back with Joy and Triumph he is come,
 That always drove Fears hence, ne're brought 'em home.
 Oft has he plough'd the boist'rous Ocean o're,
 Yet ne're more welcome to the longing shore,
 Not when he brought home Victories before.* } 30
*For then fresh Laurels flourisht on his Brow,
 And he comes Crown'd with Olive-branches now.
 Receive him! Oh receive him as his Friends;
 Embrace the blessings which he Recommends;
 Such quiet as your Foes shall ne're destroy;* 35
Then shake off Fears, and clap your hands for Joy.

THE ORPHAN

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Paulino and Ernesto.

Paul. 'TIs strange, *Ernesto*, this severity
Should still reign pow'rful in *Acasto's* mind,
To hate the Court where he was bred and liv'd,
All Honours heap'd on him that Pow'r cou'd give.

Ernest. 'Tis true, He came thither a private Gentleman,
But young and brave, and of a Family 6
Ancient and Noble as the Empire holds.
The Honours he has gain'd are justly his;
He purchas'd them in War; thrice has he led
An Army against the Rebels, and as often 10
Return'd with Victory; the world has not
A truer Souldier, or a better Subject.

Paul. It was his Vertue that first made me serve him;
He is the best of Masters as of Friends.
I know he has lately been invited thither; 15
Yet still he keeps his stubborn purpose, cries,
He's old, and willingly would be at rest:
I doubt there's deep resentment in his mind,
For the late slight his Honour suffer'd there.

Ernest. Has he not reason? When for what he had born,
Long, hard, and faithful Toyl, he might have claim'd 21
Places in Honour, and employment high;
A huffing shining flat'ring cringing Coward,
A Canker-worm of Peace was rais'd above him.

Paul. Yet still he holds Just value for the King, 25
Nor ever Names him but with highest reverence.
'Tis Noble that——

Ern. Oh! I have heard him wanton in his praise,

Speak things of him might Charm the Ears of envy.

Paul. Oh may he live till Natures self grow old, 30
And from her Womb no more can bless the Earth!
For when he dies, farewell all Honour, Bounty,
All generous encouragement of Arts,
For Charity her self becomes a Widdow.

Ern. No, he has two Sons that were ordain'd to be 35
As well his Vertues, as his Fortunes Heirs.

Paul. They're both of Nature mild, and full of sweetness.
They came Twins from the Womb, and still they live,
As if they would go Twins too to the Grave:
Neither has any thing he calls his own, 40
But of each others joys as griefs partaking,
So very honestly, so well they love,
As they were only for each other born.

Ern. Never was Parent in an Off-spring happier,
He has a Daughter too, whose blooming Age 45
Promises Goodness equal to her Beauty.

Paul. And as there is a Friendship 'twixt the Brethren,
So has her Infant Nature chosen too
A faithful partner of her thoughts and wishes,
And kind Companion of her harmless pleasures. 50

Ern. You mean the Beautious Orphan, fair *Monimia*.

Paul. The same, the Daughter of the brave *Chamont*.
He was our Lords Companion in the Wars,
Where such a wondrous friendship grew between 'em,
As only Death could end: *Chamont's* Estate 55
Was ruin'd in our late and Civil discords;
Therefore unable to advance her Fortune,
He left this Daughter to our Masters care;
To such a care as she scarce lost a Father.

Ern. Her Brother to the Emperors Wars went early, 60
To seek a Fortune or a noble Fate;
Whence he with honour is expected back,
And mighty marks of that great Princes Favour.

Paul. Our Master never would permit his Sons

41 partaking; Q 1, 2

51 *Monimia*? Q 2

To launch for Fortune in th' uncertain World, 65
 But warnes 'em to avoid both Courts, and Camps,
 Where Dilatory Fortune plays the Jilt
 With the brave noble honest gallant man,
 To throw her self away on Fools and Knaves.

Ern. They both have forward gen'rous active Spirits,
 'Tis daily their Petition to their Father, 71
 To send them forth where Glory's to be gotten;
 They cry they're weary of their lazy home,
 Restless to do some thing that Fame may talk of.
 To day they chac'd the Boar, and near this time 75
 Should be return'd.

Paul. Oh that's a Royal sport!
 We yet may see the old man in a morning
 Lusty as health come ruddy to the Field,
 And there pursue the Chace as if he meant
 To o'retake Time and bring back Youth again. 80

[*Ex. Ern. and Paul.*]

Enter Castalio, Polidor, and Page.

Cast. *Polidor?* our sport
 Has been to day much better for the danger;
 When on the brink the foaming Boar I met,
 And in his side thought to have lodg'd my spear,
 The desperate savage rusht within my Force, 85
 And bore me headlong with him down the Rock.

Polid. But then——

Cast. Ay then my Brother, my Friend *Polidor*
 Like *Perseus* mounted on his winged Steed
 Came on, and down the dang'rous precipice leapt, 90
 To save *Castalio*. 'Twas a God-like Act.

Polid. But when I came, I found you Conqueror.
 Oh my heart danc't to see your danger past!
 The heat and fury of the Chace was coold,
 And I had nothing in my mind but Joy. 95

Cast. So, *Polidor*, methinks we might in War
 Rush on together; Thou shou'dst be my guard,

And I'd be thine ; what is't could hurt us then ?
 Now half the Youth of *Europe* are in Arms,
 How fulsome must it be to stay behind, 100
 And dye of rank diseases here at home ?

Pol. No, let me purchase in my Youth Renown,
 To make me lov'd and valu'd when I'm old ;
 I would be busie in the World and learn,
 Not like a course and useless dunghill Weed 105
 Fixt to one spot and rot just as I grew.

Cast. Our Father
 Has ta'ne himself a surfeit of the World,
 And cries it is not safe that we should taste it ;
 I own I have Duty very pow'rful in me ; 110
 And tho' I'd hazard all to raise my Name,
 Yet he's so tender and so good a Father,
 I could not do a thing to cross his will.

Pol. *Castalio*, I have doubts within my heart,
 Which you, and only you, can satisfy : 115
 Will you be free and candid to your Friend ?

Cast. Have I a thought my *Polidor* shou'd not know ?
 What can this mean ?

Pol. Nay, I'll conjure you too
 By all the strictest bonds of Faithful Friendship,
 To shew your heart as naked in this point, 120
 As you would purge you of your sins to Heaven.

Cast. I will.

Pol. And should I chance to touch it nearly, bear it
 With all the suff'rance of a tender Friend.

Cast. As calmly as the wounded Patient bears 125
 The Artist's hand, that Ministers his Cure.

Pol. That's kindly said. You know our Fathers ward
 The fair *Monimia* : is your heart at peace ?
 Is it so guarded that you could not love her ?

Cast. Suppose I should.

Pol. Suppose you shou'd not, Brother.

Cast. You'd say I must not.

Pol. That would sound too roughly

'Twixt Friends and Brothers as we two are. 132

Cast. Is love a Fault?

Pol. In one of us it may be;

What if I Love her?

Cast. Then I must inform you,

I lov'd her first, and cannot quit the Claim, 135

But will preserve the Birth-right of my Passion.

Pol. You will!

Cast. I will.

Pol. No more, I've done.

Cast. Why not?

Pol. I told you, I had done;

But you *Castalio* would dispute it.

Cast. No:

Not with my *Polydor*; though I must own 140

My Nature obstinate and void of suff'rance.

Love reigns a very Tyrant in my heart,

Attended on his Throne by all his Guards

Of furious wishes, fears, and nice suspicions.

I could not bear a Rival in my Friendship, 145

I am so much in love, and fond of thee.

Pol. Yet you would break this Friendship!

Cast. Not for Crowns.

Pol. But for a Toy you would, a Womans Toy,

Unjust *Castalio*!

Cast. Prithee, where's my fault?

Pol. You love *Monimia*.

Cast. Yes.

Pol. And you would kill me,

If I'm your Rival.

Cast. No, sure we're such Friends, 151

So much one man, that our affections too

Must be united and the same as we are.

Pol. I doat upon *Monimia*.

Cast. Love her still;

Win, and enjoy her.

Pol. Both of us cannot. 155

Cast. No matter

Whose chance it proves, but let's not quarrel for't.

Pol. You would not wed *Monimia*, would you?

Cast. Wed her!

No! were she all desire could wish, as fair

As would the vainest of her Sex be thought, 160

With Wealth beyond what Woman pride could waste,

She should not cheat me of my Freedom. Marry?

When I am old and weary of the World,

I may grow desperate

And take a Wife to mortify withall. 165

Pol. It is an elder Brothers duty so

To propagate his family and name:

You would not have yours dye and bury'd with you?

Cast. Meer Vanity, and silly dotage all,

No, let me live at large, and when I dye—— 170

Pol. Who shall possess th' estate you leave?

Cast. My Friend,

If he survives me, or if not, my King,

Who may bestow't again on some brave man;

Whose Honesty and Services deserve one.

Pol. 'Tis kindly offer'd.

Cast. By yon Heaven I love 175

My *Polydor* beyond all worldly Joyes,

And would not shock his quiet to be blest

With greater happiness than man e're tasted.

Pol. And by that heaven eternally I swear,

To keep the kind *Cassalio* in my heart. 180

Whose shall *Monimia* be?

Cast. No matter who's.

Pol. Were you not with her privately last night?

Cast. I was, and should have met her here again;

But th' opportunity shall now be thine;

My self will bring thee to the Scene of Love; 185

But have a care, by Friendship I conjure thee,

That no false Play be offer'd to thy Brother.
 Urge all the pow'rs to make thy Passion prosper,
 But wrong not mine.

Pol. Heav'n blast me if I do.

Cast. If't prove thy Fortune, *Polidor*, to conquer, 190
 (For thou hast all the Arts of fine perswasion!)
 Trust me, and let me know thy Loves success,
 That I may ever after stifle mine.

Pol. Though she be dearer to my soul than Rest
 To weary Pilgrims, or to Misers Gold, 195
 To great men Pow'r or wealthy Cities Pride,
 Rather than wrong *Castalio* I'd forget her.
 For if ye pow'rs have happiness in store,
 When ye would shower down joyes on *Polydor*,
 In one great blessing all your bounty send, 200
 That I may never lose so dear a Friend.

[*Ex. Cast. Pol. manet Page.*

Enter Monimia.

Mon. So soon return'd from hunting? This fair Day
 Seems as if sent 't'invite the World abroad.
 Past not *Castalio* and *Polydor* this way? 204

Pag. Madam, just now.

Mon. Sure, some ill Fate's upon me.
 Distrust and heaviness sit round my heart,
 And Apprehension shocks my timorous Soul.
 Why was I not lain in my peaceful Grave
 With my poor Parents? and at Rest as they are?
 Instead of that I am wand'ring into cares. 210
Castalio! oh *Castalio!* thou hast caught
 My foolish heart; and like a tender Child,
 That trusts his play-thing to another hand,
 I fear its harm, and fain would have it back.
 Come near, *Cordelio*, I must chide you, Sir. 215

Pag. Why, Madam, have I done you any wrong?

Mon. I never see you now; you have been kinder;
 Sate by my Bed, and sung me pretty Songs:

206 sits *Q 1, 2*

215 near *Q 1, 2*

Perhaps I've been ungrateful, here's Mony for you:
Will you oblige me? shall I see you oft'ner? 220

Pag. Madam, indeed I'd serve you with my Soul;
But in a morning when you call me to you,
As by your bed I stand and tell you stories,
I am asham'd to see your swelling Breasts,
It makes me blush, they are so very white. 225

Mon. Oh men for flattery and deceit renown'd!
Thus when y'are young, ye learn it all like him,
Till as your years encrease, that strengthens too,
T'undo poor Maids and make our ruin easie.
Tell me, *Cordelio*, for thou hast oft heard 230
Their friendly Converse and their bosome secrets;
Sometimes at least, have they not talkt of me? *

Pag. Oh Madam! very wickedly they have talkt:
But I'm afraid to name it, for they say
Boys must be whipt that tell their Masters secrets. 235

Mon. Fear not, *Cordelio*! it shall ne're be known;
For I'll preserve the secret as 'twere mine:
Polydor cannot be so kind as I.
I'll furnish thee for all thy harmless sports
With pretty Toys, and thou shalt be my Page. 240

Pag. And truly, Madam, I had rather be so.
Methinks you love me better than my Lord,
For he was never half so kind as you are!
What must I do?

Mon. Inform me how th' hast heard
Castalio and his Brother use my Name. 245

Pag. With all the tenderness of Love:
You were the Subject of their last discourse.
At first I thought it would have Fatal prov'd;
But as the one grew hot the other coold,
And yielded to the frailty of his Friend; 250
At last, after much struggling 'twas resolv'd——

Mon. What, good *Cordelio*?

221 Madam, I'd Q 2
251 resolv'd. Q 1, 2

245 Name? Q 1, 2

246 Love, Q 1, 2

Pag. Not to quarrel for you.

Mon. I would not have 'em, by my dearest hopes,
I would not be the argument of strife.

But surely my *Castalio* won't forsake me, 255
And make a Mockery of my easie Love.
Went they together?

Pag. Yes, to seek you, Madam.

Castalio promis'd *Polydor* to bring him
Where he alone might meet you,
And fairly try the Fortune of his wishes. 260

Mon. Am I then grown so cheap, just to be made
A common stake, a prize for love in jest?
Was not *Castalio* very loth to yield it,
Or was it *Polydor's* unruly Passion,
That heighten'd the debate?

Pag. The fault was *Polydor's*, 265
Castalio play'd with love and smiling shew'd
The pleasure, not the pangs of his desire.
He said no Womans smiles shou'd buy his Freedom;
And Marriage is a mortifying thing.

Mon. Then am I ruin'd: if *Castalio's* false, 270
Where is there Faith, or Honour to be found?
Ye Gods, that Guard the Innocent, and guide
The weak; protect, and take me to your care.
Oh! but I love him: There's the Rock will wrack me!
Why was I made with all my Sexes softness, 275
Yet, want the Cunning to conceal its follies?
I'll see *Castalio*, tax him with his falsehoods,
Be a true Woman, rail, protest my wrongs,
Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

Enter Castalio and Polydor.

He comes, the Conquerour comes! lye still, my Heart, 280
And learn to bear thy injuries with scorn.

Cast. Madam, my Brother begs he may have leave
To tell you something that concerns you nearly;
I leave you as becomes me, and withdraw. 284

258 him, Q 1, 2 262 jest. Q 1, 2 270 ruin'd, Q 1, 2 271 is their

Mon. My Lord *Castalio*!

Cast. Madam! .

Mon. Have you purpos'd
To abuse me palpably? What means this usage?
Why am I left with *Polydor* alone?

Cast. He best can tell you. Business of importance
Calls me away, I must attend my Father. 289

Mon. Will you then leave me thus?

Cast. But for a moment.

Mon. It has been otherwise; the time has been,
When business might have stay'd, and I been hear'd.

Cast. I could for ever hear thee; but this time
Matters of such odd circumstances press me,
That I must go— 295

Mon. Then go; and if 't be possible, for ever. [*Ex. Cast.*
Well, my Lord *Polydor*, I guess your business,
And read the ill-natur'd purpose in your eyes.

Pol. If to desire you more than Misers Wealth,
Or dying men an hour of added life, 300
If softest Wishes, and a heart more true,
Than ever suffer'd yet for love disdain'd,
Speak an ill Nature, you accuse me justly.

Mon. Talk not of Love, my Lord, I must not hear it.

Pol. Who can behold such Beauty, and be silent? 305
Desire first taught us words: Man, when created
At first alone, long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn, and silent as his Vassal Beasts;
But when a Heav'n-born Maid, like you, appear'd,
Strange pleasures fix'd his eyes, and fir'd his heart, 310
Unloos'd his Tongue, and his first talk was Love.

Mon. The first created pair, indeed, were blest;
They were the only Objects of each other;
Therefore he Courted her, and her alone;
But in this peopled World of Beauty, where 315
There's roving Room, where you may Court, and ruin
A thousand more, why need you talk to me?

Pol. Oh! I could talk to thee for ever; Thus

Eternally admiring, fix and gaze
 On those dear Eyes; for every glance they send 320
 Darts through my Soul, and almost gives enjoyment.

Mon. How can you labour thus for my undoing?
 I must confess, indeed, I owe you more,
 Than ever I can hope to think to pay.
 There alwayes was a Friendship 'twixt our Families; 325
 And therefore when my tender Parents dy'd,
 Whose ruin'd Fortunes too expir'd with them,
 Your Fathers pity and his Bounty took me
 A poor and helpless Orphan to his care. 329

Pol. 'Twas Heav'n ordain'd it so, to make me happy.
 Hence with this peevish Vertue, 'tis a cheat,
 And those who taught it first, were Hypocrites.
 Come, these soft tender Limbs were made for yielding.

Mon. Here on my knees by heav'n's blest pow'r I swear,
 [Kneels.]

If you persist, I never henceforth will see you, 335
 But rather wander through the world a begger,
 And live on sordid scraps at proud mens doors;
 For though to Fortune lost, I'll still inherit
 My Mothers Vertues and my Fathers Honour.

Pol. Intolerable Vanity! your Sex 340
 Was never in the right, y'are alwayes false,
 Or silly; even your dresses are not more
 Fantastick than your appetites! you think
 Of nothing twice! Opinion you have none.
 To day y'are nice, to morrow not so free, 345
 Now Smile, then Frown; now sorrowful, then glad,
 Now pleas'd, now not; and all you know not why!
 Vertue you affect, Inconstancy's your practice,
 And when your loose desires once get dominion,
 No hungry Churle feeds courser at a Feast; 350
 Every rank Fool goes down——

Mon. Indeed, my Lord,
 I own my Sexes follies, I have 'em all,

And to avoid it's faults must fly from you.
 Therefore believe me, cou'd you raise me high,
 As most fantastick Womans wish could reach, 355
 And lay all Natures Riches at my feet,
 I'd rather run a Salvage in the Woods
 Amongst brute Beasts, grow wrinkled and deform'd,
 As wildness and most rude neglect could make me,
 So I might still enjoy my Honour safe 360
 From the destroying wiles of faithless man. [*Ex. Mon.*
Pol. Who'd be that sordid foolish thing call'd man,
 To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a pleasure,
 Which Beasts enjoy so very much above him?
 The lusty Bull ranges through all the Field, 365
 And from the Herd singling his Female out,
 Enjoies her, and abandons her at Will.
 It shall be so, I'll yet possess my Love,
 Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded hours:
 Then when her roving thoughts have been abroad, 370
 And brought in wanton wishes to her heart;
 I'th' very minute when her Vertue nods,
 I'll rush upon her in a storm of Love,
 Bear down her guard of Honour all before me,
 Surfeit on Joys till even desire grows sick: 375
 Then by long Absence liberty regain
 And quite forget the pleasure and the pain.
 [*Ex. Pol. and Page.*

ACT II. SCENE I

Enter Acasto, Castalio, Polydor, Attendants.

Acast. **T**O Day has been a Day of Glorious sport.
 When you, *Castalio*, and your Brother left me,
 Forth from the Thickets rusht another Boar,
 So large, he seem'd the Tyrant of the Woods,
 With all his dreadful Bristles rais'd up high, 5
 353 you, Q 1, 2 360 safe, 364 him: 369 hours, Q 1, 2
 II. i. 4 Woods 5 high

They seem'd a Grove of spears upon his Back;
 Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
 Best to observe which way hee'd lead the Chace,
 Whetting his huge long Tusks, and gaping wide,
 As if he already had me for his prey; 10
 Till brandishing my well poys'd Javelin high,
 With this bold Executing arm, I struck
 The ugly brindled Monster to the heart.

Cast. The Actions of your life were always wond'rous.

Acast. No flattery, Boy! an honest man can't live by't,
 It is a little sneaking Art, which Knaves 16
 Use to Cajole and soften Fools withall;
 If thou hast flatt'ry in thy Nature, out with't,
 Or send it to a Court, for there 'twill thrive.

Pol. Why there?

Acast. 'Tis next to money current there, 20
 To be seen daily in as many forms,
 As there are sorts of Vanities, and Men;
 The superstitious States-man has his sneer,
 To smooth a poor man off with that can't bribe him;
 The grave dull fellow of small business sooths 25
 The Humorist, and will needs admire his Wit:
 Who without spleen could see a hot-brain'd Atheist
 Thanking a surly Doctor for his Sermon,
 Or a Grave Councillor meet a smooth young Lord, 29
 Squeeze him by the hand, and praise his good Complexion?

Pol. Courts are the places where best manners flourish,
 Where the deserving ought to rise, and Fools
 Make show. Why should I vex and chafe my spleen,
 To see a gawdy Coxcomb shine, when I
 Have seen enough to sooth him in his follies, 35
 And ride him to advantage as I please?—

Acast. Who merit ought indeed to rise i'th'world,
 But no wise man that's honest should expect.
 What man of sense would rack his generous mind,

12 this cold *Q* 1, 2 17 withall 23 *Query* ? The supercilious
 27 *Atheist* *Q* 1, 2 30 Complexion. *Q* 1, 2

To practice all the base Formalities 40
 And forms of business, force a grave starcht' face,
 When he's a very Libertine in's heart?
 Seem not to know this or that man in publick,
 When privately perhaps they meet together,
 And lay the Scene of some brave Fellows Ruin? 45
 Such things are done——

Cast. Your Lordships wrongs have been
 So great that you with Justice may complain;
 But suffer us whose younger minds ne're felt
 Fortunes deceits, to Court her as she's fair.
 Were she a Common Mistress, kind to all, 50
 Her worth would cease, and half the world grow idle.

Acst. Go to, y'are Fools, and know me not, I've learnt
 Long since to bear, revenge, or scorn my wrongs,
 According to the value of the doer;
 You both would fain be great, and to that end 55
 Desire to do things worthy your Ambition;
 Go to the Camp, preferments noblest Mart,
 Where Honour ought to have the fairest play,
 You'll find
 Corruption, envy, discontent, and Faction, 60
 Almost in every Band: How many men
 Have spent their bloud in their dear Countries service,
 Yet now pine under want, while selfish slaves,
 That ev'n would cut their throats, whom now they fawn on,
 Like deadly Locusts eat the Honey up, 65
 Which those industrious Bees so hardly toyl'd for?

Cast. These precepts suit not with my Active mind,
 Methinks I would be busie.

Pol. So would I,
 Not loyter out my life at home, and know
 No farther than one prospect gives me leave. 70

Acst. Busie your minds then, study Arts and Men:
 Learn how to value Merits though in Rags,
 And scorn a proud ill-manner'd Knave in Office.

45 Ruin. *Q* 1, 2 48 suffer, 58-9 one line *Q* 1, 2 | find, *Q* 1, 2

Enter Serina, Monimia, and Maid.

Ser. My Lord, My Father!

Acast. Blessings on my Child,

My little Cherub, what hast thou to ask me? 75

Ser. I bring you, Sir, most glad and welcome News,
The Young *Chamont*, whom you've so often wisht for,
Is just arriv'd and entring.

Acast. By my Soul,
And all my honours, he's most dearly welcome,
Let me receive him like his Fathers Friend. 80

Enter Chamont.

Welcome, thou Relick of the best lov'd man,
Welcome from all the Turmoiles, and the hazards
Of certain danger, and uncertain Fortune,
Welcome as happy Tidings after Fears.

Cham. Words would but wrong the Gratitude I owe you:
Should I begin to speak, my soul's so full, 86
That I should talk of nothing else all day.

Mon. My Brother!

Cha. Oh my Sister! let me hold thee
Long in my Armes, I've not beheld thy Face
These many days, by night I've often seen thee 90
In gentle Dreams, and satisfied my soul
With fancy'd Joy, till morning cares awak'd me.
Another Sister! sure it must be so;
Though I remember well, I had but one:
But I feel something in my heart that prompts, 95
And tells me she has claim and interest there.

Acast. Young Souldier, you've not only study'd War,
Courtship I see has been your practice too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my Daughter.

Cha. Is she your Daughter? then my heart told true!
And I'm at least her Brother by Adoption. 101
For you have made your self to me a Father,
And by that Patent I have leave to love her.

Ser. *Monimia*, thou hast told me, men are false,

Will flatter, feign and make an Art of love. 105

Is *Chamont* so? No, sure he's more than man,
Something that's near Divine and Truth dwells in him.

Acast. Thus happy, who would envy pompous pow'r,
The luxury of Courts, or wealth of Cities?

Let there be joy through all the house this day! 110

In every Room let plenty flow at large,

It is the Birth-day of my Royal Master.

You have not visited the Court, *Chamont*,

Since your return?

Cha. I have no business there,

I have not slavish Temperance enough 115

T'attend a Fav'rites heels, and watch his smiles,

Bear an ill Office done me to my Face,

And thank the Lord that wrong'd me for his favour.

Acast. This you could do. [*To his Sons.*

Cast. I'd serve my Prince.

Acast. Who'd serve him?

Casta. I would, my Lord.

Pol. And I, both would.

Acast. Away, 120

He needs not any Servants such as you!

Serve him! he merits more than man can do!

He is so good, praise cannot speak his worth;

So merciful, sure he ne're slept in wrath;

So just, that were he but a private man, 125

He could not do a wrong. How would you serve him?

Cast. I'd serve him with my Fortune here at home,

And serve him with my person in his wars.

Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.

Pol. Dye for him, 130

As every true born loyal Subject ought.

Acast. Let me embrace ye both. Now by the souls

Of my brave Ancestors, I'm truly happy.

For this be ever blest my Marriage-day,

106 man Q 1, 2 119 who'd | him. 120 And I 133 Ancestoss, |
happy, Q 1, 2

Blest be your Mothers memory that bore you, 135
 And doubly blest be that auspicious Hour,
 That gave ye Birth. Yes, my aspiring Boys,
 Ye shall have business when your Master wants you,
 You cannot serve a Nobler. I have serv'd him,
 In this old body yet the marks remain 140
 Of many wounds. I've with this Tongue proclaim'd
 His right even in the face of ranck Rebellion,
 And when a foul mouth'd Traytor once prophan'd
 His sacred name, with my good Sabir drawn,
 Ev'n at the head of all his giddy rout 145
 I rusht and Clove the Rebel to the Chine.

Enter Servant

Ser. My Lord, the expected Guests are just arriv'd.

Acast. Go you, and give 'em Welcome and Reception.

<Ex. all but Acast., Cham., and Mon.>

Cham. My Lord, I stand in need of your assistance
 In something that concerns my Peace and Honour. 150

Acast. Spoke like the Son of that brave man I lov'd;
 So freely friendly we convers't together.

What e're it be with confidence impart it,
 Thou shalt command my Fortune and my Sword.

Cham. I dare not doubt your Friendship nor your Justice!
 Your Bounty shewn to what I hold most dear, 156
 My Orphan sister, must not be forgotten!

Acast. Prithee, no more of that, it grates my Nature.

Cha. When our dear Parents dy'd, they dy'd together,
 One Fate surpriz'd 'em, and one Grave receiv'd 'em: 160
 My Father with his dying breath bequeath'd
 Her to my Love: my Mother as she lay
 Languishing by him, call'd me to her side,
 Took me in her fainting Arms, wept, and embrac'd me,
 Then prest me close, and as she observ'd my Tears, 165
 Kist 'em away; said she, *Chamont* my Son,
 By this and all the Love I ever shew'd thee,

137 gave the Q 1, 2 139 him 144 drawn Q 1, 2 166 away,
 Q 1, 2 167 thee Q 1, 2

Be careful of *Monimia*, watch her Youth,
 Let not her wants betray her to dishonour.
 Perhaps kind Heav'n may raise some friend. Then sigh'd,
 Kist me again; so blest us, and expir'd. 171
 Pardon my grief.

Acast. It speaks an honest Nature.

Cham. The Friend Heav'n rais'd was you, you took
 her up
 An Infant to the desert world expos'd,
 And prov'd another Parent.

Acast. I've not wrong'd her. 175

Cha. Far be it from my Fears.

Acast. Then why this Argument?

Cham. My Lord. my Nature's jealous, and you'll bear it.

Acast. Go on.

Cha. Great Spirits bear misfortunes hardly,
 Good Offices claim gratitude, and Pride,
 Where Pow'r is wanting, will usurp a little, 180
 May make us (rather than be thought behind hand)
 Pay over-price.

Acast. I cannot guess your drift;
 Distrust you me?

Cham. No, but I fear her weakness
 May make her pay a debt at any rate:
 And to deal freely with your Lordships goodness, 185
 I've heard a story lately much disturbs me.

Acast. Then first charge her; and if th' offence be found
 Within my reach, tho' it shou'd touch my Nature
 In my own Off-spring, by the dear remembrance
 Of thy brave Father whom my heart rejoyc'd in, 190
 I'd prosecute it with severest Vengeance.

Cham. I thank you from my Soul. <Ex. Acasto.>

Mon. Alas, my Brother!
 What have I done? and why do you abuse me?
 My heart quakes in me; in your settled Face

170 *Then sigh'd.* Q 1, 2, and after a square bracket and apart from the
 line like a stage dir. 171 expir'd, Q 1, 2 187 if 'th'

And clouded Brow methinks I see my Fate: 195
You will not kill me!

Cha. Prithee, why dost talk so?

Mon. Look kindly on me then, I cannot bear
Severity; it daunts, and does amaze me;
My heart's so tender, should you charge me roughly,
I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing; 200
But use me gently like a loving Brother,
And search through all the Secrets of my Soul.

Cha. Fear nothing, I will shew my self a Brother,
A tender loving and an honest Brother.
Y'ave not forgot our Father?

Mon. I shall never. 205

Cha. Then you'll remember too, he was a man,
That liv'd up to the Standard of his Honour,
And priz'd that Jewel more than Mines of Wealth:
He'd not have done a shameful thing but once,
Though kept in darkness from the World, and hidden, 210
He could not have forgiven it to himself;
This was the only Portion that he left us;
And I more glory in't than if possess
Of all that ever Fortune threw on Fools.
Twas a large Trust, and must be manag'd nicely; 215
Now if by any chance, *Monimia*,
You have soyld this gem and taken from it's value,
How will y' account with me?

Mon. I challenge Envy,
Malice, and all the Practices of Hell,
To censure all the Actions of my past.
Unhappy life, and taint me if they can! 220

Cha. I'll tell thee then; Three Nights ago, as I
lay musing in my Bed, all darkness round me,
A sudden damp struck to my heart, cold sweat
Dew'd all my Face, and trembling seiz'd my Limbs, 225
My Bed shook under me, the Curtains started,

199 rough *Q* 2
205 Father! *Q* 1, 2

200 sobbing, *Q* 1, 2

204 Brother, *Q* 1, 2

And to my tortur'd Fancy there appear'd
 The form of Thee thus Beautious as thou art,
 Thy garments flowing loose, and in each hand
 A wanton Lover, which by turns caress'd thee 230
 With all the freedom of unbounded pleasure:
 I snatcht my Sword and in the very Moment
 Darted it at the Fantome, strait it left me:
 Then rose and call'd for lights, when, O Dire Omen!
 I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd, 235
 Just where that famous tale was interwoven,
 How th' unhappy *Theban* slew his Father.

Mon. And for this cause my Vertue is suspected!
 Because in Dreams your Fancy has been ridden,
 I must be tortur'd waking!

Cha. Have a care, 240
 Labour not to be justified too fast,
 Hear all, and then let Justice hold the scale;
 What follow'd was the Riddle that confounds me;
 Through a close Lane as I pursu'd my Journey,
 And meditated on the last nights Vision, 245
 I spy'd a wrinckled Hagg, with Age grown double,
 Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to her self;
 Her eyes with scalding Rhume were gall'd and red;
 Cold Palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd wither'd,
 And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapt 250
 The tatter'd Remnant of an old stript hanging,
 Which serv'd to keep her carkass from the cold,
 So there was nothing of a piece about her;
 Her lower weeds were all o're coarsely patch'd
 With diff'rent colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow, 255
 And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness;
 I askt her of my way, which she inform'd me;
 Then crav'd my Charity, and bad me hasten
 To save a Sister: at that word I started.

Mon. The Common cheat of Beggars every day! 260
 They flock about our doors, pretend to Gifts

Of prophecy, and telling Fools their Fortunes.

Cha. Oh! but she told me such a Tale, *Monimia*,
As in it bore great circumstance of truth;
Castalio, and *Polydor*, my Sister.

Mon. Hah! 265

Cha. What, alter'd! does your courage fail you!
Now by my Fathers Soul the Witch was honest;
Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them
Thy Honour at a sordid Game.

Mon. I Will,
I must; so hardly my Misfortune loads me, 270
That both have offer'd me their Loves most true.

Cha. And 'tis as true too, they have both undone Thee.

Mon. Though they both with earnest Vows
Have prest my heart, if e're in thought I yielded
To any but *Castalio*!

Cha. But *Castalio*! 275

Mon. Still will you cross the Line of my Discourse!
Yes, I confess that he has won my Soul
By generous Love and honourable Vows,
Which he this day appointed to compleat,
And make himself by holy Marriage mine. 280

Cha. Art thou then spotless? hast thou still preserv'd
Thy Vertue white without a blot untainted?

Mon. When I'm unchast, may Heaven reject my
Prayers!

Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!

Cha. Oh then, *Monimia*, art thou dearer to me, 285
Than all the Comforts ever yet blest man.

And let not Marriage bait thee to thy Ruin.
Trust not a man; we are by Nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and unconstant:
When a Man talks of Love, with caution trust him; 290
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee;
I charge thee let no more *Castalio* sooth Thee.
Avoid it as thou wouldst preserve the peace

266 What *Q* 1, 2

282 untainted. *Q* 1, 2

286 man, *Q* 1, 2

Of a poor Brother, to whose soul th'art precious.

Mon. I will.

295

Cha. Appear as cold when next you meet, as Great
Ones

When Merit begs, then shalt thou see how soon

His heart will cool and all his pains grow easie. [*Ex. Cha.*

Mon. Yes, I will try him, torture him severely:

For, oh *Castalio*! thou too much hast wrong'd me, 300
In leaving me to *Polydor*'s ill usage.

He comes, and now for once, oh Love stand Neuter,

Whilst a hard part's perform'd! For I must tempt,

Wound his soft Nature, though my own Heart akes for't.
[*Ex.*

Enter Castalio.

Cast. *Monimia*, *Monimia*, she's gone: 305

And seem'd to part with anger in her eyes;

I am a Fool, and she has found my Weakness;

She uses me already like a Slave

Fast bound in chains to be chastis'd at will.

'Twas not well done to trifle with my Brother: 310

I might have trusted him with all the secret,

Open'd my silly heart and shewn it bare:

But then he loves her too; but not like me,

I am a doating honest Slave, design'd

For Bondage, Marriage bonds, which I've sworn 315

To wear: It is the onely thing I e're

Hid from his knowledge; and he'l sure forgive

The first Transgression of a wretched Friend

Betray'd to Love and all its little follies.

Enter Polydore, and Page at the door.

Pol. Here place your self, and watch my Brother
thoroughly: 320

If he should chance to meet *Monimia*, make

Just observation of each word and action;

Pass not one circumstance without remark:

Sir, 'Tis your office, do't and bring me word. [Ex. Pol.]

Enter Monimia.

Cast. Monimia, My Angel, 'twas not kind 325
To leave me like a Turtle here alone,
To droop and mourn the absence of my Mate.
When thou art from me every place is desert,
And I, methinks, am Salvage and forlorn,
Thy Presence only 'tis, can make me blest, 330
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my Soul.

Mon. Oh the bewitching Tongues of faithless men!
'Tis thus the false Hyæna makes her moan,
To draw the pitying Traveller to her Den;
Your sex are so, such false dissemblers all, 335
With sighs and plaints y'entice poor Womens hearts,
And all that pity you, are made your Prey.

Cast. What means my Love? oh how have I deserv'd
This language from the Sovereign of my Joyes?
Stop, stop those Tears, *Monimia*, for they fall 340
Like baneful dew from a distempered sky,
I feel 'em chill me to the very heart.

Mon. Oh you are false, *Castalio*, most forsworn,
Attempt no farther to delude my Faith,
My heart is fixt, and you shall shake't no more. 345

Cast. Who told you so? What Hell-bred Villain durst
Prophane the Sacred Business of my Love?

Mon. Your Brother knowing on what terms I'm here,
Th' unhappy Object of your Fathers Charity,
Licentiously discours'd to me of Love, 350
And durst affront me with his brutal Passion.

Cast. 'Tis I have been to blame, and only I,
False to my Brother and unjust to Thee.
For, oh! he loves Thee too, and this day own'd it,
Taxt me with mine and claim'd a right above me. 355

Mon. And was your Love so very tame to shrink,

333 *Hyæna* Q 1, 2

339 Joyes! Q 1, 2

343 forlorn, Q 1, 2

355 aright

Or rather than lose him abandon me?

Cast. I knowing him precipitate and rash,
To calm his heat and to conceal my Happiness,
Seem'd to comply with his unruly will; 360
Talkt as he talk't, and granted all he ask't;
Lest he in Rage might have our Loves betray'd,
And I for ever had *Monimia* lost.

Mon. Could you then? did you? can you own it too?
'Twas poorly done, unworthy of your self, 365
And I can never think you meant me fair.

Cast. Is this *Monimia*? surely no! till now
I ever thought her Dove-like, soft, and kind.
Who trusts his Heart with Woman's surely lost:
You were made Fair on purpose to undo us, 370
Whilst greedily we snatch th' alluring Bait,
And ne're distrust the poyson that it hides.

Mon. When Love ill plac'd would find a means to break—

Cast. It never wants pretences nor excuse.

Mon. Man therefore was a Lord-like Creature made, 375
Rough as the winds, and as inconstant too:
A lofty Aspect given him for command,
Easily soften'd, when he would betray:
Like conquering Tyrants, you our Breasts invade,
Where you are pleas'd to forrage for a While, 380
But soon you find new conquests out, and leave
The ravag'd Province ruinate and waste.
If so, *Castalio*, you have serv'd my heart,
I find that Desolation's settled there,
And I shall ne're recover Peace again. 385

Cast. Who can hear this and bear an equal mind!
Since you will drive me from you, I must go;
But, oh *Monimia*, when th' hast banisht me,
No creeping slave, though tractable and dull,
As artful Woman for her ends would chuse, 390
Shall ever dote as I have done; for oh!
No Tongue my Pleasure nor my Pain can tell:

'Tis Heav'n to have Thee, and without Thee Hell.

Mon. Castalio! stay! we must not part. I find
My Rage ebbs out, and Love flows in apace; 395
These little Quarrels Love must needs forgive,
They rouse up drowsie thoughts, and wake the Soul.
Oh! charm me with the Musick of thy Tongue,
I'm ne're so blest, as when I hear thy Vows,
And listen to the Language of thy Heart. 400

Cast. Where am I! surely Paradise is round me!
Sweets planted by the hand of Heaven grow here,
And every sence is full of thy Perfection.
To hear thee speak might calm a mad-mans Frenzy,
Till by attention he forgot his sorrows; 405
But to behold thy Eyes, th' amazing Beauties,
Might make him rage again with Love as I do.
To touch thee's Heav'n, but to enjoy thee oh!
Thou Natures whole perfection in one piece!
Sure framing thee Heav'n took unusual care, 410
As its own Beauty it design'd thee Fair;
And form'd thee by the best lov'd Angel there. [*Ex.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Polydor, and Page.

Pol. WERE they so kind? Express it to me all
In words may make me think I saw it too.

Pag. At first I thought they had been mortal Foes;
Monimia rag'd, *Castalio* grew disturb'd,
Each thought the other wrong'd, yet both so haughty, 5
They scorn'd submission; though Love all the while
The Rebel plaid, and scarce could be contain'd.

Pol. But what succeeded?

Pag. Oh 'twas wondrous pretty!
For of a sudden all the Storm was past,
A gentle calm of Love succeeded in; 10

III. i. 2 In words, 'twill make Q 2 10 in; Q 1, 2. it; Q 3 and Edd.

Monimia sigh'd and blusht, *Castalio* swore;
 As you, my Lord, I well remember did
 To my young Sister in the Orenge-Grove,
 When I was first prefer'd to be your Page.

Pol. Happy *Castalio*! Now by my Great Soul, 15
 M' Ambitious Soul, that Languishes to glory,
 I'll have her yet, by my best hopes I will.
 She shall be mine in spight of all her Arts.
 But for *Castalio* why was I refus'd?
 Has he supplanted me by some foul play, 20
 Traduc'd my Honour? Death! he durst not do't.
 It must be so: we parted and he met her,
 Half to compliance brought by me, surpriz'd
 Her sinking Vertue till she yielded quite:
 So Poachers basely pick up tir'd Game, 25
 Whilst the fair Hunter's cheated of his Prey.
 Boy!

Pag. My Lord!

Pol. Go to your Chamber and prepare your Lute;
 Find out some Song to please me, that discribes 30
 Womans Hypocrisies, their subtle wiles,
 Betraying smiles, feign'd tears, inconstancies,
 Their painted outsides, and corrupted minds,
 The sum of all their follies, and their falshoods.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh the unhappyest Tydings Tongue e're told!

Pol. The matter!

Serv. Oh! your Father, my good Master, 36
 As with his Guests he sat in mirth rais'd high,
 And chas'd the Goblins round the joyful Board,
 A sudden trembling seiz'd on all his Limbs:
 His Eyes distorted grew; His Visage pale, 40
 His Speech forsook him; Life it self seem'd fled,
 And all his Friends are waiting now about him.

24 quite,

38 Goblins *Q 2 and later QQ; Goblots Edd.*

37+2.2

Enter Acasto leaning on Two.

Acast. Support me, give me Air, I'll yet recover.
'Twas but a slip decaying Nature made,
For she grows weary near her Journeys end. 45
Where are my Sons? come near, my *Polidore*,
Your Brother! where's *Castalio*?

Serv. My Lord,
Iv'e search'd, as you commanded, all the house,
He or *Monimia* are not to be found.

Acast. Not to be found, then where are all my Friends?
'Tis well; 51
I hope they'll pardon an unhappy fault
M' unmannerly infirmity has made.
Death could not come in a more welcome hour,
For I'm prepar'd to meet him, and methinks 55
Would live and dye with all my Friends about me.

Enter Castalio <and Monimia>.

Castal. Angels preserve my dearest Father's Life,
Bless it with long and uninterrupted days!
Oh! may he live till time it self decay,
Till good men wish him dead, or I offend him! 60

Acast. Thank you, *Castalio*; give me both your hands,
And bear me up, I'd walk: so, now methinks
I appear as great as *Hercules* himself,
Supported by the Pillars he had rais'd.

Cast. My Lord, your Chaplain.

Acast. Let the good man enter.

<Enter Chaplain.>

Chap. Heaven guard your Lordship and restore your
Health! 66

Acast. I have provided for thee, if I dye.
No fawning! 'tis a scandal to thy Office.
My Sons, as thus united ever live,
And for the Estate, you'll find when I am dead 70

I have divided it betwixt you both
 Equally parted, as you shared my love ;
 Only to sweet *Monimia* I've bequeath'd
 Ten thousand Crowns, a little Portion for her,
 To wed her honourably as she's born. 75
 Be not less Friends because you're Brothers ; shun
 The man that's singular, his mind's unsound,
 His Spleen o're-weighs his Brains, but above all
 Avoid the politick, the factious Fool,
 The busie, buzzing, talking, hardn'd Knave ; 80
 The quaint, smooth Rogue, that sins against his Reason ;
 Calls sawcy loud Suspicion, publick Zeal,
 And Mutiny the Dictates of his spirit.
 Be very careful how ye make new Friends,
 Men read not Morals now, 'twas a Custom, 85
 But all are to their Fathers Vices born :
 And in their Mothers Ignorance are bred.
 Let Marriage be the last mad thing ye doe,
 For all the Sins and Follies of the past.
 If you have Children, never give them knowledge, 90
 'Twill spoil their Fortune, Fools are all the fashion.
 If y've Religion, keep it to your selves,
 Atheists will else make use of Toleration,
 And laugh ye out on't ; never shew Religion
 Except ye mean to pass for Knaves of Conscience, 95
 And cheat believing Fools that think ye honest.

⟨*Enter Serina and Chamont.*⟩

Serin. My Father !

Acasto. My heart's Darling !

Serina. Let my Knees

Fix to the Earth. Ne're let my Eyes have rest,
 But wake and weep till Heaven restore my Father !

Acast. Rise to my Arms, and thy kind prayers are
 answer'd, 100

For thou'rt a wondrous extract of all Goodness,

Born for my joy, and no pain's felt when near thee.

Chamont!

Cham. My Lord, may't prove not an unlucky Omen!
Many I see are waiting round about you: 105
And I am come to ask a Blessing too.

Acasto. May'st thou be happy!

Cham. Where?

Acast. In all thy wishes!

Cham. Confirm me so, and make this Fair One mine,
I am unpractis'd in the Trade of Courtship,
And know not how to deal Love out with Art. 110
Onsets in Love seem best like those in War,
Fierce, resolute, and done with all the force.
So I would open my whole heart at once,
And pour out the abundance of my Soul.

Acast. What says *Serina*? canst thou love a Souldier?
One born to Honour and to Honour bred; 116
One that has learnt to treat ev'n Foes with kindness;
To wrong no good mans Fame nor praise himself?

Serin. Oh! name not Love, for that's ally'd to joy,
And joy must be a stranger to my heart, 120
When you're in danger. May *Chamont's* good Fortune
Render him lovely to some happier Maid!
Whilst I at Friendly distance see him blest,
Praise the kind Gods and wonder at his Virtues.

Acast. *Chamont*, pursue her, conquer, and possess her,
And as my Son a third of all my Fortune 126
Shall be thy Lot.

But keep thy Eyes from wandring, man of frailty,
Beware the dangerous Beauty of the wanton,
Shun their enticements; Ruin like a Vulture 130
Waits on their Conquests: Falsehood too's their business,
They put false Beauty off to all the World;
Use false endearments to the Fools that love 'em,
And when they marry, to their silly Husbands

109 Courtship; *Q* 1, 2 118 himself. *Q* 1, 2 128 wandring *Q* 1, 2
134 marry *Q* 1, 2 | Husbands, *Q* 1, 2

They bring false Virtue, broken Fame and Fortune. 135

Monim. Hear ye that, my Lord?

Polyd. Yes, my fair Monitor, old men always talk thus.

Acast. *Chamont*, you told me of some doubts that prest you.

Are you yet satisfied that I am your Friend?

Cham. My Lord, I would not lose that satisfaction 140
For any blessing I could wish for.

As to my fears already I have lost 'em;

They ne're shall vex me more, nor trouble you.

Acast. I thank you: Daughter, you must do so too.

My Friends 'tis late, or we would yet be company, 145

For my disorder seems all past and over,

And I methinks begin to feel new health.

Cast. Would you but rest, it might restore you quite.

Acast. Yes, I'll to Bed; old men must humour weakness.

Let me have Musick then to lull and chase 150

This melancholly thought of Death away.

Good-night! my Friends, Heaven guard ye all! good night!

To morrow early we'll salute the day,

Find out new pleasures, and redeem lost time.

[*Ex. all but Chamont and Chaplain.*]

Cham. Hist, hist, Sir *Gravity*, a word with you. 155

Chap. With me, Sir?

Cham. If you're at leasure, Sir, we'll wast an hour,

'Tis yet too soon to sleep, and 'twill be charity

To lend your Conversation to a Stranger.

Chap. Sir, you are a Souldier?

Cham. Yes.

Chap. I love a Souldier.

And had been one my self, but my old Parents 161

Would make me what you see of me, yet I'm honest

For all I wear black.

Cham. And that's a wonder.

Have you had long dependance on this Family?

Chap. I have not thought it so, because my time's 165

135 Fame, Q 1, 2 145 company 151 away, 163 wonder, Q 1, 2

Spent pleasantly. My Lord's not haughty nor imperious,
Nor I gravely whimsical, he has good nature,
And I have manners;

His Sons too are civil to me, because
I do not pretend to be wiser than they are; 170
I meddle with no mans business but my own;
I rise in a morning early, study moderately,
Eat and drink chearfully, live soberly,
Take my innocent pleasures freely,
So I meet with respect, and am not the jest of the Family.

Cham. I'm glad you are so happy: 176

A pleasant fellow this, and may be useful. *<Aside.>*

Knew you my Father the old *Chamont*?

Chap. I did, and was most sorry when we lost him.

Cham. Why? didst thou love him? 180

Chap. Ev'ry body lov'd him; besides he was my masters
Friend.

Cham. I could Embrace thee for that very Notion.
If thou didst love my Father I could think
Thou wouldst not be an Enemy to me.

Chap. I can be no mans Foe.

Cham. Then prithee tell me; 185

Thinkst thou the Lord *Castalio* loves my Sister?

Nay, never start. Come, come, I know thy Office
Opens thee all the Secrets of the Family.

Then if thou art honest, use this Freedom kindly.

Chap. Love your Sister? 190

Cham. Ay, Love her.

Chap. Sir, I never askt him,
And wonder you should ask it me.

Cham. Nay, but th'art an Hypocrite: is there not one
Of all thy Tribe that's honest in your Schools? 195
The pride of your Superiours makes ye Slaves:
Ye all live loathsome sneaking servile lives;
Not free enough to practise generous Truth,

166 pleasantly, *Q* 1, 2
194 one, *Q* 1, 2

181 *Ch.* Ev'ry *Q* 1, 2

192 him.

Though ye pretend to teach it to the World.

Chap. I would deserve a better thought from you. 200

Cham. If thou would'st have me not condemn thy Office
And Character, think all thy Brethren Knaves,
Thy Trade a Cheat, and thou its worst Professour ;
Inform me ; for I tell thee, Priest, I'll know.

Chap. Either he loves her, or he much has wrong'd her.

Cham. How, wrong'd her ? have a care : for this may lay
A Scene of mischief to undo us all.
But tell me, wrong'd her say'dst thou ?

Chap. Ay, Sir, wrong'd her.

Cham. This is a secret worth a Monarchs Fortune :
What shall I give thee for't ? thou dear Physitian 210
Of sickly Souls, unfold this Riddle to me,
And comfort mine——

Chap. I would hide nothing from you willingly.

Cha. Nay, then again thou'rt honest. Would'st thou
tell me ?

Chap. Yes, If I durst.

Cham. Why, what affrights thee ?

Chap. You do, 215

Who are not to be trusted with the Secret.

Cham. Why, I am no Fool.

Chap. So indeed you say.

Cham. Prithee, be serious then.

Chap. You see I am so,

And hardly shall be mad enough to Night,

To trust you with my Ruin.

Cham. Art thou then 220

So far concern'd in't ? What has been thy Office ?

Curse on that formal steady Villains Face !

Just so do all Bawds look ; Nay, Bawds they say

Can pray upon occasion, talk of Heav'n,

Turn up their Gogling Eye-balls, rail at Vice, 225

Dissemble, lye, and preach like any Priest.

Art thou a Bawd ?

Chap. Sir, I'm not often us'd thus.

Cham. Be just then.

Chap. So I will be to the trust
That's laid upon me.

Cham. By the rev'renc'd Soul
Of that great honest man that gave me Being, 230
Tell me but what thou know'st concerns my Honour,
And if I e're reveal it to thy wrong,
May this good Sword ne're do me right in Battel!
May I ne're know that blessed peace of mind,
That dwells in good and pious men like thee! 235

Chap. I see your temper's mov'd, and I will trust you.

Cham. Wilt thou?

Chap. I will; but if it ever 'scape you——

Cham. It never shall.

Chap. Swear then.

Cham. I do, by all
That's dear to me, by th' Honour of my Name,
And that Power I serve, it never shall. 240

Chap. Then this good day, when all the house was busie,
When mirth and kind rejoycing fill'd each Room,
As I was walking in the Grove I met them.

Cham. What, met them in the Grove together? tell me.
How? walking, standing, sitting, lying? hah! 245

Chap. I by their own appointment met them there,
Receiv'd their Marriage vows and joyn'd their hands.

Cham. How! married!

Chap. Yes, Sir

Cham. Then my Soul's at peace:
But why would you delay so long to give it?

Chap. Not knowing what reception it may find 250
With old *Acasto*, may be I was too Cautious
To trust the secret from me.

Cham. What's the cause
I cannot guess, though 'tis my Sisters Honour,
I do not like this Marriage

Hudl'd i'th' dark and done at too much Venture: 255
The business looks with an unlucky Face.
Keep still the secret; for it ne're shall 'scape me,
Not ev'n to them, the new matcht Paire. Farewell.
Believe my Truth and know me for thy Friend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Castalio, and Monimia.

Cast. Young *Chamont*, and the Chaplain! sure 'tis they!
No matter what's contriv'd or who consulted,
Since my *Monimia*'s mine; tho' this sad Look
Seems no good boading Omen to our Bliss;
Else, prithee, tell me why that Look cast down?
Why that sad sigh as if thy heart were breaking? 265

Mon. *Castalio*, I am thinking what we've done.
The Heavenly Powers were sure displeas'd to day!
For at the Ceremony as we stood,
And as your Hand was kindly joyn'd with mine,
As the good Priest pronounc't the Sacred Words, 270
Passion grew bigg and I could not forbear,
Tears drown'd my eyes, and trembling seiz'd my Soul.
What should that mean?

Cast. Oh thou art tender all!
Gentle and kind, as sympathizing Nature!
When a sad story has been told, I've seen 275
Thy little breasts with soft Compassion swell'd,
Shove up and down, and heave like dying Birds;
But now let fear be banisht, think no more
Of danger, for there's safety in my Arms;
Let them receive thee: Heav'n, grow Jealous now. 280
Sure she's too good for any Mortal Creature!
I could grow wild, and praise thee ev'n to madness.
But wherefore do I dally with my Bliss?
The Night's far spent and day draws on apace;
To bed my Love and wake till I come thither. 285

Pol. So hot my Brother? [*Polydore at the Door.*

Mon. 'Twill be impossible:
You know your Fathers Chamber's next to mine,
And the least noise will certainly alarm him.

Cast. Impossible? Impossible? alas!
Is't possible to live one hour without thee? 290

Let me behold those Eyes; they'l tell me truth,
Hast thou no longing? Art thou still the same
Cold Icy Virgin? No; th' art alter'd quite.

Haste, haste to Bed, and let loose all thy wishes.

Mon. 'Tis but one Night, my Lord, I pray be rul'd. 295

Cast. Try if th'ast Pow'r to stop a flowing Tide,
Or in a Tempest make the Seas be Calm;
And when that's done I'll Conquer my desires.
No more, my Blessing. What shall be the sign?
When shall I come? For to my Joyes I'll steal 300
As if I ne're had paid my Freedom for them.

Mon. Just three soft stroakes upon the Chamber door.
And at that Signal you shall gain Admittance:
But speak not the least word; for if you should,
'Tis surely heard and all will be betray'd. 305

Cast. Oh! doubt it not *Monimia*, our Joyes
Shall be as silent as the Extatick bliss
Of Souls, that by Intelligence converse:
Immortal pleasures shall our senses drown;
Thought shall be lost, and every Pow'r dissolv'd: 310
Away, my Love; first take this-kiss. Now haste.
I long for that to come, yet grudge each minute past.

[*Ex. Mon.*]

My Brother wandring too so late this way!

Pol. Castalio!

Cast. My *Polydore*, how dost thou?
How does Our Father? is he well recover'd? 315

Pol. I left him happily repos'd to Rest;
He's still as gay as if his life were young.
But how does fair *Monimia*?

Cast. Doubtless well.
A Cruel Beauty with her conquests pleas'd
Is always joyful and her mind in health. 320

Pol. Is she the same *Monimia* still she was?

May we not hope she's made of mortal Mould?

Cast. She's not Woman else:

Tho' I'm grown weary of this tedious hoping;

W've in a barren desert stray'd too long. 325

Pol. Yet may relief be unexpected found,
And Loves sweet Manna cover all the field.
Met ye to day?

Cast. No, She has still avoided me,
Her Brother too is jealous of her grown,
And has been hinting something to my Father. 330
I wish I'd never medl'd with the matter,
And would enjoyn thee, *Polidore*——

Pol. To what?

Cast. To leave this Peevish Beauty to her self.

Pol. What, quit my Love? as soon I'd quit my Post
In fight, and like a Coward run away. 335
No, by my Stars I'll chase her till she yields
To me, or meets her Rescue in Another.

Cast. Nay, she has Beauty that might shake the Leagues
Of mighty Kings, and set the World at odds;
But I have wond'rous Reasons on my side, 340
That would perswade thee, were they known.

Pol. Then speak 'em.

What are they? Came ye to her Window here
To learn 'em now? *Castalio*, have a care;
Use honest dealing with your Friend and Brother.
Believe me, I'm not with my Love so blinded, 345
But can discern your purpose to abuse me.
Quit your pretences to her.

Cast. Grant I do:

You love Capitulation, *Polydore*,
And but upon Conditions would oblige me.

Pol. You say, yo've Reasons. Why are they Concealed?

Cast. To morrow I may tell you. 351

It is a matter of such Circumstance,
As I must well Consult e're I reveal:

But, prithee, cease to think I would abuse thee,
Till more be known.

Pol. When you, *Castalio*, cease 355
To meet *Monimia* unknown to me,
And then deny it slavishly, I'll cease
To think *Castalio* Faithless to his Friend.
Did I not see you part this very moment?

Cast. It seems yo've watch't me then?

Pol. I scorn the Office. 360

Cast. Prithee, avoid a thing thou may'st repent.

Pol. That is henceforward making Leagues with you.

Cast. Nay, if y'are angry, *Polydore*, good Night.

Pol. Good Night, *Castalio*, if y'are in such haste.

⟨*Ex. Cast*⟩

He little thinks I've overheard th' Appointment: 365
But to his Chamber's gone to wait a while,
Then come and take possession of my Love.
This is the utmost Point of all my Hope,
Or now she must or never can be mine.
Oh! for a means now how to Counterplot 370
And disappoint this happy Elder Brother.
In ev'ry thing we do, or undertake,
He soars above me, mount what height I can,
And keeps the start he got of me in Birth.
Cordelio!

Enter Page.

Pag. My Lord!

Pol. Come hither, Boy. 375
Thou hast a pretty forward Lying face,
And may'st in time Expect preferment: canst thou
Pretend to secresie, Cajole and Flatter
Thy Masters follies and assist his pleasures?

Pag. My Lord, I could do any thing for you, 380
And ever be a very Faithful Boy.
Command what e're's your Pleasure, I'll observe.
Be it to run, or watch; or to convey

A Letter to a Beautilous Ladys Bosom ;
 At least I am not dull, and soon should learn. 385

Pol. 'Tis pity then thou should'st not be employ'd :
 Go to my Brother, he's in's Chamber now
 Undressing and preparing for his rest,
 Find out some means to keep him up a while,
 Tell him a pretty story that may please 390
 His Ear: Invent a Tale, no matter what.
 If he should ask of me, tell him I'm gone
 To bed, and sent you there to know his pleasure,
 Whether he'l hunt to morrow. Well said, *Polydore* ;

⟨*Aside.*⟩

Dissemble with thy Brother: That's one Point ; 395
 ⟨*To Page.*⟩

But do not leave him till he's in his bed ;
 Or if he Chance to walk again this way,
 Follow, and do not quit him, but seem fond
 To do him little offices of Service.
 Perhaps at last it may offend him ; then 400
 Retire and wait till I come in. Away:
 Succeed in this, and be employ'd again. -

Pag. Doubt not, my Lord: he has been always kind
 To me ; would often set me on his knees ;
 Then give me Sweet-Meats, call me pretty Boy, 405
 And ask me what the Maids talkt of at Nights.

Pol. Run quickly then, and prosperous be thy Wishes.
 [Ex. *Page.*

Here I'm alone and fit for mischief ; now,
 To cheat this brother, will't be honest, that
 I heard the Sign she order'd him to give? 410
 Oh for the Art of *Proteus* but to change
 The happy *Polydore* to blest *Castalio* !
 She's not so well acquainted with him yet,
 But I may fit her Arms, as well as he.
 Then when I'm happily possest of more 415
 Than sense can think, all loosen'd into Joy,

406 askt Q 1, 2

409 brother Q 1, 2

410 give. Q 1, 2

To hear my disappointed brother come,
 And give the unregarded Signal; Oh!
 What a malicious pleasure will that be!
 Just three soft stroaks against the Chamber door, 420
 But speak not the least word, for if you should,
 It is surely heard, and we are both betray'd.
 How I adore a Mistress that contrives
 With care to lay the business of her Joyes!
 One that has wit to charm the very Soul, 425
 And give a double relish to delight!
 Blest Heav'n, assist me but in this dear hour,
 And my kind Starrs be but propitious now,
 Dispose of me hereafter as you please.

Monimia! Monimia! [Gives the Sign.

Maid at the Window. Whoe's there? 430

Pol. 'Tis I.

Maid. My Lord *Castalio*?

Pol. The same.

How does my Love, my Dear *Monimia*?

Maid. Oh!

She wonders much at your unkind delay,
 You've staid so long that at each little Noise
 The Wind but makes, she asks if you are coming. 435

Pol. Tell her I'm here, and let the door be open'd.

[*Maid Descends.*

Now boast, *Castalio*, Triumph now and tell

Thy self strange stories of a promis'd Bliss.

[*The Door unbolts.*

It opens, hah! what means my trembling flesh!
 Limbs, do your Office and support me well. 440
 Bear me to her, then fail me if you can. <Ex.>

Enter Castalio, and Page.

Pag. Indeed, my Lord, 'twill be a lovely Morning,
 Pray let us hunt.

Cast. Go you're an Idle Pratler,

428 now;

432 *Monimia.* Q 1, 2

I'll stay at home to morrow ; if your Lord 444
 Thinks fit, he may command my Hounds: go leave me,
 I must go to bed.

Pag. I'll wait upon your Lordship,
 If you think fit, and sing you to repose.

Cast. No, my kind Boy, the night is too far wasted,
 My senses too are quite disrob'd of thought,
 And ready all with me to go to rest. 450
 Good night: commend me to my Brother.

Pag. Oh!
 You never heard the last new Song I learnt ;
 It is the finest, prettiest Song indeed,
 Of my Lord and my Lady, you know who, that were caught
 Together, you know where, My Lord, indeed it is. 455

Cast. You must be whipt Youngster, if you get such
 Songs as those are. What means
 This Boyes impertinence to Night?

Pag. Why, what must I sing, pray, my dear Lord?

Cast. Psalms, Child, Psalms. 460

Pag. Oh dear me! Boys that go to School learn Psalms,
 but Pages that are better bred Sing Lampoons.

Cast. Well, leave me, I'm weary.

Pag. Oh! but you promis'd me last time I told you what
 Colour my Lady *Monimia's* stockings were of and that
 She garter'd them above knee, that you would give me a
 little Horse to go a hunting upon, so you did. I'll tell you no
 more Stories, except you keep your word with me.

Cast. Well, go you Trifler and to morrow ask me.

Pag. Indeed, my Lord, I can't abide to leave you. 470

Cast. Why, wert thou instructed to attend me?

Pag. No, no, indeed, indeed, my Lord, I was not; but
 I know what I know.

Cast. What dost thou know? Death! what can all this
 mean?

Pag. Oh! I know who loves somebody. 475

Cast. What's that to me, Boy?

Pag. Nay, I know who loves you too.

Cast. That is a wonder, prithee tell it me.

Pag. Tis—tis—I know who—but will You give me the Horse then? 480

Cast. I will, my Child.

Pag. It is my Lady *Monimia*, look you, but don't you Tell her I told you, She'll give me no more play things then. I heard her say so as she lay a bed, Man.

Cast. Talkt she of me when in her bed, *Cordelio*? 485

Pag. Yes, and I sung her the Song you made too. And she did so sigh, and so look with her Eyes; and her breasts did so lift up and down; I could have found in my Heart to have beat 'em, for they made me asham'd.

Cast. Hearn, what's that Noise? 490

Take this, be gone, and leave me. [Ex. Page.

You Knave, you little flatterer, get you gone.

Surely it was a Noise. Hist—only Fancy.

For all is husht, as Nature were retired,
And the perpetual Motion standing still: 495

So much she from her work appears to cease,

And every warring Element's at peace:

All the wild Herds are in their Coverts Coucht;

The Fishes to their Banks or Quze repair'd,
And to the murmurs of the Waters sleep; 500

The feeling Ayr's at rest and feels no noise,

Except of some soft Breaths among the Trees,

Rocking the harmeless birds that rest upon 'em.

'Tis now that guided by my Love I go,

To take Possession of *Monimia*'s Arms. 505

Sure *Polydore*'s by this time gone to bed.

At Midnight thus the Us'rer steals untract,

To make a Visit to his hoarded Gold,

And Feast his Eyes upon the shining Mammon: [Knocks.

She heares me not, sure she already sleeps. 510

Her wishes could not brook my so long Delay,

479 You begins new line Q 1, 2 486-9 cut up as verse after too,
Eyes and found Q 1, 2 497 peace, Q 1, 2

And her poor heart has beat it self to rest. [*Knocks again.*
Monimia! my Angel——hah—not yet——

How long's the softest Moment of delay
 To a Heart Impatient of it's pangs like mine, 515
 In sight of ease and panting to the Goal.

Once more—— [*Knocks again.*

Maid. Who's there,
 That Comes thus rudely to disturb our Rest?

Cast. 'Tis I.

Maid. Who are you, what's your Name?

Cast. Suppose

The Lord *Castalio*.

Maid. I know you not; 521
 The Lord *Castalio* has no business here.

Cast. Hah! have a care, what can this mean! Who e're
 Thou art, I charge thee to *Monimia* fly;
 Tell her I'm here and wait upon my doom. 525

Maid. Who e're you are, you may repent this outrage,
 My Lady must not be disturb'd. Good Night!

Cast. She must, tell her she shall, go, I'm in haste,
 And bring her tydings from the state of Love;
 Th'are all in consultation met together, 530
 How to reward my Truth, and Crown her Vows.

Maid. Sure the man's mad.

Cast. Or this will make me so.
 Obey me, or by all the wrongs I suffer,
 I'll scale the Window and come in by force,
 Let the sad Consequence be what it will. 535'
 This Creatures trifling folly makes me mad.

Maid. My Ladies answer is, you may depart,
 She says she knows you; You are *Polydore*,
 Sent by *Castalio* as you were to day,
 T' affront and do her violence again. 540

Cast. I'll not believ't.

Maid. You may, Sir.

517 *Stage dir. after l.* 516 *Q 1, 2* 523 *Who begins l* 524 *Q 1, 2* 528 go
 529 *Love, Q 1, 2* 532 *so, Q 1, 2* 535 *will, Q 1, 2* 538 *Polydore Q 1, 2*

Cast. Curses blast thee!

Maid. Well, 'tis a fine cool Evening, and I hope
May cure the raging Feaver in your Blood.
Good night!

Casta. And farewell all that's just in Woman!
This is contriv'd, a studyed Trick to abuse 545
My easie nature, and torment my mind;
Sure now sh'has bound me fast, and means to Lord it,
To rein me hard, and ride me at her will,
Till by degrees she shape me into Fool
For all her future uses. Death and Torment! 550
'Tis impudence to think my Soul will bear it.
Oh I could grow ev'n wild, and tear my hair:
'Tis well, *Monimia*, that thy Empire's short;
Let but to morrow, but to morrow come,
And try if all thy Arts appease my wrong; 555
Till when be this detested place my Bed, [*Lyes down.*
Where I will ruminate on Womans Ills,
Laugh at my self and curse th' inconstant Sex.
Faithless *Monimia*! Oh *Monimia*!

Enter Ernesto.

Ernesto. Either
My sense has been deluded, or this way 560
I heard the sound of sorrow; 'tis late night,
And none, whose mind's at peace, would wander now.

Cast. Who's there?

Ern. A Friend.

Cast. If thou art so, retire,
And leave this place, for I would be alone.

Ern. Castalio! My Lord, why in this posture, 565
Stretch'd on the Ground? Your honest true old Servant,
Your poor *Ernesto* cannot see you thus;
Rise I beseech you.

Cast. If thou art *Ernesto*,
As by thy honesty thou seemest to be,

Once leave me to my folly.

Ern. I can't leave you, 570

And not the reason know of your disorders.

Remember how when young I in my Arms

Have often born you, pleas'd you in your pleasures,

And sought an early share in your Affection.

Do not discard me now, but let me serve you. 575

Cast. Thou canst not serve me.

Ern. Why?

Cast. Because my thoughts
Are full of Woman; thou poor Wretch, art past'em.

Ern. I hate the Sex.

Cast. Then I'm thy Friend, *Ernesto*. [*Rises.*
I'd leave the world for him that hates a Woman.

Woman the Fountain of all Humane Frailty! 580

What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman?

Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A Woman.

Who lost *Mark Anthony* the World? A Woman.

Who was the cause of a long ten years War,
And laid at last *Old-Troy* in Ashes? Woman. 585

Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman.

Woman to Man first as a Blessing giv'n,

When Innocence and Love were in their prime,

Happy a while in Paradise they lay,
But quickly Woman long'd to go astray, 590

Some foolish new Adventure needs must prove,

And the first Devil she saw she chang'd her Love,

To his Temptations lewdly she inclin'd

Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind.

577 Woman, *Q* 1, 2

578 Friend *Q* 1, 2

586 deceitful, *Q* 1, 2

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Acasto solus.

Acast. **B**lest be the morning that has brought me health,
 A happy rest has softned pain away,
 And I'll forget it, though my mind's not well.
 A heavy melancholly cloggs my heart,
 I droop and sigh I know not why. Dark-dreams, 5
 Sick Fancies Children, have been over-busie,
 And all the Night play'd Farces in my Brains;
 Methought I heard the Midnight-Raven cry;
 Wak'd with th' imagin'd Noise, my Curtains seem'd
 To start, and at my Feet my Sons appear'd 10
 Like Ghosts, all pale and stiff: I strove to speak,
 But could not; suddenly the Forms were lost,
 And seem'd to vanish in a bloody Cloud;
 'Twas odd, and for the present shook my thoughts;
 But was th' effect of my distemper'd blood; 15
 And when the Health's disturb'd, the mind's unruly.

*Enter Polydore.*Good Morning, *Polydore*.*Pol.* Heaven keep your Lordship.*Acast.* Have you yet seen *Castalio* to day?*Pol.* My Lord, 'tis early day, he's hardly risen.*Acast.* Go, call him up, and meet me in the Chapel. 20
[Ex. Pol.]

I cannot think all has gone well to night;
 For as I waking lay (and sure my sense
 Was then my own) methought I heard my Son
Castalio's Voice; but it seem'd low and mournful,
 Under my Window too I thought I heard it; 25
 M' untoward fancy could not be deceiv'd
 In every thing; and I will search the truth out.

*Enter Monimia, and her Maid.*Already up *Monimia*! you Rose

rv. i. 5 why! Q 1, 2

Thus early surely to out-shine the Day!
 Or was there any thing that crost your rest? 30
 They were naughty thoughts that wou'd not let you sleep.

Mon. What ever are my thoughts, my Lord, I've learn't
 By your Example to correct their Ills,
 And Morn, and Evening, give up th' Account.

Acast. Your Pardon, Sweet one, I upbraid you not; 35
 Or if I would, you are so good I could not;
 Though I'm deceiv'd, or you are more fair to Day;
 For Beauty's heighten'd in your Cheeks, and all
 Your Charmes seem up, and ready in your Eyes.

Mon. The little share I have's so very mean, 40
 That it may easily admit Addition;
 Though you, my Lord, should most of all beware
 To give it too much praise, and make me proud.

Acast. Proud of an Old mans praises! No *Monimia*!
 But if my Pray'rs can work thee any good, 45
 Thou shalt not want the largest share of 'em:
 Heard you no Noise to Night?

Mon. Noise! my good Lord!

Acast. Ay! about Midnight.

Mon. Indeed, my Lord, I do'nt remember any.

Acast. You must sure, went you early to rest? 50

Mon. About the wonted Hour: Why this enquiry?
 [*Aside.*]

Acast. And went your Maid to bed too?

Mon. My Lord, I guess so;
 I've seldom known her disobey my Orders.

Acast. Sure Goblins then, Fairyes haunt the dwelling; 55
 I'll have inquiry made through all the House,
 But I'll find out the Cause of these Disorders.
 Good Day to thee, *Monimia*—I'll to Chapel. [*Ex. Acasto.*]

Mon. I'll but dispatch some orders to my Woman,
 And wait upon your Lordship there: 60
 I fear the Priest has plaid us false; if so,
 My poor *Castalio* loses all for me;

I wonder though, he made such haste to leave me!
 Was't not unkind, *Florella*! surely 'twas!
 He scarce afforded one kind parting Word,
 But went away so cold: The kiss he gave me
 Seem'd the forc'd Complement of sated Love.
 Would I had never marry'd!

Maid.

Why?

Mon.

Methinks

The Scene's quite alter'd; I am not the same;
 I've bound up for my self a weight of Cares,
 And how the burden will be born none knows.
 A Husband may be Jealous, rigid, false;
 And should *Castalio* e're prove so to me;
 So tender is my Heart, so nice my Love,
 'Twould ruin, and distract my rest for ever.

Maid. Madam, he's coming.

Mon.

Where, *Florella*? where?

Is he returning? To my Chamber lead;
 I'll meet him there: The Mysteries of our Love
 Should be kept private, as Religious Rites,
 From the unhallow'd View of Common Eyes.

[*Ex. Mon. and Maid.*]

Enter Castálio.

Cast. Wish't Morning's come! And now upon the plains
 And distant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks,
 The happy Shepherds leave their Homely Huts,
 And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born day.
 The lusty Swain comes with his well-fill'd Scrip
 Of Healthful Viands, which, when hunger calls,
 With much content, and appetite he eats,
 To follow in the Field's his daily Toil,
 And dress the grateful Glebe, that yields him Fruits.
 The Beasts that under the Warm Hedges slept,
 And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up,
 And looking towards the Neighb'ring Pastures, raise

The Voice, and bid their fellow Bruites good morrow:
 The Chearful Birds too, on the tops of Trees,
 Assemble all in Quoires, and with their Notes 95
 Salute and welcome up the rising Sun.
 There's no Condition sure so curst as mine;
 I'm marry'd: 'Sdeath! I am sped. How like a Dog
 Lookt *Hercules*, thus to a Distaff chain'd?
Monimia! oh *Monimia!*

Enter Monimia; and Maid.

Mon. I come, 100
 I fly to my ador'd *Castalio's* Armes,
 My wishes Lord. May every Morn begin
 Like this: And with our Days our Loves renew.
 Now I may hope y'are satisfy'd——

[Looking languishingly on him.]

Cast. I am
 Well satisfy'd, that thou art—Oh——
Mon. What? speak: 105
 Art thou not well, *Castalio*? Come lean
 Upon my Breasts, and tell me where's thy pain.

Cast. 'Tis here! 'tis in my Head; 'tis in my Heart,
 'Tis every where; It rages like a madness;
 And, I most wonder how my reason holds; 110
 Nay, wonder not, *Monimia*; the Slave
 You thought you had secur'd within my Breast,
 Is grown a Rebel, and has broke his Chain,
 And now he walks there like a Lord at large.

Mon. Am I not then your Wife, your Lov'd *Monimia*?
 I once was so, or I've most strangely dreamt. 116
 What ayles my Love?

Cast. What e're thy Dreams have been,
 Thy waking thoughts ne're meant *Castalio* well.
 No more, *Monimia*, of your Sexes Arts,
 They are useless all: I'm not that pliant Tool, 120
 That necessary Utensil you'd make me,
 I know my Charter better—I am Man,

Obstinate Man; and will not be enslav'd.

Mon. You shall not fear't: Indeed my Nature's easie;
I'll ever live your most obedient Wife, 125
Nor ever any priviledge pretend
Beyond your will; for that shall be my Law;
Indeed I will not.

Cast. Nay, you shall not, Madam,
By yon bright Heav'n, you shall not; all the day
I'll play the Tyrant, and at Night forsake thee; 130
Till by afflictions and continued Cares,
I've worn thee to a homely household Drudge;
Nay, if I've any too, thou shalt be made
Subservient to all my looser pleasures,
For thou hast wrong'd *Castalio*.

Mon. No more: 135
Oh kill me here, or tell me my offence,
I'll never quit you else; but on these Knees,
Thus follow you all day, till th'are worn bare,
And hang upon you like a drowning Creature.

Castalio——

Cast. Away, Last night, last night. 140

Mon. It was our wedding Night.

Cast. No mo'e, forget it.

Mon. Why? do you then repent?

Cast. I do.

Mon. Oh Heav'n!

And, will you leave me thus? help, help, *Florella*.

[*He drags her to the Door and breaks from her.*]

Help me to hold this yet lov'd cruel Man.
Oh my heart breaks—I'm dying, Oh—stand off, 145
I'll not indulge this womans weakness; still
Chaft, and Fomented, let my Heart swell on,
Till with its injuries it burst, and shake,
With the Dire blow, this Prison to the Earth.

Maid. What sad mistake has been the cause of this?

Mon. Castalio: Oh! how often has he swore, 151

140 *Castalio*.—— *Q* 1, 2

148 shake *Q* 1, 2

Nature should change, the Sun and Stars grow dark,
 E're he would falsify his Vows to me.
 Make haste, Confusion, then: Sun, lose thy light,
 And Stars drop dead with Sorrow to the Earth; 155
 For my *Castalio*'s false——

Maid. Unhappy Day!

Mon. False as the Wind, the Water, or the Weather.
 Cruel as Tygers o're their trembling prey.
 I feel him in my breast, he tears my heart,
 And at each sigh he drinks the gushing blood; 160
 Must I be long in pain?

Enter Chamont.

Cha. In tears, *Monimia*!

Mon. Who e're thou art,
 Leave me alone to my belov'd Despair.

Cham. Lift up thy Eyes, and see who comes to cheer
 thee.
 Tell me the story of thy Wrongs; and then 165
 See if my soul has rest till thou hast justice.

Mon. My Brother!

Cham. Yes, *Monimia*, if thou thinkst
 That I deserve the Name, I am thy Brother.

Mon. Oh *Castalio*!

Cham. Hah! 170
 Name me that Name again! My Souls on fire,
 Till I know all: There's meaning in that name,
 I know he is thy Husband: Therefore trust me
 With all the following truth——

Mon. Indeed, *Chamont*,
 There's nothing in it but the fault of Nature: 175
 I'm often thus seiz'd suddenly with grief,
 I know not why.

Cham. You use me ill, *Monimia*;
 And I might think with Justice most severely
 Of this unfaithful dealing with your Brother.

Mon. Truly I am not to blame: Suppose I'm fond, 180
 And grieve, for what as much may please another:
 Should I upbraid the dearest Friend on Earth
 For the first fault? you wou'd not do so: wou'd you?

Cham. Not, if I'd cause to think it was a Friend.

Mon. Why do you then call this unfaithful dealing? 185
 I ne're conceal'd my soul from you before:
 Bear with me now, and search my wounds no farther,
 For every probing pains me to the heart.

Cham. 'Tis sign there's danger in't, and must be prevented.

Where's your new Husband? Still that thought disturbs
 you. 190

What, onely answer me with tears? *Castalio!*

Nay, now they stream.

Cruel unkind *Castalio!* is't not so?

Mon. I cannot speak, grief flows so fast upon me,
 It choaks and will not let me tell the cause. 195
 Oh!

Cham. My *Monimia*, to my Soul thou'rt dear,
 As honour to my name: Dear as the light
 To eyes but just restor'd, and heald of blindness.
 Why wilt thou not repose within my breast
 The anguish that torments thee?

Mon. Oh! I dare not. 200

Cham. I have no friend but thee: we must confide
 In one another: Two unhappy Orphans,
 Alas, we are; and when I see thee grieve,
 Methinks it is a part of me that suffers.

Mon. Oh shouldst thou know the cause of my lamenting,
 I am satisfy'd, *Chamont*, that thou wouldst scorn me; 206
 Thou would'st despise the abject lost *Monimia*,
 No more would'st praise this Beauty: but
 When in some Cell distracted, as I shall be,
 Thou seest me lye; these unregarded Locks,
 Matted like Furies Tresses; my poor Limbs 210
 Chain'd to the Ground, and 'stead of the delights

Which happy Lovers taste, my Keeper's stripes,
 A Bed of Straw, and a course wooden dish
 Of wretched sustenance; when thus thou see'st me, 215
 Prithee have Charity and pity for me.
 Let me enjoy this thought.

Cham. Why wilt thou rack
 My Soul so long, *Monimia*? Ease me quickly;
 Or thou wilt run me into madness first.

Mon. Could you be secret?

Cham. Secret as the Grave. 220

Mon. But when I've told you, will you keep your fury
 Within its bounds? will you not do some rash
 And horrid mischief? for indeed, *Chamont*,
 You would not think how hardly I've been us'd
 From a near Friend; from one that has my Soul 225
 A Slave; and therefore treats it like a Tyrant.

Cham. I will be calm, but has *Castalio* wrong'd thee?
 Has he already wasted all his Love?
 What has he done? quickly; for I'm all trembling
 With expectation of a horrid Tale. 230

Mon. Oh! could you think it!

Cham. What?

Mon. I fear he'll kill me.

Cham. Hah!

Mon. Indeed I do, he's strangely cruel to me,
 Which if it lasts, I'm sure must break my heart. 234

Cham. What has he done?

Mon. Most barbarously us'd me.
 Nothing so kind as he, when in my Arms,
 In thousand kisses, tender sighs and joys,
 Not to be thought again, the night was wasted;
 At dawn of day, he rose and left his Conquest,
 But 'when we met, and I with open Arms 240
 Ran to embrace the Lord of all my wishes,
 Oh then!—

215 sustenance. When *Q* 1, 2 229 I'am *Q* 1, 2 235 me, *Q* 1, 2
 238 wasted, *Q* 1, 2

Cham. Go on!

Mon. He threw me from his Breast,
Like a detested sin.

Cham. How!

Mon. As I hung too
Upon his Knees, and begg'd to know the cause,
He dragg'd me like a Slave upon the Earth, 245
And had no pity on my Cries.

Cham. How! did he
Dash thee disdainfully away with scorn!

Mon. He did; And more I fear, will ner'e be friends,
Though I still love him with unbated Passion. 249

Cham. What, throw thee from him!

Mon. Yes, indeed he did.

Cham. So may this Arm
Throw him to the Earth, like a dead Dog despised;
Lameness and Leprosie, Blindness and Lunacy,
Poverty, Shame, Pride, and the name of Villain
Light on me, if, *Castalio*, I forgive thee. 255

Mon. Nay, now *Chamont*, art thou unkind as he is.
Didst thou not promise me thou would'st be calm?
Keep my disgrace conceal'd? why should'st thou kill him?
By all my Love this Arm should do him Vengeance.
Alas, I love him still; and though I ne're 260
Clasp him again within these longing Arms,
Yet bless him, bless him (Gods) where e're he goes.

Enter Acasto.

Acast. Sure some ill Fate is towards me; in my house
I only meet with oddness and disorder;
Each Vassal has a wild distracted face; 265
And looks as full of business as a block-head
In times of danger: Just this very moment
I met *Castalio* too——

Cham. Then you met a Villain.

Acast. Hah!

244 cause *Q* 1, 2

255 thee.

256 is? *Q* 1, 2

Cham. Yes, a Villain.

Acast. Have a care, young Souldier,
How thou'rt too busie with *Acasto's* Fame: 270
I have a Sword my Arms good old Acquaintance.
Villain to thee——

Cham. Curse on thy scandalous Age
Which hinders me to rush upon thy Throat,
And tear the Root up of that Cursed Bramble!

Acast. Ungrateful Ruffian! sure my good old Friend 275
Was ne're thy Father; nothing of him's in thee:
What have I done in my unhappy Age,
To be thus us'd? I scorn to upbraid thee, Boy,
But I could put thee in remembrance——

Cham. Do.

Acast. I scorn it——

Cham. No, I'll calmly hear the story, 280
For I would fain know all, to see which Scale
Weighs most——Hah, is not that good old *Acasto*?
What have I done? can you forgive this folly?

Acast. Why dost thou ask it?

Cham. 'Twas the rude over-flowing
Of too much passion; pray, my Lord, forgive me. [*kneels.*

Acast. Mock me not, Youth, I can revenge a wrong.

Cham. I know it well, but for this thought of mine
Pity a mad man's frenzy and forget it.

Acast. I will, but henceforth, prithee, be more kind.

[*Raises him.*

Whence came the Cause?

Cham. Indeed I've been to blame, 290
But I'll learn better; for you've been my Father:
You've been her Father too—— [*Takes Mon. by the hand.*

Acast. Forbear the Prologue——
And let me know the substance of thy Tale.

Cham. You took her up a little tender Flower,
Just sprouted on a Bank, which the next Frost 295
Had nipt; and with a careful loving hand

270 Fame? *Q 1, 2* 272 Villain, to thee—— *Q 1, 2* 275 *Ruffian*! *Q 1, 2*

Transplanted her into your own fair Garden,
 Where the Sun always shines; there long she flourish'd,
 Grew Sweet to sense, and Lovely to the eye,
 Till at the last a Cruel Spoiler came, 300
 Cropt this fair Rose, and rifled all its Sweetness;
 Then cast it like a loathsome Weed away.

Acast. You talk to me in Parables, *Chamont*,
 You may have known that I'm no wordy man,
 Fine Speeches are the Instruments of Knaves 305
 Or Fools, that use 'em, when they want good sense;
 But honesty
 Needs no Disguise nor Ornament: Be plain.

Cham. Your Son——

Acast. Iv'e two, and both I hope have honour.

Cham. I hope so too——but——

Acast. Speak.

Cham. I must inform you

Once more, *Castalio*——

Acast. Still *Castalio*!

Cham. Yes, 311

Your Son *Castalio* has wrong'd *Monimia*.

Acast. Hah! wrong'd her?

Cham. Marry'd her.

Acast. I'm sorry for't.

Cham. Why sorry?

By yon blest Heaven there's not a Lord 315

But might be proud to take her to his heart.

Acast. I'll not deny't.

Cham. You dare not, by the Gods,

You dare not; all your Family combin'd

In one damn'd False-hood to out-do *Castalio*,

Dare not deny't.

Acast. How has *Castalio* wrong'd her? 320

Cham. Ask that of him: I say my Sister's wrong'd;
Monimia my sister born as high

And noble as *Castalio*——Do her Justice,

310 you, Q 1, 2

311 more Q 1, 2

Or by the Gods I'll lay a Scene of Blood,
 Shall make this Dwelling horrible to Nature. 325
 I'll do't: heark you, my Lord, your Son *Castalio*,
 Take him to your Closet, and there teach him manners.

Acast. You shall have Justice.

Cham. Nay—I will have Justice.
 Who'll sleep in safety that has done me wrong?
 My Lord, I'll not disturb you to repeat 330
 The Cause of this; I beg you (to preserve
 Your Houses Honour) ask it of *Castalio*.

Acast. I will.

Cham. Till then farewell—— [*Ex. Cham.*]

Acast. Farewel, proud Boy.

Monimia!

Mon. My Lord.

Acast. You are my Daughter. 334

Mon. I am, my Lord, if you'll vouchsafe to own me.

Acast. When you'll complain to me, I'll prove a Father.
 [*Ex. Acasto.*]

Mon. Now, I'm undone for ever: Who on Earth
 Is there so wretched as *Monimia*?
 First by *Castalio* cruelly forsaken;
 I've lost *Acasto*: his parting frowns 340
 May well instruct me, rage is in his heart;
 I shall be next abandon'd to my Fortune,
 Thrust out a naked Wanderer to the World,
 And branded for the mischievous *Monimia*;
 What will become of me? My cruel Brother 345
 Is framing mischiefs too, for ought I know,
 That may produce bloodshed, and horrid Murder:
 I would not be the Cause of one mans Death,
 To reign the Empress of the Earth; nay, more,
 I'd rather lose for ever my *Castalio*, 350
 My dear unkind *Castalio*.

Enter Polydore.

Pol. *Monimia*, weeping!

326 *Castalio Q 1, 2*

344 mischievons

So morning Dews on new blown Roses Lodge,
 By the Suns amorous heat to be exhal'd.
 I come my Love, to kiss all sorrow from thee.
 What mean these sighs? and why thus beats thy
 Heart? 355

Mon. Let me alone to sorrow: 'Tis a cause
 None e're shall know; but it shall with me dye.

Pol. Happy, *Monimia*, he, to whom these sighs,
 These tears, and all these languishings are paid!
 I am no stranger to your dearest secret; 360
 I know your heart was never meant for me,
 That Jewel's for an Elder Brother's price.

Mon. My Lord.

Pol. Nay, wonder not, last Night I heard
 His Oaths, your Vows, and to my torment saw
 Your wild Embraces: heard th' appointment made: 365
 I did, *Monimia*, and I curst the sound.
 Wilt thou be sworn, my Love? wilt thou be ne're
 Unkind again?

Mon. Banish such fruitless hopes!
 Have you sworn constancy to my undoing?
 Will you be ne're my Friend again? 370

Pol. What means my Love?

Mon. Away; what meant my Lord
 Last Night?

Pol. Is that a question now to be demanded?
 I hope, *Monimia* was not much displeased.

Mon. Was it well done to treat me like a Prostitute, 375
 T'assault my Lodging at the dead of night,
 And threaten me if I deny'd admittance?—
 You said you were *Castalio*—

Pol. By those eyes,
 It was the same; I spent my time much better,
 I tell thee, ill natur'd Fair One, I was posted 380
 To more advantage on a pleasant hill

354 kiss, 374 *Monimia*, 376 might, 378 *Castalio*.—Q 1, 2
 379 same, Q 1, 2

Of springing Joy, and everlasting sweetness.

Mon. Hah——have a care——

Pol. Where is the danger near me?

Mon. I fear y'are on a Rock will wreck your Quiet,
And drown your soul in wretchedness for ever; 385
A thousand horrid thoughts crowd on my memory.

Will you be kind and answer me one question?

Pol. I'd trust thee with my life; on those soft Breasts
Breath out the Choicest secrets of my heart;
Till I had nothing in it left but Love. 390

Mon. Nay, I'll Conjure you by the Gods, and Angels,
By the honour of your name, that's most concern'd,
To tell me, *Polydore*, and tell me truly,
Where did you rest last Night?

Pol. Within thy arms
I triumpht: Rest had been my Foe.

Mon. 'Tis done—— [*She faints.*]

Pol. She faints: no help, who waits? a curse 396
Upon my Vanity that could not keep
The secret of my happiness in silence.
Confusion! we shall be surpriz'd anon,
And consequently all must be betray'd. 400
Monimia! she breaths——*Monimia*——

Mon. Well,——
Let mischiefs multiply! Let every hour
Of my loath'd life yield me increase of horror!
Oh let the Sun to these unhappy eyes
Ne're shine again, but be eclips'd for ever! 405
May every thing I look on seem a prodigy,
To fill my Soul with terrors; till I quite
Forget I ever had Humanity,
And grow a Curser of the works of Nature!

Pol. What means all this?

Mon. Oh, *Polydore*, if all 410
The friendship e're you vow'd to good *Castalio*

383 care.—*Q* 1, 2 386 crow'd 388 life *Q* 1, 2 | Breasts; *Q* 1, 2
400 betray'd, *Q* 1, 2 401 *Monimia*.—*Q* 1, 2

Be not a falsehood, if you ever lov'd
Your Brother, you've undone your self and me.

Pol. Which way? can Ruin reach the man that's Rich,
As I am in possession of thy Sweetness? 415

Mon. Oh I'm his Wife.

Pol. What says *Monimia*! hah!

Speak that again.

Mon. I am *Castalio*'s Wife.

Pol. His marry'd wedded Wife?

Mon. Yester-dayes Sun

Saw it perform'd.

Pol. And then have I enjoy'd

My Brothers Wife.

Mon. As surely as we both 420

Must taste of misery, that guilt is thine.

Pol. Must we be miserable then?

Mon. Oh!

Pol. Oh! thou may'st yet be happy.

Mon. Couldst thou be

Happy with such a weight upon thy Soul?

Pol. It may be yet a secret: I'll go try 425

To reconcile and bring *Castalio* to thee,

Whilst from the World I take my self away,

And waste my life in Penance for my Sin.

Mon. Then thou wouldst more undo me: heap a load

Of added Sins upon my wretched head: 430

Wouldst thou again have me betray thy Brother,

And bring pollution to his Arms? curst thought!

Oh when shall I be mad indeed!

Pol. Nay, then,

Let us embrace, and from this very Moment

Vow an Eternal misery together. 435

Mon. And wilt thou be a very faithful wretch?

Never grow fond of chearful peace again?

Wilt with me study to be unhappy,

And find out ways how to encrease affliction?

416 Wife: 420 both, 421 misery

Pol. We'll institute new Arts unknown before, 440
 To vary plagues and make 'em look like new ones:
 First if the Fruit of our detested Joy,
 A Child be born, it shall be murder'd.—

Mon. No.
 Sure, that may live.

Pol. Why?

Mon. To become a thing
 More wretched than its Parents, to be branded 445
 With all our Infamy, and Curse its Birth.

Pol. That's well contriv'd! then thus let's go together
 Full of our guilt, distracted where to roam,
 Like the first Wretched Pair expell'd their Paradise.
 Let's find some place where Adders nest in Winter, 450
 Loathsome and Venemous; Where poisons hang
 Like Gums against the Walls; where Witches meet
 By night and feed upon some pamper'd Imp,
 Fat with the Blood of Babes: There we'll inhabit,
 And live up to the height of desperation. 455
 Desire shall languish like a withering Flower,
 And no distinction of the Sex be thought of.

Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing harms, }
 And I'll no more be caught with Beauties Charms, } 460
 But when I'm dying takè me in thy Armes. }
 [Ex.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Castalið lying on the ground.

SONG

Come, all ye Youths, whose Hearts e're bled
 By cruel Beauties Pride,
 Bring each a Garland on his head,
 Let none his Sorrows hide,

455 desperation, Q 1, 2 457 of, Q 1, 2 v. i. 3 head Q 1, 2

But hand in hand around me move, 5
 Singing the saddest Tales of Love;
 And see, when your Complaints ye joyn,
 If all your Wrongs can equal mine.

2

The happiest Mortal once was I,
 My heart no Sorrows knew. 10
 Pity the Pain with which I dye,
 But ask not whence it grew.
 Yet if a tempting Fair you find,
 That's very lovely, very kind,
 Though bright as Heaven whose stamp she bears, 15
 Think of my Fate, and shun her Snares.

Castal. See where the Deer trot after one another,
 Male, Female, Father, Daughter, Mother, Son,
 Brother and Sister mingled all together;
 No discontent they know, but in delightful 20
 Wildness and freedom, pleasant Springs, fresh Herbage,
 Calm Harbours, lusty health and innocence
 Enjoy their portion; If they see a man,
 How will they turn together all and gaze
 Upon the Monster—— 25
 Once in a Season too they taste of Love:
 Only the Beast of Reason is its Slave,
 And in that Folly drudges all the year.

Enter Acasto.

Acast. Castalio! Castalio!

Cast. Who's there
 So wretched but to name Castalio? 30

Acast. I hope my message may succeed.

Cast. My Father,
 'Tis Joy to see you, though where sorrow's Nourisht.

Acast. I'm come in Beauties Cause, you'll guess the rest.

Cast. A woman! if you love my peace of mind,

5 move Q 1, 2 13 find Q 1, 2 23 man 33 come, Q 1, 2

Name not a woman to me; but to think 35
 Of woman were enough to taint my Brains,
 Till they foment to madness! Oh! my Father.

Acast. What Ayles my Boy?

Cast. A woman is the thing
 I would forget, and blot from my Remembrance.

Acast. Forget *Monimia*!

Cast. She to choose: *Monimia*! 40
 The very sound's ungrateful to my sence.

Acast. This might seem strange; but you I've found will
 hide

Your heart from me, you dare not trust to your Father.

Cast. No more *Monimia*.

Acast. Is she not your Wife?

Cast. So much the worse: who loves to hear of Wife? 46
 When you would give all worldly Plagues a name

Worse than they have already, call 'em Wife:

But a new married wife's a seeming mischief,

Full of her self: Why, what a deal of horror

Has that poor wretch to come, that wedded yesterday?

Acast. *Castalio*, you must go along with me, 51
 And see *Monimia*.

Cast. Sure my Lord but mocks me:
 Go see *Monimia*! Pray, my Lord, excuse me;

And leave the Conduct of this part of Life,

To my own Choice.

Acast. I say, no more dispute. 55
 Complaints are made to me, that you have wrong'd her.

Cast. Who has complain'd?

Acast. Her Brother to my face proclaim'd her wrong'd,
 And in such terms they've warm'd me.

Cast. What terms? her Brother! Heaven! Where learnt
 he that? 60

What, does she send her Hero with defiance?

42 hide begins l. 43 Q 1, 2 43 Query? trust your or trust t' your
 45 worse, Q 1, 2 51 me 52 me, Q 1, 2 60 Where begins new line Q 1, 2 |
 learnt she Q 1, 2 61 What Q 1, 2

He durst not sure affront you?

Acast.

No, not much,

But——

Cast. Speak, what said he?

Acast.

That thou wert a Villain:

Methinks I would not have thee thought a Villain.

Cast. Shame on the ill-manner'd Brute:

65

Your age secur'd him, he durst not else have said so.

Acast. By my Sword,

I would not see thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely,

Though I have past my word she shall have Justice.

Cast. Justice! to give her Justice wou'd undo her:

70

Think you this Solitude I now had chosen,

Left joys just opening to my sense, sought here

A place to curse my Fate in, measur'd out

My Grave at length, wisht to have grown one piece

With this cold Clay, and all without a Cause?

75

Enter Chamont.

Cham. Where is the Hero famous and renown'd

For wronging Innocence, and breaking Vows;

Whose mighty spirit, and whose stubborn heart,

No woman can appease, nor man provoke?

Acast. I guess, *Chamont*, you come to seek *Castalio*. 80

Cham. I come to seek the Husband of *Monimia*.

Cast. The Slave is here.

Cham.

I thought e're now to 'ave found you

Attoning for the Ills you've done *Chamont*:

For you have wrong'd the dearest part of him;

Monimia, young Lord, weeps in this heart;

85

And all the Tears thy Injuries have drawn

From her poor Eyes, are drops of Blood from hence.

Cast. Then you are *Chamont*?

Cham.

Yes, and I hope no Stranger

To great *Castalio*.

Cast.

I've heard of such a Man

That has been very busie with my Honour:

90

71 have chosen; Q 2

74 wish to Q 1, 2

I own I'm much indebted to you, Sir,
And here return the Villain back again
You sent me by my Father.

Cham. Thus I'll thank you. [*Draws.*

Acast. By this good Sword, who first presumes to violence
Makes me his Foe—— [*Draws and interposes.*

Young Man, it once was thought [*To Castalio.*

I was fit Guardian of my Houses Honour,
And you might trust your share with me——For you,
[*To Cham.*

Young Souldier, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me:
I promis'd you to do *Monimia* right, 100
And thought my word a Pledge I would not forfeit:
But you I find would fright us to Performance.

Cast. Sir, in my younger years with Care you taught me,
That brave Revenge was due to injur'd Honour;
Oppose not then the Justice of my Sword, 105
Lest you should make me jealous of your love.

Cham. Into thy Father's arms thou fly'st for safety,
Because thou know'st the place is sanctify'd
With the Remembrance of an ancient Friendship.

Cast. I am a Villain if I will not seek thee 110
'Till I may be reveng'd for all the wrongs
Done me by that ungrateful Fair thou plead'st for.

Cham. She wrong thee! by the Fury in my heart,
Thy Father's Honour's not above *Monimia*'s;
Nor was thy Mother's Truth and Vertue fairer. 115

Acast. Boy, don't disturb the Ashes of the dead
With thy capricious Follies: The remembrance
Of the lov'd Creature that once fill'd these Arms——

Cham. Has not been wrong'd.

Cast. It shall not.

Cham. No, nor shall
Monimia, though a helpless Orphan, destitute 120
Of Friends and Fortune, though the unhappy Sister
Of poor *Chamont*, whose Sword is all his Portion,

Be oppress by thee, thou proud imperious Traytor.

Cast. Hah! let me free.

Cham. Come both.

Enter Serina.

Serin. Alas! alas!

The cause of these disorders, my *Chamont*? 125

Who is't has wrong'd thee?

Cast. Now where art thou fled
For shelter?

Cham. Come from thine, and see what safeguard
Shall then betray my fears.

Serin. Cruel *Castalio*,
Sheath up thy angry Sword, and don't affright me:

Chamont let once *Serina* calm thy breast: 130

If any of thy friends have done thee injuries,
I'll be reveng'd, and love thee better for't.

Cast. Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take
This opportunity to shew your Vanity,
Let's meet some other time, when by our selves 135
We fairly may dispute our wrongs together.

Cham. Till then I am *Castalio*'s Friend.

Cast. *Serina*,
Farewell, I wish much happiness attend you.

Serin. *Chamont*'s the dearest thing I have on Earth;
Give me *Chamont*, and let the world forsake me. 140

Cham. Witness the Gods, how happy I am in thee!
No beauteous Blossom of the fragrant Spring,
Though the fair Child of Nature newly born,
Can be so lovely. Angry, unkind *Castalio*,
Suppose I should a while lay by my passions, 145
And be a begger in *Monimia*'s Cause,
Might I be heard?

Cast. Sir, 'twas my last request
You wou'd, though you I find will not be satisfi'd:
So in a word, *Monimia* is my scorn;

She basely sent you here to try my fears; 150
That was your business.

No artful Prostitute, in Falshoods practis'd,
To make advantage of her Coxcombs Follies,
Could have done more——Disquiet vex her for't.

Cham. Farewell. <Ex. Chamont and Serina.>

Cast. Farewell.——My Father, you seem troubled.

Acast. Would I had been absent when this boistrous
brave 156

Came to disturb thee thus: I'm griev'd I hinder'd

Thy just resentment——But *Monimia*——

Cast. Damn her.

Acast. Don't curse her.

Cast. Did I?

Acast. Yes.

Cast. I'm sorry for it.

Acast. Methinks, if, as I guess, the fault's but small, 160
It might be pardon'd.

Cast. No.

Acast. What has she done?

Cast. That she's my Wife, may Heav'n and you forgive me.

Acast. Be reconcil'd then.

Cast. No.

Acast. Go see her.

Cast. No.

Acast. I'll send and bring her hither.

Cast. No.

Acast. For my sake,

Castalio, and the quiet of my âge. 165

Cast. Why will you urge a thing my Nature starts at?

Acast. Prithce forgive her.

Cast. Lightnings first shall blast me.

I tell you were she prostrate at my Feet,

Full of her Sexes best dissembled sorrows,

And all that wondrous Beauty of her own, 170

My heart might break, but it should never soften.

Enter Florella.

Flor. My Lord, where are you? Oh *Castalio*!

Acast. Hark.

Cast. What's that?

Flor. Oh shew me quickly where's *Castalio*.

Acast. Why, what's the business?

Flor. Oh the poor *Monimia*!

Cast. Hah!

Acast. What's the matter?

Flor. Hurry'd by despair 175

She flies with fury over all the house,
Through every Room of each apartment crying,
Where's my *Castalio*? give me my *Castalio*:
Except she sees you, sure shee'l grow distracted.

Cast. Hah! will she? does she name *Castalio*? 180

And with such tenderness? Conduct me quickly
To the poor lovely mourner. Oh my Father.

Acast. Then wilt thou go? blessings attend thy purpose.

Cast. I cannot hear *Monimia*'s Soul's in sadness,

And be a man; my heart will not forget her. 185

But do not tell the world you saw this of me.

Acast. Delay not then but haste and cheer thy Love.

Cast. Oh I will throw m' impatient Armes about her,
In her soft bosom sigh my Soul to peace,
Till through the panting breast she finds the way 190
To mould my heart, and make it what she will.

Monimia! Oh! [Ex. *Acast.* *Cast.*

Enter Monimia.

Mon. Stand off and give me Room,
I will not rest till I have found *Castalio*:
My wishes Lord comely as rising day,
Amidst ten thousand eminently known. 195

179 sure (*d l.*) hee'l
193 *Castalio*. *Q* 1, 2

185 man, *Q* 1, 2 | her, *Q* 1, 2

190 way,

Flowers spring where e're he treads, his Eyes
 Fountains of brightness cheering all about him!
 When will they shine on me?—Oh stay, my Soul!
 I cannot dye in peace till I have seen him.

Castalio re-Enters.

Cast. Who talks of dying with a Voice so sweet, 200
 That life's in love with it?

Mon. Hearn! 'tis he that answers:
 So in a Camp though at the dead of night,
 If but the Trumpets chearful noise is heard,
 All at the signal leap from downey rest, 205
 And every heart awakes as mine does now.
 Where art thou?

Cast. Here, my Love.

Mon. No nearer, lest I vanish!

Cast. Have I been in a Dream then all this while!
 And art thou but the shadow of *Monimia*!
 Why doest thou fly me thus? 210

Mon. Oh! were it possible that we could drown
 In dark Oblivion but a few past hours,
 We might be happy.

Cast. Is't then so hard, *Monimia*, to forgive
 A fault, where humble Love, like mine, implores thee?
 For I must love thee, though it prove my ruin. 216
 Which way shall I Court thee?

What shall I do to be enough thy Slave,
 And satisfy the lovely pride that's in thee?
 I'll kneel to thee, and weep a flood before thee; 220
 Yet prithee, Tyrant, break not quite my heart;
 But when my task of Penitence is done,
 Heal it again and Comfort me with Love.

Mon. If I am dumb, *Castalio*, and want words,
 To pay thee back this mighty tenderness; 225
 It is because I look on thee with horror,
 And cannot see the man I so have wrong'd.

Cast. Thou hast not wrong'd me.

196 *Query?* spring up | wherehe e're 198 stay *Q 1, 2*

Mon. Ah! alas, thou talk'st
Just as thy poor Heart thinks; have not I wrong'd thee?

Cast. No.

Mon. Still thou wander'st in the dark, *Castalio*; 230
But wilt e're long stumble on horrid danger.

Cast. What means my Love!

Mon. Couldst thou but forgive me?

Cast. What?

Mon. For my fault last night; Alas, thou canst not.

Cast. I can, and do.

Mon. Thus Crawling on the Earth
Would I that Pardon meet; the only thing, 235
Can make me view the Face of Heaven with hope.

Cast. Then let's draw near.

Mon. Ah me!

Cast. So in the Fields,
When the destroyer has been out for prey,
The scatter'd Lovers of the Feather'd kind,
Seeking when danger's past to meet again, 240
Make moan, and call, by such degrees approach;
'Till joying thus they bill, and spread their wings,
Murmuring Love, and Joy, their fears are over.

Mon. Yet have a care, be not too fond of peace,
Lest in Pursuance of the goodly quarry, 245
Thou meet a disappointment that distracts thee.

Cast. My better Angel, then do thou inform me,
What danger threatens me, and where it lyes:
Why didst thou (prithee smile and tell me why)
When I stood waiting underneath the Window, 250
Quaking with fierce and violent desires;
The dropping dews fell cold upon my head,
Darkness enclos'd, and the Winds whistl'd round me;
Which with my mournful sighs made such sad Musick,
As might have mov'd the hardest heart: Why wert thou
Deaf to my Cryes and senseless of my pains? 256

Mon. Did I not beg thee to forbear inquiry?

Read'st thou not something in my face that speaks
Wonderful change and horror from within me?

Cast. Then there is something yet which I've not known;
What dost thou mean by horror, and forbearance 261
Of more inquiry? tell me, I beg thee, tell me;
And do not betray me to a second madness.

Mon. Must I?

Cast. If labouring in the pangs of death
Thou wouldst do any thing to give me ease; 265
Unfold this riddle e're my thoughts grow wild,
And let in fears of ugly form upon me.

Mon. My heart won't let me speak it; but remember,
Monimia, poor *Monimia* tells you this,
We ne're must meet again——

Cast. What means my destiny? 270
For all my good or evil Fate dwells in thee:
Ne're meet again!

Mon. No, never.

Cast. Where's the pow'r
On Earth, that dares not look like thee, and say so?
Thou art my hearts inheritance, I serv'd
A long and painful, faithful slavery for thee, 275
And who shall rob me of the dear bought blessing?

Mon. Time will clear all, but now let this content you:
Heav'n has decreed, and therefore I've resolv'd,
(With Torment I must tell it thee, *Castalio*,)
Ever to be a stranger to thy Love, 280
In some far distant Country waste my life,
And from this day to see thy Face no more.

Cast. Where am I? sure I wander midst Inchantment,
And never more shall find the way to rest;
But, oh *Monimia*, art th' indeed resolv'd, 285
To punish me with everlasting absence?
Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already;
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,

262 inquiry; *Q 1, 2*
286 absence; *Q 1, 2*

273 so, *Q 1, 2*

276 blessing. *Q 1, 2*

Sighing to winds, and to the Seas complaining,
 Whilst afar off the Vessel sailes away, 290
 Where all the Treasure of my Soul's embarqu'd;
 Wilt thou not turn—Oh could those eyes but speak,
 I shou'd know all, for Love is pregnant in 'em;
 They swell, they press their beams upon me still;
 Wilt thou not speak? if we must part for ever, 295
 Give me but one kind word to think upon,
 And please my self withal whilst my heart's breaking.

Mon. Ah poor *Castalio*! [*Ex. Mon.*]

Cast. Pity, by the Gods,
 She pity's me; then thou wilt go Eternally?
 What means all this? why all this stir to plague 300
 A single wretch? If but your word can shake
 This world to Atomes, why so much ado
 With me? think me but dead and lay me so.

Enter Polydore.

Pol. To live, and live a Torment to my self,
 What Dog would bear't that knew but his Condition? 305
 We have little knowledge, and that makes us Cowards:
 Because it cannot tell us what's to come.

Cast. Who's there?

Pol. Why, what art thou?

Cast. My Brother *Polydore*!

Polyd. My Name is *Polydore*.

Cast. Canst thou inform me?

Polyd. Of what?

Cast. Of my *Monimia*?

Polyd. No. Good-day.

Cast. In haste? 310

Methinks my *Polydore* appears in sadness.

Polyd. Indeed and so to me does my *Castalio*.

Cast. Do I?

Polyd. Thou dost.

Cast. Alas! I've wondrous reason;

292 speak *Q* 1, 2
 306 Cowards. *Q* 1, 2

298 A poor *Q* 1, 2 | *Exit after l.* 297 *Q* 1, 2

I'm strangely alter'd, Brother, since I saw thee.

Polyd. Why?

Cast. Oh, to tell thee would but put thy heart 315
To pain; let me embrace thee but a little,
And weep upon thy Neck; I would repose
Within thy friendly bosom all my Follies,
For thou wilt pardon 'em, because th'are mine.

Polyd. Be not too credulous, consider first, 320
Friends may be false. Is there no Friendship false?

Cast. Why dost thou ask me that? does this appear
Like a false Friendship, when with open Arms
And streaming Eyes I run upon thy Breast?

Oh 'tis in thee alone I must have comfort. 325

Polyd. I fear, *Castalio*, I have none to give thee.

Cast. Dost thou not love me then?

Polyd. Oh, more than life:

I never had a thought of my *Castalio*
Might wrong the Friendship we had vow'd together.
Hast thou dealt so by me?

Cast. I hope I have. 330

Polyd. Then tell me why this mourning, this disorder?

Cast. Oh, *Polydore*, I know not how to tell thee;
Shame rises in my Face, and interrupts
The Story of my Tongue. •

Polyd. I grieve my Friend
Knows anything which he's asham'd to tell me; 335
Or didst thou e're conceal thy thoughts from *Polydore*?

Cast. Oh, much too oft. But let me here conjure thee,
By all the kind affection of a Brother,
(For I am asham'd to call my self thy Friend)
Forgive me.

Pol. Well, go on.

Cast. Our Destiny contriv'd 340
To plague us both with one unhappy Love:
Thou like a Friend, a constant generous Friend,
In its first pangs didst trust me with thy passion,

316 pain, *Q* 1, 2 337 But begins new line *Q* 1, 2 341 Love! *Q* 1, 2

Whilst I still smooth'd my pain with smiles before thee,
And made a Contract I ne're meant to keep. 345

Pol. How!

Cast. Still new ways I study'd to abuse thee,
And kept thee as a stranger to my Passion,
Till yesterday I wedded with *Monimia*.

Pol. Ah, *Castalio*, was that well done?

Cast. No, to conceal't from thee was much a fault. 350

Pol. A fault! when thou hast heard
The Tale I'll tell, what wilt thou call it then?

Cast. How my heart throbs!

Pol. First, for thy Friendship, Traytor,
I cancel't thus; after this day, I'll ne're
Hold trust, or converse, with the false *Castalio*: 355
This, witness Heav'n.

Cast. What will my Fate do with me?
I've lost all happiness, and know not why:
What means this, Brother?

Pol. Perjur'd, Treacherous Wretch,
Farewell.

Cast. I'll be thy Slave, and thou shalt use me
Just as thou wilt, do but forgive me.

Pol. Never. 360

Cast. Oh! think a little what thy heart is doing;
How from our Infancy we hand in hand
Have trod the Path of Life, in Love together;
One Bed has held us, and the same desires,
The same Aversions, still imploy'd our thoughts; 365
When-e're had I a Friend, that was not *Pollydore's*,
Or *Polydore* a Foe, that was not mine?
Ev'n in the Womb we embrac'd, and wilt thou now,
For the first Fault, abandon, and forsake me,
Leave me amidst Afflictions to my self, 370
Plung'd in the gulf of grief and none to help me?

Pol. Go to *Monimia*, in her Arms thoult find
Repose; She has the Art of healing sorrows.

Cast. What Arts?

Pol. Blind Wretch, thou Husband! there's a question;
Go to her fulsom bed, and wallow there, 375
Till some hot Ruffian, full of lust, and wine,
Come storm thee out, and shew thee what's thy Bargain.

Cast. Hold there, I charge thee.

Pol. Is she not a——

Cast. Whore?

Pol. Ay, Whore, I think that word needs no explaining.

Cast. Alas, I can forgive ev'n this to thee; 380
But let me tell thee, *Polydore*, I'm griev'd,
To find thee guilty of such low Revenge,
To wrong that Vertue which thou couldst not ruin.

Pol. It seems I lye then.

Cast. Should the bravest man
That e're wore Conquering Sword, but dare to whisper
What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of Lyars: 386
My Friend may be mistaken.

Pol. Damn the Evasion,
Thou mean'st the worst, and he's a base born Villain
That said I ly'd.

Cast. Do, draw thy Sword, and thrust it through my
heart; 390
There's no Joy in life, if thou art lost.
A base born Villain!

Pol. Yes, thou never camest
From old *Acasto's* Loyns, the Midwife put
A cheat upon my Mother, and instead
Of a true Brother, in the Cradle by me 395
Plac'd some course Peasants Cub, and thou art he.

Cast. Thou art my Brother still.

Pol. Thou ly'st.

Cast. Nay, then: [*He draws.*]
Yet I am Calm.

Pol. A Coward's always so.

Cast. Ah—ah—that stings home: Coward?

380 forgive, Q 1, 2 385 whisper, 391 life; 392 Villain.

Pol. Ay, base born Coward, Villain.

Cast. This to thy heart then, though my Mother bore thee.

[*Fight, Polydore drops his Sword, and runs on Castal.*]

Pol. Now my *Castalio* is again my Friend.

Cast. What have I done! My Sword is in thy Breast.

Pol. So I would have it be, thou best of men,
Thou kindest Brother, and thou truest Friend.

Cast. Ye Gods, we're taught, that all your works are
Justice, 405

Y'are painted merciful, and Friends to innocence;

If so, then why these plagues upon my head?

Pol. Blame not the Heav'ns, here lyes thy Fate *Castalio*;

Th'are not the Gods, 'tis *Polydore* has wrong'd thee;

I've stain'd thy Bed, thy spotless Marriage Joys 410

Have been polluted by thy Brothers Lust.

Cast. By thee!

Pol. By me last night the horrid deed
Was done; when all things slept, but Rage, and Incest.

Cast. Now, where's *Monimia*? Oh!

Enter Monimia.

Mon. I'm here, who calls me?

Methought I heard a Voice 415

Sweet as the Shepherds Pipe upon the Mountains,

When all his little Flock's at feed before him:

But what means this? here's Blood.

Cast. Ay, Brothers Bloud;
Art thou prepar'd for Everlasting pains?

Pol. Oh let me charge thee by th'Eternal justice, 420
Hurt not her tender life!

Cast. Not kill her? Rack me,
Ye Powers above, with all your choicest Torments,
Horror of mind and pains yet uninvented,

If I not practise cruelty upon her,

And treat revenge some way yet never known. 425

Mon. That task my self have finisht, I shall dye

400 Mothore

425 way,

Before we part: I've drunk a healing draught
For all my Cares, and never more shall wrong thee.

Pol. Oh she's innocent.

Cast. Tell me that Story,
And thou wilt make a wretch of me indeed. 430

Pol. Hadst thou, *Castalio*, us'd me like a Friend,
This ne're had happen'd; hadst thou let me know
Thy Marriage, we had all now met in Joy;
But ignorant of that,
Hearing th' appointment made, enrag'd to think 435
Thou hadst out-done me in successful Love,
I in the dark went and supply'd thy place;
Whilst all the Night, midst our Triumphant Joys,
The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd *Monimia*
Embrac'd, Carest, and call'd me her *Castalio*. 440

Cast. And all this is the work of my own Fortune,
None but my self could e're have been so curst.
My Fatal Love, alas! has ruin'd thee,
Thou fairest, goodliest Frame the God's e're made,
Or ever humane eyes, and hearts ador'd. 445
I've murder'd too my Brother.

Why wouldst thou study ways to damn me further
And force the sin of Parricide upon me?

Pol. 'Twas my own Fault, and thou art innocent;
Forgive the barbarous trespass of my Tongue, 450
'Twas a hard violence; I cou'd have dy'd
With Love of thee, ev'n when I us'd thee worst;
Nay, at each word that my Distraction utter'd,
My heart recoyl'd, and 'twas half death to speak 'em.

Mon. Now, my *Castalio*, the most dear of men, 455
Wilt thou receive pollution to thy Bosom,
And close the eyes of one that has betray'd thee?

Cast. Oh I'm the unhappy wretch, whose cursed Fate
Has weigh'd thee down into destruction with him.
Why then thus kind to me? 460

432 happen'd, 437 place, *Q 1, 2* 439 *Monimia*, *Q 1, 2* 442 curst, *Q 1, 2*
445 ador'd, 446 Brother, 449 innocent, *Q 1, 2* 459 him, *Q 1, 2*

Mon. When I'm laid low in the Grave, and quite forgotten,
 Maist thou be happy in a fairer Bride;
 But none can ever love thee like *Monimia*.
 When I am dead, as presently I shall be;
 (For the grim Tyrant grasps my heart already) 465
 Speak well of me, and if thou find ill tongues
 Too busie with my fame, do'nt hear me wrong'd;
 'Twill be a noble Justice to the memory
 Of a poor wretch, once honour'd with thy Love.
 How my head swims! Tis very dark: Good night. [*Dyes.*
Cast. If I survive thee! what a thought was that? 471
 Thank Heav'n I go prepar'd against that Curse.

Enter Chamont disarm'd, and seiz'd by Acasto, and Servants.

Cham. Gape, Hell, and swallow me to quick Damnation,
 If I forgive your House, If I not live
 An Everlasting plague to thee, *Acasto*, 475
 And all thy Race. Y' have o're power'd me now;
 But hear me, Heav'n! Ah, here's the Scene of Death;
 My Sister, my *Monimia*! Breathless! Now,
 Ye Powers above, if y'have Justice, strike,
 Strike Bolts through me, and through the curst *Castalio*.

Acast. My *Polydore*.

Pol. Who calls?

Acast. How cam'st thou wounded? 481

Cast. Stand off thou hot-brain'd boistrous noisy Ruffian,
 And leave me to my sorrows.

Cham. By the love
 I bore her living, I will ne're forsake,
 But here remain till my heart bursts with sobbing. 485

Cast. Vanish, I charge thee, or—— [*Draws a Dagger.*

Cham. Thou canst not kill me,
 That would be kindness, and against thy Nature.

Acast. What means *Castalio*? Sure thou wilt not pull

More sorrows on thy Aged Fathers head.
 Tell me, I beg you, tell me the sad cause 490
 Of all this ruin.

Pol. That must be my Task,
 But 'tis too long for one in pains to tell;
 You'l in my Closet find the story written,
 Of all our woes. *Castalio's* innocent,
 And so's *Monimia*, only I'm to blame: 495
 Inquire no farther.

Cast. Thou, unkind *Chamont*,
 Unjustly hast pursu'd me with thy hate,
 And sought the life of him that never wrong'd thee:
 Now if thou wilt embrace a noble vengeance,
 Come joyn with me and curse.

Cham. What?

Cast. First thy self, 500
 As I do, and the hour that gave thee birth:
 Confusion and disorder seize the World,
 To spoyl all trust and converse amongst men;
 'Twixt Families ingender endless fewds,
 In Countrys needless fears, in Cities factions, 505
 In States Rebellion, and in Churches Schism:
 Till all things move against the course of Nature;
 Till Form's dissolv'd, the Chain of Causes broken,
 And the Originals of Being lost.

Acast. Have Patience.

Cast. Patience! preach it to the Winds, 510
 To roaring Seas, or raging Fires; the Knaves
 That teach it laugh at ye, when ye believe 'em.
 Strip me of all the common needs of life,
 Scald me with Leprosie, let Friends forsake me,
 I'll bear it all; but curst to the degree 515
 That I am now, 'tis this must give me patience:
 Thus I find rest, and shall complain no more.

[*Stabs himself.*]

Pol. Castalio! Oh!

496 Thou unkind,

498 thee,

Cast. I come.

Chamont, to thee my birth-right I bequeath: 520

Comfort my Mourning Father, heal his griefs;

[*Acasto faints into the Arms of a Servant.*]

For I perceive they fall with weight upon him.

And for *Monimia's* sake, whom thou wilt find

I never wrong'd, be kind to poor *Serina*.

Now all I beg, is, lay me in one Grave, 525

Thus with my Love. Farewel, I now am——nothing. [*Dies.*]

Cham. Take care of good *Acasto*, whilst I go

To search the means by which the Fates have plagu'd us.

'Tis thus that Heaven it's Empire does maintain,

It may Afflict, but man must not Complain. 530

Epilogue.

*Y*ou've seen one Orphan ruin'd here, and I
May be the next, if old Acasto dye:
Should it prove so, I'd fain amongst you find,
Who 'tis would to the fatherless be kind.
To whose protection might I safely go? 5
Is there amongst you no good Nature? No.
What should I do? should I the Godly seek,
And go a Conventicling twice a Week?
Quit the lewd Stage, and its prophane pollution, }
Affect each Form and Saint-like Institution, } 10
So draw the Brethren all to Contribution?
Or shall I (as I guess the Poet may
Within these three days) fairly run away?
No, to some City-Lodgings I'll retire,
Seem very grave, and privacy desire: 15
Till I am thought some Heiress rich in Lands,
Fled to escape a cruel Guardian's hands;
Which may produce a Story worth the telling,
Of the next Sparks that go a Fortune-stealing.

FINIS.

THE
Souldiers Fortune:

A
COMEDY.

Acted by their
Royal Highnesses

SERVANTS
AT THE
Duke's Theatre.

Written by *THOMAS OTWAY.*

*Quem recitas meus est O Fidentine libellus,
Sed male cum recitas incipit esse tuus.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for *R. Bentley* and *M. Magnes*, at the Post-House in
Russel-Street in *Covent-Garden*, 1681.

THE DEDICATION.

Mr. *Bentley*,

I Have often (during this Plays being in the Press) been importun'd for a Preface; which you, I suppose, would have speak something in Vindication of the Comedy: Now to please you, Mr. *Bentley*,⁵ I will as briefly as I can speak my mind upon that occasion, which you may be pleas'd to accept of, both as a Dedication to your self, and next as a Preface to the Book.

And am I not a little proud, that it has happened¹⁰ into my thoughts to be the first who in these latter years, has made an Epistle Dedicatory to his Stationer: It is a Complement as reasonable as it is Just. For, Mr. *Bentley*, you pay honestly for the Copy; and an Epistle to you is a sort of an Acquit-¹⁵ tance, and may be probably welcome; when to a Person of higher Rank and Order, it looks like an Obligation for Praises, which he knows he does not deserve, and therefore is very unwilling to part with ready Money for.²⁰

As to the Vindication of this Comedy, between Friends and Acquaintance, I believe it is possible, that as much may be said in it's behalf, as heretofore has been for a great many others: But of all the Apish qualities about me, I have not that of being²⁵ fond of my own Issue; nay, I must confess my self a very unnatural Parent, for when it is once brought into the World, E'en let the Brat shift for it self, I say.

The Objections made against the merit of this poor Play, I must confess, are very grievous.

First, Says a Lady, that shall be nameless,³⁰

because the World may think civilly of her ; Fogh !
 oh *Sherru* ! 'tis so filthy, so bawdy, no modest
 Woman ought to be seen at it : Let me dye, it has
 35 made me sick : When the World lies, Mr. *Bentley*,
 if that very Lady has not easily digested a much
 ranker morsel in a little Ale-house towards *Padding-*
ton, and never made a Face at it : But your true
 Jilt is a Creature that can extract Bawdy out of
 40 the chastest sence, as easily as a Spider can Poison
 out of a Rose : They know true Bawdy, let it be
 never so much conceal'd, as perfectly as *Falstaff*
 did the true Prince by instinct : They will separate
 the true Metal from the Allay, let us temper it as
 45 well as we can ; some Women are the Touch-stones of
 filthiness. Though I have heard a Lady (that has more
 modesty than any of those she Criticks, and I am
 sure more wit) say, She wonder'd at the impudence
 of any of her Sex, that would pretend to understand
 50 the thing call'd Bawdy. So, Mr. *Bentley*, for ought I
 perceive, my Play may be innocent yet, and the Lady
 mistaken in pretending to the knowledge of a Mystery
 above her ; though, to speak honestly, she has had
 besides her Wit a liberal Education ; and if we may
 55 credit the World, has not buried her Talent neither.

This is, Mr. *Bentley*, all I can say in behalf of my
 Play : Wherefore I throw it into Your Arms ;
 make the best of it you can ; praise it to your
 Customers : Sell ten thousand of them if possible,
 60 and then you will compleat the wishes of

Your Friend and Servant,
 THO. OTWAY.

Dramatis Personæ.

C Apt. <i>Beaugard</i> .	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Courtine</i> .	Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
Sir <i>Davy Duncce</i> .	Mr. <i>Nokes</i> .
Sir <i>Jolly Jumble</i> .	Mr. <i>Leigh</i> .
<i>Fourbin</i> , A Servant to <i>Beaugard</i> .	} Mr. <i>Jevon</i> .
<i>Bloody-Bones</i> .	
<i>Vermin</i> Servant to Sir <i>Davy</i> .	} A Boy.
Lady <i>Duncce</i> .	Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Sylvia</i>	Mrs. <i>Price</i> .
Maid	

A Constable, and Watch.

SCENE, London.

PROLOGUE, by the Lord *Falkland*

*For*saken Dames with less concern reflect
On their inconstant Hero's cold neglect,
Than we (provok'd by this Ungrateful Age,)
Bear the hard Fate of our abandon'd Stage;
With grief we see you ravisht from our Arms, 5
And Curse the Feeble Vertue of our Charms:
Curse your false hearts, for none so false as they,
And curse the Eyes that stole those hearts away.
Remember Faithless Friends there was a time,
(But oh the sad remembrance of our Prime!) 10
When to our Arms with eager Joys ye flew,
And we believ'd your treach'rous Hearts as true }
As e're was Nymph of ours to one of you:
*But a more pow'rful *Saint enjoys ye now;* * Pope Joan
Fraught with sweet sins and absolutions too: 15
To her are all your pious Vows addrest,
She's both your Loves, and your Religion's Test, }
The fairest Prelate of her time and best.
We own her more deserving far then we,
A just excuse for your inconstancy. 20
Yet 'twas unkindly done to leave us so:
First to betray with Love, and then undo, }
A horrid Crime y'are all addicted to.
Too soon, alas, your Appetites are cloy'd,
And Phillis rules no more, when once enjoy'd: 25
But all rash Oaths of Love and constancy,
With the too short forgotten Pleasures dye,
Whilst she, poor Soul, rob'd of her dearest ease,
Still drudges on, with vain desire to please;
And restless follows you from place to place, 30
For Tributes due to her Autumnal Face:
Deserted thus by such ungrateful men,
How can we hope you'l e're return agen?

<i>Here's no new Charm to tempt ye as before,</i>	}	35
<i>Wit now's our only Treasure left in store,</i>		
<i>And that's a Coyn will pass with you no more:</i>	}	
<i>You who such dreadful Bullies would appear,</i>		
<i>True Bullyes! quiet when there's danger near)</i>	}	
<i>Shew your great Souls in damning Poets here.</i>		

THE
Souldiers Fortune.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Beaugard, Courtine, and Fourbin.

Beau. **A** Pox o' Fortune! Thou art always teizing me about Fortune: Thou risest in a Morning with ill luck in thy Mouth; Nay, never eatest a Dinner, but thou sighest two hours after it, with thinking where to get the
5 next. Fortune be damn'd, since the worlds so wide.

Cour. As wide as it is; 'tis so throng'd, and cramm'd with Knaves and Fools, that an honest man can hardly get a living in it.

Beau. Do, rail, *Courtine*, do, it may get thee employ-
10 ment.

Cour. At you I ought to rail; 'twas your fault we left our Employments abroad to come home, and be Loyal, and now we as Loyally starve for it.

Beau. Did not thy Ancestors do it before thee, man?
15 I tell thee, Loyalty and Starving are all one: The old Cavaliers got such a trick of it in the Kings Exile, that their posterity could never thrive since.

Cour. 'Tis a fine Equipage I am like to be reduc'd to: I shall be e're long as greasy as an *Alsatia* Bully; this a
20 flopping Hat, pin'd up on one side, with a sandy weather-beaten Perruque, dirty Linnen, and to compleat the Figure, a long scandalous Iron Sword jarring at my Heels, like a——

Beau. Snarling thou meanest like it's Master.

25 *Cour.* My Companion's the worthy Knight of the most Noble Order of the Post: Your Peripatetick Philosophers of the Temple walks, Rogues in Rags, and yet not honest: Villains that undervalue Damnation, will forswear themselves for a Dinner, and hang their Fathers For half a Crown.

Beau. I am asham'd to hear a Souldier talk of starving. 30

Cour. Why, what shall I do? I can't steal!—

Beau. Though thou canst not steal, thou hast other vices enough for any Industrious young fellow to live comfortably upon.

Cour. What wouldst thou have me turn Rascal, and run 35 cheating up and down the Town for a livelihood? I would no more keep a Blockhead company, and endure his Nauseous non-sense in hopes to get him, then I would be a drudge to an old Woman, with Rheumatick Eyes, hollow Teeth, and stinking breath, for a pension: Of all 40 Rogues I would not be a Foolmonger.

Beau. How well this niceness becomes thee! I'd fain see thee ee'n turn Parson in a pet, o' purpose to rail at all those vices which I know thou naturally art fond of: Why surely an Old Ladies pension need not be so despicable in 45 the eyes of a disbanded Officer, as times go Friend.

Cour. I am glad, *Beaugard* you think so.

Beau. Why thou shalt think so too man; be rul'd by me, and I'll bring thee into good company, Families, *Courtine*, Families, and such Families, where formality's 50 a scandal and pleasure is the business, where the Women are all Wanton, and the Men all Witty, you Rogue.

Cour. What, some of your Worships *Wapping* acquaintance that you made last time you came over for recruits, and Spirited away your Landladies Daughter, a Volunteer- 55 ing with you into *France*?

Beau. I'll bring thee, *Courtine*, where Cuckoldom's in credit, and lewdness laudable, where thou shalt wallow in pleasures and preferments, revel all day, and every Night lye in the Armes of melting beauty, sweet as Roses, and as 60 Springs refreshing.

Cour. Prithee don't talk thus: I had rather thou wouldest tell me where new Levies are to be rais'd; a Pox of Whores when a man has not Money to make 'em Com- 65

Beau. That shall shower upon us in abundance, and for instance, know to thy everlasting amazement, all this dropt out of the Clouds to day.

Cour. Hah! Gold by this light!—

70 *Four.* Out of the Clouds!—

Beau. Ay Gold! does it not smell of the sweet hand that sent it, smell—smell you dog— [To Fourbin.

[Fourbin smells to the handful of gold, and gathers up some pieces in his Mouth.

Four. Truly, Sir, of Heavenly sweetness: and very refreshing.

75 *Cour.* Dear *Beaugard*, if thou hast any good Nature in thee, if thou wouldst not have me hang my self before my time, tell me where the Devil haunts that helpt thee to this, that I may go make a bargain with him presently: Speak, speak, or I am a lost Man.

80 *Beau.* Why thou must know, this Devil which I have given my Soul to already, and must, I suppose have my Body very speedily, lives I know not where, and may for ought I know be a real Devil; but if it be, 'tis the best natur'd Devil under *Beelzebubs* dominion, that I'll swear to.

85 *Cour.* But how came the gold then?

Beau. To deal freely with my Friend, I am lately happen'd into the acquaintance of a very Reverend pimp, as fine a discreet sober gray bearded old Gentleman as one would wish; as good a natur'd publick spirited Person as
90 the Nation holds; one that is never so happy as when he is bringing good people together, and promoting civil understanding betwixt the sexes: Nay, rather than want employment, he will go from one end of the Town to t'other to procure my Lords little Dog to be civil to my
95 Ladies little languishing Bitch.

Cour. A very worthy Member of the Common-Wealth!

Beau. This noble Person one day—but *Fourbin* can give you a more particular account of the matter; sweet

67 amazement 75 Dear, Q 1, 2 76 thee; Q 1, 2 77 holpt
80 know Q 1, 2 81 too 82 speedily 83 it be 84 dominion | too.

Sir, if you please tell us the story of the first encounter betwixt you and Sir *Jolly Jumble*. You must know that's 100 his Title. <To Cour.>

Four. Sir, it shall be done—walking one day upon the *Piazza* about three of the Clock i'th' after Noon, to get me a Stomach to my dinner, I chance to encounter a Person of goodly presence, and worthy appearance, his Beard and 105 Hair white, grave and comely, his countenance ruddy Plump smooth and cheerful; who perceiving me also equipt as I am with a meen and Air which might well inform him I was a Person of no inconsiderable quality, came very respectfully up to me, and, after the usual 110 ceremonies between Persons of parts and breeding had past, very humbly enquired of me what is it a Clock—I presently understand by the question, that he was a man of parts and business, told him, I did presume it was at most but nicely turn'd of three— 115

Beau. Very Court-like, civil, quaint, and new I think.

Four. The freedom of comerce increasing, after some little inconsiderable questions *pour passer le temps* and so, he was pleased to offer me the courtesie of a glass of Wine: I told him I very seldom drank, but if he so pleas'd, 120 I would do my self the honour to present him with a dish of meat at an eating House hard by, where I had an interest.

Cour. Very well: I think this Squire of thine, *Beaugard*, is as accomplit a Person as any of the employment I 125 ever saw.

Beau. Let the Rogue go on.

Four. In short we agreed and went together. As soon as we entred the Room: I am your most humble Servant, Sir, says he—I am the meanest of your Vassals, Sir, said 130 I—I am very happy in lighting into the acquaintance of so worthy a Gentleman as you appear to be, Sir, sayd he

100 *Jumble*, you *Q 1, 2* 109 him, *Q 1, 2* 117 increasing 118 *passer*
Q 1, 2 | *temps* and so *Q 1 temps*, and so *Q 2* 124 *Beaugard*,
 128 together as *Q 1* together, as *Q 2*

again—worthy Sir *Jolly*, then came I upon him again
o' t'other side (for you must know by that time I had
135 gropt out his Title) I kiss your hands from the bottom of
my heart, which I shall be always ready to lay at your Feet.

Cour. Well, *Fourbin*, and what reply'd the Knight then?

Four. Nothing, he had nothing to say; his sense was
transported with admiration of my parts; so we sat down,
140 and after some pause, he desired to know by what title
he was to distinguish the person that had so highly
honoured him——

Beau. That is as much as to say, Sir, whose Rascal you
were.

145 *Fourb.* Sir, you may make as bold with your poor Slave
as you please—I told him those that knew me well were
pleased to call me the Chevalier *Fourbin*, that I was a
Cadet of the Ancient Family of the *Fourbinois*; and that
I had had the honour of serving the great Monarch of
150 *France* in his Wars in *Flanders*, where I contracted great
Familiarity, and Intimacy with a gallant Officer of the
English Troops in that service, one Captain *Beaugard*.

Beau. Oh, Sir, you did me too much honour, what a
true bred Rogue's this!——

155 *Cour.* Well but the Money, *Fourbin*, the Money.

Four. *Beaugard*, hum *Beaugard*, says he!—ay it must
be so,—a black man, is he not?—ay, says I, blackish—a
dark brown—full Fac't?—yes,—a sly subtle observing eye?
—the same—a strong built well made man?—right—a
160 devellish fellow for a Wench, a devilish fellow for a Wench,
I warrant him; a thundering Rogue upon occasion, *Beau-
gard*! a Thundering fellow for a Wench, I must be ac-
quainted with him.

Cour. But to the money, the money man, that's the
165 thing I would be acquainted withall.

Beau. This civil Gentleman of the Chevaliers acquaint-
tance comes yesterday morning to my Lodging, and seeing

133 worthy, *Q* 1, 2 134 tother 148 Cadel *Q* 1, 2 152 service
158 Fac't—*Q* 1, 2

my Picture in Minature upon the Toylet, told me with the greatest extasie in the World, that was the thing he came to me about: He told me there was a Lady of his acquaintance had some favourable thoughts of me, and I gad, says he, she's a hummer, such a *bona Roba* ah-h-h. So without more ado begs me to lend it him till dinner (for we concluded to eat together), so away he scuttled with as great joy as if he had found the Philosophers stone. 175

Cour. Very well.

Beau. At *Lockets* we met again: where after a thousand grimaces to shew how much he was pleas'd, instead of my Picture, presents me with the contents aforesaid; and told me the Lady desir'd me to accept of 'em for the Picture 180 which she was much transported withall, as well as with the Original.

Cour. Hah!—

Beau. Now, whereabouts this taking quality lies in me, the Devil take me Ned if I know: But the Fates Ned, the Fates! 185

Cour. A Curse on the Fates! Of all Strumpets Fortunes the basest; 'twas Fortune made me a Souldier, a Rogue in Red, the grievance of the Nation; Fortune made the peace just when we were upon the brink of a War; then Fortune disbanded us, and lost us two Months pay: For- 190 tune gave us Debentures instead of ready Money, and by very good Fortune I sold mine, and lost heartily by it, in hopes the grinding ill natur'd dog that bought it will never get a shilling for't—

Beaug. Leave off thy railing for shame, it looks like a 195 Cur that barks for want of bones; come times may mend, and an honest Souldier be in fashion again—

Cour. These greasie fat unwieldy wheezing Rogues that live at home and brood over their bags, when a fit of fear's upon 'em, then if one of us pass but by, all the Family 200 is ready at the door to cry, Heaven's bless you, Sir, the Laird go along with you.

171 me 174 together) Q 1, 2 187 basest, Q 1, 2 188 Nation, Q 1, 2
198 wheeting Q 1, 2 200 'em

Beau. Ah good men, what pity 'tis such proper Gentle-men should ever be out of Employment.

205 *Cour.* But when the bus'ness is over, then every Parish Bawd that goes but to a Conventicle twice a Week, and pays but scot and lot to the Parish, shall roar out fogh, ye Lowsy Red-coat rake hells! hout ye Caterpillars, ye Locusts of the Nation, you are the Dogs that would enslave
210 us all, plunder our Shops, and ravish our Daughters, ye Scoundrels.

Beau. I must confess ravishing ought to be regulated, it would destroy commerce, and many a good Sober Matron about this Town might loose the selling of her Daughters
215 Maiden-Head, which were a great grievance to the people, and a particular Branch of property lost. *Fourbin.*

Four. Your Worships pleasure.

Beau. Run like a Rogue as you are, and try to find Sir Jolly, and desire him to meet me at the Blew Posts in
220 the *Hay-market* about 12, we'll Dine together; I must inquire farther into yesterdays adventure; in the mean time, Ned, here's half the prize to be doing withall, old friends must preserve Correspondence, we have shar'd good Fortune together and bad shall never part us.

225 *Cour.* Well, thou wilt certainly die in a Ditch for this: hast thou no more grace then to be a true Friend, nay, to part with thy money to thy Friend? I grant you, a Gentleman may swear and lye for his Friend, pimp for his Friend, hang for his Friend, and so forth: but to part
230 with ready money is the devil.

Beau. Stand aside, either I am mistaken, or yonder's Sir Jolly coming; now *Courtine*, will I shew thee the Flower of Knighthood: Ah, Sir Jolly.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir *Jol.* My Hero! my darling! my *Ganimede*! how dost
235 thou? Strong! wanton! lusty! rampant! hah, ah, ah! She's

216 lost, Q 1, 2 219 blew Q 1, 2 220 Hay-market Q 1, 2
225 this, Q 1, 2 226 then, Q 1, 2 227 Friend; Q 1, 2 231 aside
234 Ganimede! Q 1, 2

thine Boy, odd she's thine, plump, soft, smooth, wanton!
hah, ah, ah! Ah Rogue, ah Rogue! here's shouldiers, here's
shape! there's a Foot and Leg, here's a Leg, here's a Leg—
Qua a-a-a-a.

[*Squeaks like a Cat, and tickles Beaugards Legs.*]

Cour. What an old Goat's this! 240

Sir Jol. Child, Child, Child, who's that? A friend of
thine! a friend o' thine? A pretty fellow, odd a very prety
fellow, and a strong dog I'll warrant him: how dost do
dear heart? prithee let me kiss thee, I'll swear and vow
I will kiss thee, ha, ha, he, he, he, he, a Toad, A Toad, 245
ah Toa-a-a-ad—

Cour. Sir, I am your humble Servant.

Beau. But the Lady, Sir *Jolly*, the Lady, how does the
Lady, what says the Lady, Sir *Jolly*?

Sir Jol. What says the Lady! why she says—she says— 250
odd she has a delicate Lip, such a Lip, so red, so hard, so
plump, so blub; I fancy I am eating Cherries every time
I think on't— and for her Neck and Breasts and her—
odds life; I'll say no more, not a word more, but I know,
I know— 255

Beau. I am sorry for that with all my Heart; do you
know, say you, Sir, and would you put off your mumbled
orts, your offall upon me?—

Sir Jol. Hush, hush, hush! have a care, as I live and
breathe, not I, alack and well a day I am a poor old fellow 260
decay'd and done: Alls gone with me Gentlemen, but my
good Nature; odd I love to know how matters go, though,
now and then to see a pretty Wench and a young Fellow
Towze and Rowze and Frouze and Mowze; odd I love a
young fellow dearly, faith dearly— 265

Cour. This is the most extraordinary rogue, I ever met
withall.

Beau. But Sir *Jolly*, in the first place, you must know,
I have sworn never to marry.

240 this. *Q* 1, 2 243 him, *Q* 1, 2 257 mumbled *Q* 1, 2 258 me— *Q* 1, 2
262 Nature, | though 263 Wench,

270 Sir *Jol.* I would not have thee man, I am a Bachelour
my self, and been a whore Master all my life, besides she's
married already man, her Husband's an old, greasie, un-
toward, ill natur'd, slovenly, Tobacco-taking Cuckold; but
plaguy Jealous.

275 *Beau.* Already a Cuckold, Sir *Jolly?*

Sir *Jol.* No, that shall be, my Boy, thou shalt make him
one, and I'll pimp for thee dear heart; and shan't I hold
the door, shan't I peep hah, shan't I you devil, you little
dog shan't I?—

280 *Beau.* What is it, I'd not grant to oblige my Patron?

Sir *Jol.* And then dost hear, I have a lodging for thee
in my own house; dost hear old Soul, in my own house:
She lives the very next door man, there's but a Wall to
part her Chamber and thine, and then for a peep-hole,
285 odds fish I have a peep hole for thee; 'sbud I'll shew thee,
I'll shew thee—

Beau. But when, Sir *Jolly?* I am in haste, impatient.

Sir *Jol.* Why this very night man; poor Rogue's in
haste, poor Rogue; but hear you—

290 *Cour.* The matter?

Sir *Jol.* Shan't we dine together?

Beau. With all my heart.

Sir *Jol.* The Maw begins to empty, get you before and
bespeak Dinner at the Blew Posts; while I stay behind
295 and gather up a dish of Whores for a desert.

Cour. Be sure that they be lew'd drunken stripping
Whores, Sir *Jolly*, that won't be affectedly squeamish and
troublesome.

Sir *Jol.* I warrant you.

300 *Cour.* I love a well disciplin'd Whore, that shews all the
tricks of her profession with a wink; like an old Souldier
that understands all his exercise by beat of Drum.

Sir *Jol.* Ah Thief, sayest thou so! I must be better ac-

272 old *Q* 1, 2 275 *Jolly.* *Q* 1, 2 276 No that shall be
277 heart, *Q* 1, 2 280 Patron. *Q* 1, 2 287 *Jolly*, *Q* 1, 2 294 blew
posts; 303 A Thief, *Q* 1, 2

quainted with that fellow; he has a notable Nose; a hard brawny Carle—true and trusty, and mettle I'll warrant him. 305

Beau. Well, Sir *Jolly*, you'll not fail us?—

Sir *Jol.* Fail ye! am I a Knight? hark ye Boys: I'll muster this evening, such a Regiment of Rampant, Roaring, Roysterous Whores, that shall make more noise than if all the Cats in the *Hay-market* were in Conjunction: 310 Whores ye Rogues, that shall swear with you, drink with you, talk Bawdy with you, fight with you, scratch with you, lye with you, and go to the Devil with you: shan't we be very merry, hah!—

Cour. As merry as Wine, Women and Wickedness can 315 make us.

Sir *Jol.* Odd that's well said again, very well said, as merry as Wine, Women and wickedness can make us: I love a fellow that is very wicked dearly; methinks there's a spirit in him, there's a sort of a tantara, rara, tantara 320 rara, ah ah h h well, and won't ye, when the Women come, won't ye, and shall I not see a little sport amongst you; well get ye gone; ah Rogues, ah Rogues, da da, I'll be with you, da da—— [*Exeunt* Beaugard, and Courtine.

Enter several Whores, and three Bullies.

1 *Bul.* In the name of Satan what Whores are these in 325 their Copper trim, yonder?

1 *Who.* Well I'll swear, Madam, 'tis the finest Evening: I love the *Mall*, mightily.

2 *Bul.* Let's huzza the Bulkers.

2 *Whor.* Really, and so do I; because there's alwaies 330 good company, and one meets with such Civilitys from every body.

3 *Bul.* Damn'd Whores, hout ye filthies.

3 *Whor.* Ay, and then I love extreemly to shew my self here, when I am very fine, to vex those poor Devils that 335 call themselves Vertues, and are very scandalous and

310 Hay-market Q 1, 2 313 you, shan't Q 1, 2 328 thee, Mall,
Q 1 the, Mall, Q 2 331 and

Crapish, I'll swear; O Crimine, who's yonder! Sir *Jolly Jumble*, I vow.

1 *Bul.* Fogh! Let's leave the nasty Sowes to Fools, and
340 Diseases. (Exit.)

1 *Whor.* Oh *Papa, Papa!* where have you been these two days, *Papa?*

2 *Who.* You are a precious *Father* indeed, to take no more care of your *Children*: We might be dead for all you,
345 you naughty *Dady*, you.

Sir *Jol.* Dead, my poor Fubses! odd I had rather all the Relations I have were dead, a dad I had: Get you gone you little Devils Bubbies; oh Law there's Bubbies! odd I'll bite 'em, odd I will.

350 1 *Whor.* Nay, fye, *Papa*; I swear you'l make me angry, except you carry us, and treat us to Night, you have promis'd me a treat this Week: wont you *Papa?*

2 *Whor.* Ay, wont you *Dad?*

Sir *Jol.* Odds so, odds so, well remember'd! get you gon,
355 don't stay talking; get you gone, yonders a great Lord, the Lord *Beaugard*, and his Couzin the Baron, the Count, the Marquis, the Lord knows what, Monsieur *Courtine* newly come to Town, odds so.

3 *Whor.* Oh Law, where *Dady*, where? Oh dear, a Lord.

360 1 *Whor.* Well, you are the Purest *Papa*; but where be dey mun, *Papa?*—

Sir *Jol.* I won't tell you, you Jipsies, So I wont—
except you tickle me—'sbud they are brave fellows all, Tall, and not a bit small, odd one of 'em has a devillish deal of
365 Monie.

1 *Whor.* Oh dear, but which is he, *Papa?*

2 *Whor.* Shan't I be in Love with him, *Dady?*

Sir *Jol.* What no body tickle me! no body tickle me?—
not yet? tickle me a little *Mally*—tickle me a little *Jenny*—
370 do, He he he he he he— [They tickle him.]

352 Week, Q 1, 2 | *Papa.* 353 *Dad.* 355 yonders, 360 when
be Q 1, 2 361 *Papa*—Q 1, 2 363 all Q 1, 2 364 and
366 *Papa.* Q 1, 2 367 *Dady.* Q 1, 2 369 yet, Q 1, 2
370 do

No more, oh dear, oh dear! poor Rogues, so so, no more,
 nay, if you do, if you do, odd I'l I'l I'l——

3 *Wh.* What, what will you do trow?——

Sir *Jol.* Come along with me, come along with me,
 sneak after me at a distance, that no bodie take notice: 375
 Swinging fellows *Mally*—Swinging fellows *Jenny*, a Devil-
 lish deal of *Monie*, get you afore me then, you little did-
 dappers, ye Wasps, ye wagtails, get you gon, I say, swinging
 fellows—— [Exeunt Sir Jolly, with the Whores.

Enter Lady Dunce and Sylvia.

Lady *D.* Dye a Maid, *Sylvia*! fie for shame! what a 380
 scandalous resolution's that; five thousand Pounds to your
 Portion and leave it all to Hospitals, for the innocent
 recreation hereafter of leading Apes in Hell, fie for shame!

Sylvia. Indeed such another charming Animal as your
 Consort, Sir *David*, might do much with me; 'tis an un- 385
 speakable blessing to lye all night by a Horse-load of
 diseases; a beastly, unsavory, old, groaning, grunting,
 wheazing Wretch, that smells of the Grave he's going to
 already; from such a curse and Hair-Cloath next my skin
 good Heaven deliver me! 390

Lady *D.* Thou mistakest the use of a Husband, *Silvia*:
 They are not meant for Bedfellows; heretofore indeed
 'twas a fulsome fashion, to ly o' nights with a Husband;
 but the worlds improv'd and Customs altered.

Sylv. Pray instruct then what the use of a Husband is. 395

Lady *D.* Instead of a Gentleman-Usher, for Ceremonies
 sake, to be in waiting on set days, and particular occasions;
 but the Friend, Cozen, is the Jewel unvaluable.

Sylv. But, Sir *David*, Madam, will be difficult to be so
 Govern'd; I am mistaken, if his Nature is not too Jealous 400
 to be blinded.

Lady *D.* So much the better: of all, the jealous Fool is

375 notice, *Q* 1, 2 377 dippappers, *Q* 1, 2 379 Exeunt (stage
 dir) 389 already, *Q* 1, 2 392 Bedfellows, 396 Gentleman-
 Usher *Q* 1, 2 397 sake *Q* 1, 2 398 Friend Cozen *Q* 1, 2 399 Madam
 402 better, *Q* 1, 2

easiest to be deceiv'd: For observe, where there's jealousy there's always fondness; which if a Woman, as she ought
 405 to do, will make the right use of, the Husband's fears shall not so awake him on one side as his dotage shall blind him on the other.

Sylv. Is your Piece of mortality such a doteing Doodle, is he so very fond of you?

410 *Lady D.* No, but he has the vanity to think that I am very fond of him, and if he be jealous, 'tis not so much for fear I do abuse, as that in time I may, and therefore imposes this confinement on me, though he has other divertisments that take him off from my injoyment;
 415 which make him so loathsome no Woman but must hate him.

Sylv. His private divertisements I am a stranger to.

Lady D. Then for his Person, 'tis incomparably odious, he has such a breath, one kiss of him were enough to cure
 420 the fits of the Mother, 'tis worse then *Asa foetida*.

Sylv. Oh hideous!

Lady D. Every thing that's nasty he affects, clean Linnen he says is unwholesome, and to make him more charming, he's continually eating of Garlike and chewing
 425 Tobacco.

Sylv. Fogh! this is love! this is the blessing of Matrimony.

Lady D. Rail not so unreasonably against love, *Silvia*: As I have dealt freely and acknowledged to thee the passion
 430 I have for *Beaugard*; so methinks, *Silvia* need not conceal her good thoughts of her Friend; do not I know *Courtine* sticks in your stomach?

Sylv. If he does, I'll assure you he shall never get to my heart; but can you have the Conscience to love another
 435 man now you are married? what do you think will become of you?

Lady D. I tell thee, *Sylvia*, I never was married to that

405 of 409 you. 418 Person *Q* 1, 2 424 charming
 434 heart, *Q* 1, 2 436 you.?

Engine we have been talking of, my parents indeed made me say something to him after a Priest once, but my heart went not along with my tongue, I minded not what it was; 440 for my thoughts, *Sylvia*, for these seven years have been much better employ'd—*Beaugard*! Ah curse on the day that first sent him into *France*!

Sylv. Why so, I beseech you?

Lady *D.* Had he stay'd here, I had not been sacrific'd 445 to the Arms of this monument of Man, for the bed of death could not be more cold, then his has been; he would have delivered me from the Monster, for even then I loved him, and was apt to think my kindness not neglected.

Sylv. I find indeed your Ladyship had good thoughts of 450 him.

Lady *D.* Surely 'tis impossible to think too well of him, for he has wit enough to call his good nature in question, and yet good nature enough to make his wit be suspected.

Sylv. But how do you hope ever to get sight of him? 455 Sir *David*'s watchfulness is invincible. I dare swear he wou'd smell out a Rival if he were in the house only by natural instinct, as some that always sweat when a Cat's in the Room; then again, *Beaugard*'s a Souldier, and that's a thing the old Gentleman, you know loves dearly. 460

Lady *D.* There lies the greatest comfort of my uneasie life; he is one of those Fools forsooth, that are led by the Nose by Knaves to rail against the King and the Government, and is mightly fond of being thought of a party; I have had hopes this twelve month to have heard of his 465 being in the Gate-House for Treason.

Sylv. But I find only your self the Prisoner all this while.

Lady *D.* At present indeed I am so, but Fortune I hope will smile, wouldst thou but be my Friend, *Sylvia*.

Sylv. In any mischievous design with all my heart. 470

Lady *D.* The conclusion, Madam, may turn to your satisfaction, but you have no thoughts of *Courtine*.

440 was 444 so 447 been, *Q 1, 2* 455 him, *Q 1, 2* 459 Room, *Q 1, 2* |
Souldiers 462 life *Q 1* life, *Q 2* 464 party, *Q 1, 2* 470 withall

Sylv. Not I, I'll assure you Cozen.

Lady *D.* You don't think him well shap'd, streight, and
475 proportionable?

Sylv. Considering he eats but once a Week, the man is
well enough.

Lady *D.* And then wears his Cloaths you know filthily
and like a horrid Sloven.

480 *Sylv.* Filthily enough of all Conscience, with a thred-
bare Red-Coat, which his Taylor duns him for to this day,
over which a great broad greasie buff Belt, enough to turn
any ones Stomach but a disbanded Souldier; a Perru-
que ty'd up in a knot to excuse its want of combing, and
485 then because he has been a Man at Armes, he must wear
two Tuffles of a Beard forsooth, to lodge a dunghill of
snuff upon, to keep his Nose in good humour.

Lady *D.* Nay, now I am sure that thou lovest him.

Sylv. So far from it, that I protest eternally against the
490 whole sex.

Lady *D.* That time will best demonstrate, in the mean
while to our business.

Sylv. As how, Madam?

Lady *D.* To night must I see *Beaugard*, they are this
495 minute at Dinner in the *Hay-market*; now to make my
evil genius, that haunts me every where, my thing called
a Husband, himself to assist his poor Wife, at a dead lift,
I think would not be unpleasant.

Sylv. But 'twill be impossible.

500 Lady *D.* I am apt to be perswaded rather very easie;
you know our good and friendly Neighbour, Sir *Jolly*.

Sylv. Out on him beast, he's always talking filthily to
a body. If he sits but at the table with one, he'll be making
nasty figures in the Napkins.

505 Lady *D.* He and my sweet yoke fellow are the most
intimate friends in the world, so that partly out of neigh-

475 proportionable *Q* 1, 2 485 a Man a 493 Madam. *Q* 1, 2
495 hay-market; *Q* 1 Hay-market, *Q* 2 496 genius, 500 easy, *Q* 1, 2
503 body, If *Q* 1 body, if *Q* 2

bourly kindness, as well as the great delight he takes to be meddling in matters of this nature, with a great deal of pains and industry he has procured me *Beaugards* picture, and given him to understand how well a Friend of his in 510 Petticoats, call'd my self, wishes him.

Sylv. But what's all this to the making the Husband instrumental? for I must confess of all creatures a Husband's the thing that's odious to me.

Lady *D.* That must be done this night: I'll instantly to 515 my chamber, take my bed in a pet, and send for Sir *David*.

Sylv. But which way then must the Lover come?

Lady *D.* Nay, I'll betray *Beaugard* to him, shew him the picture he sent me, and beg of him as he tenders his own honour, and my quiet, to take some course to secure 520 me from the scandalous solicitations of that innocent Fellow.

Sylv. And so make him the property, the go-between, to bring the affair to an issue the more decently.

Lady *D.* Right, *Sylvia*, 'tis the best office a Husband 525 can do a Wife; I mean an old husband; bless us to be yok'd in Wedlock with a paralitick, coughing, decrepid Dotrell, to be a dry Nurse all ones life time to an old Child of sixty five, to lye by the Image of Death a whole night, a dull immoveable, that has no sense of life, but 530 through it's pains; the Pidgeons as happy that's laid to a sick mans feet, when the world has given him over; for my part this shall henceforth be my prayer,

*Curst be the memory; nay, double curst,
Of her that wedded Age for interest first; 535
Though worn with years, with fruitless wishes full,
'Tis all day troublesome, and all night dull.
Who wed with Fools indeed lead happy lives,
Fools are the fittest finest things for Wives;
Yet old men Profit bring as Fools bring ease, 540
And both make Youth and Wit much better please.*

509 industry procured Q 1, 2 513 instrumental, Q 1, 2
516 chamber | pet 531 pains, 537 dull,

A C T. I I.

Enter Sir Jolly, Beaugard, Courtine, and Fourbin.

Court. **S**IR *Jolly* is the glory of the Age.

Sir Jol. Nay now, Sir, you honour me too far.

Beaug. He's the delight of the young, and wonder of the old.

5 *Sir Jol.* I swear Gentlemen you make me blush.

Cour. He deserves a Statue in Gold, at the charge of the Kingdom.

Sir Jol. Out upon't, fye for shame: I protest I'll leave your company if you talk so; but faith they were pure
10 Whores, daintily dutiful Strumpets, ha! udds-bud, they'd —have stript for t'other Bottle.

Beau. Truly, Sir *Jolly*, you are a man of very extraordinary discipline, I never saw Whores* under better command in my life.

15 *Sir Joll.* Pish, that's nothing man, nothing, I can send for forty better when I please, Doxies that will skip, strip, leap, trip, and do any thing in the world, any thing old Soul.

Cour. Dear, dear Sir *Jolly*, where and when?

20 *Sir Jol.* Odd as simply as I stand here, her Father was a Knight.

Beau. Indeed Sir *Jolly*, a Knight say you?

Sir Jol. Ay, but a little decay'd, I'll assure you she's a very good Gentlewoman born.

25 *Cour.* Ay, and a very good Gentl'woman bred too.

Sir Jol. Ay, and so she is.

Beau. But Sir *Jolly*, how goes my business forward, when shall I have a view of the quarry I am to fly at?

Sir Jol. Alas a day, not so hasty, soft and fair I beseech
30 you; ah my little Son of thunder, if thou hadst her in thy arms now between a pair of sheets, and I under the Bed

to see fair play, Boy, gemini! what wou'd become of me? What wou'd become of me? there would be doings, oh Lawd, I under the bed!

Beau. Or behind the hangings, Sir *Jolly*, would not that 35 do as well?

Sir *Jol.* Ah no, under the bed against the world, and then it would be very dark, hah!

Beau. Dark to chuse.

Sir *Jol.* No, but a little light would do well, a small 40 glimmering Lamp, just enough for me to steel a peep by; oh lamentable! oh lamentable, I won't speak a word more, there would be a trick! oh rare you friend, oh rare! odds so not a word more, odds so yonder comes the Monster that must be the Cuckold Elect, step step aside and ob- 45 serve him; if I shou'd be seen in your company, 'twoud spoil all. *<Exit Sir Jolly and Court.>*

Beau. For my part I'll stand the meeting of him; one way to promote a good understanding with a Wife, is first to get acquainted with her Husband. 50

Enter Sir David.

Sir *Dav.* Well of all blessings, a discreet Wife is the greatest that can light upon a man of years: had I been married to any thing but an Angel now, what a Beast had I been by this time! well I am the happiest old Fool! 'tis an horrid Age that we live in, so that an honest man can keep 55 nothing to himself; if you have a good estate, every covetous Rogue is longing for't (truly I love a good estate dearly my self;) if you have a handsome Wife, every smoothfac'd Coxcomb will be combing and cocking at her, flesh-flies are not so troublesome to the shambles, as those 60 sort of Insects are to the Boxes in the Play-house: But vertue is a great blessing, an unvaluable treasure; to tell me her self that a Villain had tempted her, and give me the very Picture, the enchantment that he sent to bewitch her, it strikes me dumb with admiration; here's the Villain 65

32 play *Q* 1, 2 36 well. 46 him, *Q* 1, 2 48 him, 54 time, *Q* 1, 2 62 treasure, *Q* 1, 2

in effigie. [*Pulls out the Picture*] Odd a very handsome fellow, a dangerous Rogue I'll warrant him, such fellows as these now should be fetter'd like unruly Colts, that they might not leap into other mens pastures; here's a Nose
 70 now, I cou'd find in my heart to cut it off; damn'd Dog, to dare to presume to make a Cuckold of a Knight! bless us what will this world come to! well poor Sir *David* down, down, on thy knees, and thank thy stars for this deliverance.

75 *Beau.* 'Sdeath what's that I see? Sure 'tis the very Picture which I sent by Sir *Jolly*; if so, by this light, I am damnably Jilted.

Sir Da. But now if——

Beau. Surely he does not see us yet.

80 *Four.* See you, Sir! why he has but one eye, and we are on his blind side; I'll dumb-found him.

[*Strikes him on the shoulder.*]

Sir Da. Who the Divels this? Sir, Sir, Sir, who are you Sir?

Beau. Ay, ay, 'tis the same; now a pox of all amorous
 85 adventures, 'sdeath I'll go beat the impertinent pimp that drew me into this fooling.

Sir Da. Sir, methinks you are very curious.

Beau. Sir, perhaps I have an extraordinary reason to be so.

90 *Sir Da.* And perhaps, Sir, I care not for you, nor your Reasons neither.

Beau. Sir, if you are at leisure, I would beg the Honour to speak with you.

Sir Da. With me, Sir? What's your business with me?

95 *Beau.* I wou'd not willingly be troublesome; though it may be I am so at this time.

Sir Da. It may be so too, Sir.

Beau. But to be known to so worthy a Person as you are, would be so great an honour, so extraordinary a hap-

70 off, *Q* 1, 2 73 knees 76 *Jolly*, *Q* 1, 2 78 if.— *Q* 1, 2
 80 Sir, *Q* 1, 2 84 same, *Q* 1, 2

piness, that I could not avoid taking this opportunity of 100
tend'ring you my Service.

Sir *Da.* Smooth Rogue, who the Divel is this fellow?
(*Aside.*) But Sir, you were pleased to nominate business
Sir, I desire with what speed you can to know your
business, Sir, that I may go about my business. 105

Beau. Sir, if I might with good manners, I should be
glad to inform my self, whose picture that is which you
have in your hand; methinks it is very fine painting.

Sir *Da.* Picture, Friend, picture! Sir, 'tis the resem-
blance of a very impudent fellow, they call him Captain 110
Beaugard forsooth, but he is in short a rakehell, a poor
louzy beggarly disbanded devil; do you know him
friend?—

Beau. I think I have heard of such a vagabond, the
truth on't is he is a very impudent fellow. 115

Sir *Da.* Ay, a dam'd Rogue.

Beau. Oh a notorious scoundrel!

Sir *Da.* I expect to hear he's hang'd by next Sessions.

Beau. The truth on't is, he has deserv'd it long ago;
but did you ever see him, Sir *David*? 120

Sir *Da.* Sir—does he know me? [*Aside.*

Beau. Because I fancy that Mignature is very like him,
pray Sir, whence had it you?—

Sir *Da.* Had it, Friend? had it! whence had it I!—[*Com-
pares the Picture with Beaugard's Face.*] bless us! what 125
have I done now, this is the very Traytour, himself, if he
should be desperate now, and put his sword in my guts!
—slitting my nose will be as bad as that, I have but one
eye left neither, and may be—oh but this is the Kings
Court, odd that's well remember'd, he dares not but be civil 130
here; I'll try to out-huff him: <to Beau.> whence had it you?

Beau. Ay, Sir, whence had it you? that's *English* in my
Countrie, Sir.

108 hand, *Q* 1, 2 112 devil, 120 *David*. *Q* 1, 2 124 stage *dir.*
after l. 123 *Q* 1, 2 126 now | this the *Q* 1, 2 130 tha's | remember'd
131 him, *Q* 1, 2

Sir *Da.* Go, Sir, you are a Rascal.

135 *Beau.* How!

Sir *Da.* Sir, I say, you are a Rascal, a very impudent Rascal, nay, I'll prove you to be a Rascal, if you go to that——

Beau. Sir, I am a Gentleman and a Souldier.

Sir *Da.* So much the worse, Souldiers have been Cuckold
140 makers from the beginning; Sir, I care not what you are;
for ought I know you may be a —— come Sir, did I never
see you? answer me to that, did I never see you? for
ought I know you may be a Jesuit; there were more in
the last armie beside you.

145 *Beau.* Of your acquaintance, and be hang'd!

Sir *Da.* Yes to my knowledge, there were several at
Hounsflow Heath disguised in dirtie Petticoats, and cry'd
Brandy. I knew a Serjeant of foot that was famillier with
one of them all night in a Ditch, and fancy'd him a woman,
150 but the Devil is powerful.

Beau. In short, you worthy Villain of Worship, that
picture is mine, and I must have it, or I shall take an
oppertunity to kick your Worship most inhumanly.

Sir *Da.* Kick Sir?

155 *Beau.* Ay, Sir, kick, 'tis a recreation I can shew you.

Sir *Da.* Sir, I am a free-born Subject of *England*, and
there are Laws, look you, there are Laws; so I say you
are a Rascal again, and now how will you help your self?
poor Fool!

160 *Beau.* Hearn you Friend, have not you a Wife?

Sir *Da.* I have a Lady, Sir,——oh and she's mightily
taken with this Picture of yours, she was so mightily proud
of it, she could not forbear shewing it me, and telling too
who 'twas sent it her.

165 *Beau.* And has she bin long a Gilt? has she practised
the Trade for any time?

Sir *Da.* Trade! humph, what Trade? what Trade,
Friend?

142 that 148 Brandy, Q 1, 2 154 Sir, Q 1 Sir. Q 2 167 Trade!
what Trade? Q 1 Trade! what Trade, Q 2

Beau. Why the Trade of Whore and no Whore, Catter-wauling in jest, putting out Christian Colours, when she's 170
a Turk under Deck: A curse upon all honest women in
the flesh, that are Whores in the Spirit.

Sir Da. Poor Divil, how he rails, ha, ha, ha, look you
sweet Soul, as I told you before, there are laws, there are
laws, but those are things not worthy your consideration: 175
Beautie's your business; but dear vagabond trouble thy
self no further about my Spouse, let my Doxie rest in
peace, she's meat for thy Master, old boy; I have my belly
full of her every Night.

Beau. Sir, I wish all your noble Family hang'd from the 180
bottom of my heart.

Sir Da. Moreover Captain Swash I must tell you my
Wife is an honest Woman, of a vertuous disposition, one
that I have loved from her Infancy, and she deserves it
by her faithful dealing in this affair, for that she has 185
discover'd loyalty to me the treacherous designs laid
against her Chastity, and my Honour.

Beau. By this light the Beast weeps.

Sir Da. Truly I cannot but weep for Joy; to think how
happy I am in a sincere faithful and loving Yoke-fellow; 190
she charg'd me too to tell you into the bargain, that she
is sufficiently satisfied of the most secret wishes of your
heart.

Beau. I am glad on't.

Sir Da. And that 'tis her desire, that you wou'd trouble 195
your self no more about the matter.

Beau. With all my heart.

Sir Da. But henceforward behave your self with such
discretion as becomes a Gentleman.

Beau. Oh to be sure most exactly!

200

Sir Da. And let her alone to make the best use of those
innocent Freedoms I allow her without putting her reputa-
tion in hazzard.

Beau. As how, I beseech you——

205 Sir *Dav.* By your impertinent and unseasonable address.
Beau. And this news you bring me by a particular com-
 mission from your sweet Lady?

Sir *Dav.* Yea Friend I do, and she hopes you'll be sen-
 sible, Dear heart, of her good meaning by it: these were
 210 her very words, I neither add not diminish, for plain dealing
 is my Mistresses Friend.

Beau. Then all the Curses I shall think on this twelve-
 month light on her, and as many more on the next Fool
 that gives credit to the Sex.

215 Sir *Dav.* Well, certainly I am the happiest Toad; how
 melancholy the Munkey stands now? Poor Pug hast thou
 lost her?

Beau. To be so sordid a Jilt, to betray me to such a
 Beast as that, can she have any good thoughts of such
 220 a Swine? Dam her, had she abus'd me handsomly it had
 never vex't me.

Sir *Dav.* Now Sir with your permission I'll take my leave.

Beau. Sir, If you were gon to the Devil, I shou'd think
 you very well dispos'd of.

225 Sir *Dav.* If you have any Letter, or other commenda-
 tion to the Lady that was so charm'd with your Resem-
 blance there, it shall be very faithfully conveyed by—

Beau. Fool.

Sir *Dav.* Your humble Servant Sir, I'm gon, I shall dis-
 230 turb you no further, your most humble Servant Sir. [*Exit.*

Beau. Now Poverty, Plague, Pox and Prison fall thick
 upon the head of thee. *Fourbin.*

Fourb. Sir!—

Beau. Thou hast been an extraordinary Rogue in thy
 235 time.

Fourb. I hope I have lost nothing in your Honours
 service Sir.

Beau. Find out some way to revenge me on this old
 Rascal, and if I do not make thee a Gentleman—

207 Lady. *Q* 1, 2

209 meaning

232 thee *Q* 1 thee, *Q* 2

236 haue

239 Gentleman.— *Q* 1, 2

Fourb. That you have been pleas'd to do long ago, I²⁴⁰
thank you; for I am sure you have not left me one shilling
in my pocket these two Months.

Beau. Here, here's for thee to Revel withall.

Fourb. Will your Honour please to have his Throat cut?

Beau. With all my heart. 245

Fourb. Or would you have him decently hang'd at his
own door, and then give out to the World he did it himself?

Beau. That wou'd do very well.

Fourb. Or I think [to proceed with more safety] a good
stale Jakes were a very pretty expedient. 250

Beau. Excellent, excellent *Fourbin.*

Fourb. Leave matters to my discretion, and if I do
not—— [Exit.

Beau. I know thou wilt, go, go about it, prosper and be
famous: now e're I dare venture to meet *Courtin* again, will²⁵⁵
I go by my self, rail for an hour or two, and then be good
company. [Exit.

Enter Courtine and Silvia.

Silv. Take my word Sir, you had better give this busi-
ness over, I tell you there's nothing in the World turns
my Stomack so much as the man, that man that makes²⁶⁰
Love to me. I never saw one of your Sex in my life make
love, but he lookt so like an Ass all the while, that I blusht
for him.

Court. I am afraid your Ladyship then is one of those
dangerous Creatures they call She-wits, who are always²⁶⁵
so mightily taken with admiring themselves, that nothing
else is worth their notice.

Sylv. Oh! who can be so dull not to be ravisht with that
roysterous mein of yours? that ruffling Ayr in your gate,
that seems to cry where e're you go, make room, here²⁷⁰
comes the Captain: that Face the which bids defiance to
the Weather; bless us! if I were a poor Farmers wife in
the Country now, and you wanted Quarters, how would it

fright me? But as I am young, not very ugly, and one
275 you never saw before, how lovingly it looks upon me.

Court. Who can forbear to sigh, look pale and languish,
where Beauty and wit unite both their forces to enslave
a heart so tractable as mine is? First, for that modish
swim of your Body, the victorious motion of your Arms
280 and Head, the toss of your Fan, the glancing of the Eyes,
bless us! If I were a dainty fine drest Coxcomb with a great
Estate and a little or no wit, vanity in abundance, and
good for nothing, how would they melt and soften me?
but as I am a scandalous honest Rascal, not Fool enough
285 to be your sport, nor rich enough to be your prey, how
glotingly they look upon me!—

Silv. Alas, alas! What pity 'tis your honesty should ever
do you hurt, or your wit spoil your preferment.

Court. Just as much fair Lady, as that your Beauty
290 should make you be envied at, or your Vertue provoke
scandal.

Silv. Well the more I look, the more I'm in love with
you.

Court. The more I look, the more I am out of Love with
295 you.

Silv. How my heart swels when I see you!

Court. How my Stomach rises when I'm near you!

Silv. Nay, then let's bargain.

Court. With all my heart, what?

300 *Silv.* Not to fall in love with each other, I assure you
Monsieur Captain.

Court. But to hate one another constantly and cordially.

Silv. Always when you are drunk, I desire you to talk
scandalously of me.

305 *Court.* Ay, and when I am sober too; in return whereof
when e're you see a coquet of your acquaintance, and I
chance to be named, be sure you spit at the filthy remem-
brance, and rail at me as if you lov'd me.

Silv. In the next place, when e're we meet in the *Mall*,

I desire you to humph, put out your Tongue, make ugly ³¹⁰ mouths, laugh aloud, and look back at me.

Court. Which if I chance to do, be sure at next turning to pick up some tawdry fluttering Fop or another.

Silv. That I made acquaintance withall at the Musique-meeting. ³¹⁵

Court. Right, Just such another Spark to saunter by your side with his Hat under his Arm.

Silv. Hearnng to all the bitter things I can say to be revenged.

Court. Whilst the dull Rogue dare not so much as grin ³²⁰ to oblige you, for fear of being beaten for it, when he is out of his waiting.

Silv. Counterfeit your Letters from me.

Court. And you to be even with me for the scandal, publish to all the World I offered to marry you. ³²⁵

Silv. Oh hideous marriage!

Court. Horrid, horrid marriage!

Silv. Name, name no more of it.

Court. At that sad word let's part.

Silv. Let's wish all men decrepid, dull and silly. ³³⁰

Court. And every woman old and ugly.

Silv. Adieu!—

Court. Farewell!—

Enter a young fellow, affectedly drest, several others with him.

Silv. Ah me, Mr. *Frisk*!

Frisk. *Madamoisel Silvia!* sincerely as I hope to be ³³⁵ sav'd, the Devil take me, Dam me Madam, who's that?

Silv. Ha, ha, ha, hea. [*Exit with Frisk.*]

Court. True to thy failings always Woman! how naturally is the Sex fond of a Rogue! What a Monster was that for a Woman to delight in! now must I love her ³⁴⁰ still, tho I know I am a Blockhead for't, and she'll use me like a block-head too, if I don't prevent her: what's to be

³¹⁴ with all ³²⁶ marriage? ³³⁰ sill y ³³⁵ *Madamoisel*, Q 1, 2
³³⁸ Woman, Q 1, 2 ³⁴⁰ in, Q 1, 2

done? I'll have three Whores a day, to keep Love out of my head.

Enter Beaugard.

345 *Beaugard* well met again, how go matters? Handsomly?

Beau. Oh very handsomly! had you but seen how handsomly I was us'd just now, you would swear so. I have heard thee rail in my time, wou'd thou wouldst exercise thy talent a little at present.

350 *Court.* At what?

Beau. Why, canst thou ever want a subject! rail at thy self, rail at me, I deserve to be raild at; see there, what thinkest thou of that Engine, that moving lump of filthiness miscall'd a Man?

[A Clumsie fellow marches over the Stage drest like an Officer.]

355 *Court.* Curse on him for a Rogue, I know him.

Beau. So.

Court. The Rascal was a Retailer of Ale but yesterday, and now he is an Officer and be hang'd; 'tis a dainty sight in a morning to see him with his Toes turn'd in, drawing
360 his Leggs after him, at the head of a hundred lusty Fellows; some honest Gentleman or other stays now, because that Dog had money to bribe some corrupt Collonel withal.

Enter another gravely drest.

Beau. There, there's another of my acquaintance, he was my Fathers Footman not long since, and has pimpt
365 for me oftner than he pray'd for himself; that good quality recommended him to a noble mans service, which together with flattering, fawning, lying, spying and informing, has rais'd him to an imployment of trust and reputation, though the Rogue can't write his Name, nor read his neck
370 Verse, if he had occasion.

Court. 'Tis as unreasonable to expect a man of Sense should be prefer'd, as 'tis to think a Hector can be stout, a Priest religious, a fair Woman chast, or a pardon'd Rebel loyal.

345 Handsomly! *Q 1, 2* 346 how hadsomly 347 so, 351 Why *Q 1, 2*
352 at, see *Q 1, 2* 354 Man. *Q 1, 2* 356 So: 360 Fellows,

Enter two more seeming earnestly in discourse.

Beau. That's seasonably thought on, look there, observe 375
but that Fellow on the right hand, the Rogue with the
busiest Face of the two, I'll tell thee his History.

Court. I hope hanging will be the end of his History, so
well I like him at the first sight.

Beau. He was born a Vagabond, and no Parish own'd 380
him, his Father was as obscure as his Mother publick,
every body knew her, and no body could guess at him.

Court. He comes of a very good Family, heaven be
prais'd.

Beau. The first thing he chose to rise by, was Rebel- 385
lion, so a Rebel he grew, and flourisht a Rebel, fought
against his King, and helpt to bring him to the Block.

Court. And was he not Religious too?

Beau. Most devoutly! He could pray till he cry'd, and
preach till he foam'd, which excellent Talent made him 390
popular, and at last prefer'd him to be a worthy Member
of that never to be forgotten Rump Parliament.

Court. Pray Sir be uncovered at that, and remember it
with Reverence.

Beau. In short, he was Committee man, Sequestrator 395
and persecutor General of a whole County, by which he
got enough at the Kings Return to secure himself in the
general Pardon.

Court. Nauseous Vermin: That such a Swine with the
mark of Rebellion in his Forehead, should wallow in his 400
Luxury whilst honest men are forgotten!

Beau. Thus forgiven, thus rais'd, and made thus happy,
the ungrateful Slave disowns the hand that healed him,
cherishes Factions to affront his Master, and once more
would Rebel against the Head, which so lately saved his 405
from a Pole.

Court. What a dreadful Beard and swinging Sword he
wears!

Beau. 'Tis to keep his Cowardize in countenance, the

410 Rascal will endure kicking most temperately for all that;
I know five or six more of the same stamp, that never
came abroad without terrible long Spits by their sides,
with which they will let you bore their own Noses if you
please: but let the Villain be forgotten.

415 *Court.* His Co-Rogue I have some knowledge of, he's a
tatter'd worm-eaten Case-putter, some call him Lawyer,
one that takes it very ill he is not made a Judg.

Beau. Yes, and is always repineing that men of parts
are not regarded.

420 *Court.* He has been a great noise-maker in factious Clubs
these seven years, and now I suppose is courting that Wor-
shipful Rascal to make him Recorder of some factious Town.

Beau. To teach Tallow-chandlers and Chees-mongers
how far they may rebel against their King by vertue of

425 *Magna Charta.*

Court. But friend *Beaugard* methinks thou art very
spleenatick of a sudden: how goes the affair of Love fore-
ward, prosperously hah?

Beau. Oh I assure you most Triumphantly. Just now
430 you must know I am parted with the sweet civil enchanted
Ladies Husband.

Court. Well and what says the Cuckold, is he very kind
and good natur'd as Cuckolds use to be?

Beau. Why he says, *Courtine* in short, that I am a very
435 silly fellow, (and truly I am very apt to believe him) and
that I have been Jilted in this affair most unconscionably;
a Plague on all Pimps, I say, a mans business never thrives
so well, as when he is his own Sollicitor.

Enter Sir Jolly and Boy.

Sir Jolly. Hist, hist, Capt. Capt. Capt. Boy.

440 *Boy.* Sir.

410 that, Q 1, 2

427 sudden, Q 1, 2

Just Q 1, 2

439 Hist. hist, Q 1, 2

411 stamp; Q 1, 2

428 hah! Q 1, 2

432 Cuckold

414 please, Q 1, 2

429 Triumphantly,

436 unconscionably, Q 1, 2

Sir Jolly. Run and get two Chairs presently, besure you get two Chairs, Sirrah, do you hear? here's luck, here's luck, now or never Capt. never if not now Captain! here's luck.

Beau. Sir Jolly, no more adventures sweet Sir Jolly, I am like to have a very fine time on't truly. 445

Sir Jolly. The best in the World dear Dog, the very best in the World, 'sbud she's here hard by man, stays on purpose for thee finely disguis'd; the Cuckold has lost her too; and no body knows any thing of the matter but I, no body but I, and I you must know, I am I, hah! and 450 I you little Toad, hah!

Beau. You are a very fine Gentleman.

Sir Jolly. The best natur'd Fellow in the World I believe of my years! now does my heart so thump for fear this business should miscarry; why I'll warrant thee, the Lady 455 is here man, she's all thy own, 'tis thy own fault if thou art not *in terra incognita* within this half hour: come along prithee come along, fie for shame, what make a Lady loose her longing! come along I say, you——out upon't.

Beau. Sir your humble, I shan't stir. 460

Sir Jolly. What? not go!

Beau. No Sir, no Lady for me.

Sir Jolly. Not go! I should laugh at that, Faith.

Beau. No, I will assure you, not go Sir.

Sir Jolly. Away you Wag, you jest, you jest you wag; 465 not go quotha?

Beau. No Sir, not go I tell you, what the Devil would you have more?

Sir Jolly. Nothing,•nothing Sir, but I am a Gentleman.

Beau. With all my heart. 470

Sir Jolly. And do you think then that I'll be us'd thus?

Beau. Sir!

Sir Jolly. Take away my Reputation and take away my Life; I shall be disgrac't for ever.

441 be sure Q 2 442 you here? Q 1, 2 444 Sir Q 1, 2 |
 Sir Q 1, 2 447 's bud 448 disguis'd, 459 longing, Q 1, 2
 463 that Q 1, 2 468 more. Q 1, 2 471 thus. Q 1, 2

475 *Beau.* I have not wrong'd you Sir *Jolly*.

Sir Jolly. Not wrong'd me! But you shall find you have wrong'd me, and wrong'd a sweet Lady, and a fine Lady: —I shall never be trusted again! never have employment more! I shall dye of the Spleen——prithceenow begood
480 natur'd, prithceen be perswaded, od I'l give thee this Ring, I'l give thee this Watch, 'tis Gold. I'l give thee any thing in the World, go.

Beau. Not one Foot Sir.

Sir Jolly. Now that I durst but murder him——well,
485 shall I fetch her to thee? What shall I do for thee?

Enter Lady Duncce.

'Ods fish here she comes her self, now you ill natur'd Churl, now you Devil, look upon her, do but look upon her: what shall I say to her?

Beau. E'en what you please Sir *Jolly*.

490 *Sir Jolly.* 'Tis a very strange Monster this——Madam this is the Gentleman, that's he, though (as one may say) he's something bashful, but I'l tell him who you are.

[goes to Beaugard.

If thou art not more cruel then *Leopards*, *Lyons*, *Tygers*, *Wolves*, or *Tartars*, don't break my Heart, don't kill me,
495 this unkindness of thine goes to the Soul of me.

[goes to the Lady.

Madam, he says, he's so amazed at your Triumphant Beauty, that he dares not approach the excellence that shines from you.

Lady D. What can be the meaning of all this?

500 *Sir Jolly.* Art thou then resolv'd to be remorseless? canst thou be insensible, hast thou Eyes? hast thou a Heart? hast thou any thing thou should'st have? odd I'l tickle thee, get you to her you Fool, get you to her, to her, to her, ha, ha, ha. *<to Beau.>*

505 *Lady D.* Have you forgot me *Beaugard*?

475 *Sir Q* 1, 2 486 *Q* 1 indents 487 her, what *Q* 1, 2
490 'tis 492 are *Q* 1, 2 494 *Tartars* 496 *Q* 1 indents

Sir *Jolly*. So now to her agen I say, to her, to her and be hang'd, Ah Rogue! Ah Rogue! now, now, have at her, now have at her, there it goes, there it goes, Hey—Boys!—

Lady *D*. Methinks this Face should not so much be ⁵¹⁰ alter'd, as to be nothing like what once I thought it, the object of your Pleasure and subject of your Praises.

Sir *Jolly*. Cunning Toad! Wheadling Jade! you shall see now how by degrees she'l draw him into the Whirl-pool of Love, now he leers upon her, now he leers upon her, ⁵¹⁵ Oh law! there's Eyes! there's your Eyes! I must pinch him by the Calf of the Legg.

Beau. Madam, I must confess I do remember, that I had once acquaintance with a Face, whose Air and Beauty much resembled yours, and if I may trust my Heart, you ⁵²⁰ are call'd *Clarinda*.

Lady *D*. *Clarinda* I was call'd till my ill Fortune Wedded me; now you may have heard of me by another Title, your friend there I suppose, has made nothing a secret to you. ⁵²⁵

Beau. And are you then that kind enchanted fair one who was so passionately in Love with my Picture, that you could not forbear betraying me to the Beast your Husband, and wrong the Passion of a Gentleman that languisht for you, only to make your Monster merry? ⁵³⁰ hark you Madam, had your fool bin worth it, I had beaten him, and have a Months mind to be exercising my parts that way upon your go between, your Male-Bawd there.

Sir *Jolly*. Ah Lord! Ah Lord! All's spoyl'd agen, all's ⁵³⁵ ruin'd. I shall be undone for ever, why what a Devil is the matter now? what have I done? what sins have I committed?

Lady *D*. And are you that passionate Adorer of our Sex who cannot Live a Week in *London* without Loving, ⁵⁴⁰

508 goes, their 514 Whirl pool 521 *Clarianda* 522 *Clarinda*.
523 me, now *Q 1, 2* 530 merry, 538 committed. *Q 1, 2* 540 Sex? *Q 1, 2*

are you the Spark that sends your Picture up and down to longing Ladies, longing for a pattern of your Person?

Beau. Yes Madam when I receive so good Hostages as these are [*shews the Gold*] that it shall be well us'd:
545 cou'd you find out no body but me to play the Fool withal?

Sir Jolly. Alack a day!

Lady D. Could you pitch upon no Body but that wretched Woman, that has loved you too well to abuse
550 you thus?

Sir Jolly. That ever I was Born!

Beau. Here, here, Madam, I'll return you your dirt, I scorn your Wages, as I do your Service.

Lady D. Fye for shame! what, refund? That is not like
555 a Souldier to refund, keep, keep it to pay your Sempstress withal.

Sir Jolly. His Sempstress, who the Devil is his Sempstress? Odd what wou'd I give to know that now!

Lady D. There was a Ring too, which I sent you this
560 Afternoon, if that fit not your Finger, you may dispose of it some other way, where it may give no occasion of Scandal, and you'll do well.

Beau. A Ring Madam!

Lady D. A small trifle, I suppose *Sir David* deliver'd
565 it to you when he return'd you your Mignature.

Beau. I beseech you Madam!

Lady D. Farewel you Traytor.

Beau. As I hope to be sav'd, and upon the word of a Gentleman.

570 *Lady D.* Go you are a false ungrateful Brute, and trouble me no more. [*Exit.*]

Beau. *Sir Jolly*, *Sir Jolly*, *Sir Jolly*.

Sir Jolly. Ah thou Rebel!

Beau. Some advice, some advice, dear Friend e're I'm
575 ruin'd.

541 send you 542 Person. 544 us'd, Q 1, 2 546 withal.
554 shame what Q 1 shame, what Q 2 572 Sir | Sir | Sir

Sir *Jolly*. Ev'n two pennyworth of Hemp for your Honours supper, that's all the remedy that I know.

Beau. But prithee hear a little reason.

Sir *Jolly*. No Sir I ha' done, no more to be said, I ha' done, I am asham'd of you, I'l have no more to say to 580 you, I'l never see your Face again, good b'w'y.

[*Exit Sir Jolly*.

Beau. Death and the Devil, what have my Stars been doing to day! a Ring!—deliver'd by Sir *David*!—what can that mean?—Pox on her for a Jilt, she lies, and has a mind to amuse and laugh at me a day or two longer; hist, here 585 comes her Beast once more; I'l use him Civilly, and try what Discovery I can make.

Enter Sir Davy Dunce.

Sir *Da*. Ha, ha, ha! here's the Captains Jewel, very well: In troth I had like to have forgotten it, Ha, ha, ha,—how damnable Mad he'l be now, when I shall deliver him his 590 Ring again, ha ha!—Poor Dog he'l hang himself at least, ha, ha, ha,—Faith, 'tis a very pretty Stone, and finely set: Humph! if I should keep it now!—I'll say I have lost it, no I'l give it him again, o' purpose to vex him, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Sir *David*, I am heartily sorrie. 595

Sir *Da*. Oh Sir, 'tis you I was seeking for, ha, ha, ha, <aside> what shall I say to him now to terrifie him?

Beau. Me, Sir!—

Sir *Da*. Ay, you Sir, if your name be Captain *Beaugard*: <aside> how like a Fool he looks already?— 600

Beaug. What you p'lease, Sir.

Sir *Da*. Sir, I should speak a word with you, if you think fit, <aside> what shall I do now to keep my countenance?

Beau. Can I be so happy, Sir, as to be able to serve you in any thing? 605

Sir *Da*. No Sir, ha, ha, ha, I have commands of service to you Sir, oh Lord!, ha, ha, ha.

577 supper
593 *Humph!* Q 1, 2

581 *Exit. Sir Jolly. (stage dir.)*
603 countenance.

585 longer, hist.
605 thing.

Beau. Me, Sir?

Sir *Da.* Ay Sir, you Sir, but put on your hat, Friend,
610 put on your hat, be cover'd.

Beau. Sir, will you please to sit down on this bank?

Sir *Da.* No, no, there's no need, no need, for all I have
a young Wife I can stand upon my legs, Sweet-heart.

Beau. Sir, I beseech you.

615 Sir *Da.* By no means. I think friend, we had some hard
words just now, 'twas about a paultry baggage, but she's
a pretty baggage and a witty baggage, and a baggage
that——

Beau. Sir, I am heartily asham'd of all misdemeanour
620 on my side.

Sir *Da.* You do well, though are not you a damn'd
Whore-master, a devilish Cuckold-making fellow? here,
here, do you see this? here's the Ring you sent a Roguing;
Sir, do you think my Wife wants any thing that you can
625 help her to?—Why I'll warrant this Ring cost fifty pound:
What a prodigal Fellow are you to throw away so much
monie; or didst thou steal it old Boy? I believe thou maist
be poor, I'll lend thee money upon't, if thou thinkst fit, at
thirty in the hundred, because I love thee, ha, ha, ha.

630 *Beau.* Sir, your humble Servant, I am sorry 'twas not
worth your Ladies acceptance, *<aside>* now what a dog
am I!

Sir *Da.* I should have given it thee before, but faith I
forgot it, though it was not my Wives fault in the least,
635 for she says as thou likest this usage, she hopes to have
thy custom again Child; ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Then Sir, I beseech you tell her, that you have
made a Convert on me, and that I am so sensible of my
insolent behaviour towards her——

640 Sir *Da.* Very well, I shall do it.

Beau. That 'tis impossible I shall ever be at peace with
my self till I find some way how I may make her reparation.

608 Sir. *Q* 1, 2 614 you! *Q* 1, 2 615 means, *Q* 1, 2 625 too?—
628 poor | fit

Sir *Da.* Very good, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. And that if ever she find me guilty of the like offence again——

645

Sir *Da.* No Sir, you had not best, but proceed, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Let her banish all good opinion of me for ever.

Sir *Da.* No more to be said, your Servant, good b'w'y.

Beau. One word more, I beseech you, Sir *Davy.*

Sir *Da.* What's that?

650

Beau. I beg you tell her that the generous reproof she has given me has so wrought upon me——

Sir *Da.* Well, I will.

Beau. That I esteem this Jewel, not only as a wreck redeem'd from my folly, but that for her sake I will pre- 655
serve it to the utmost moment of my life.

Sir *Da.* With all my heart, I vow and swear.

Beau. And that I long to convince her I am not the Brute she might mistake me for.

Sir *Da.* Right; well, this will make the purest sport, 660
(*Aside;*) let me see, first you acknowledge your self to be a very impudent Fellow.

Beau. I do so, Sir.

Sir *Da.* And that you shall never be at rest, till you have satisfi'd my Lady.

665

Beau. Right, Sir.

Sir *Da.* Satisfi'd her! very good, ha, ha, ha! and that you will never play the fool any more: be sure you keep your word, Friend.

Beau. Never, Sir.

670

Sir *Da.* And that you will keep that Ring for her sake, as long as you live, hah!——

Beau. To the day of my death, I'll assure you.

Sir *Da.* I protest that will be very kindly done——and that you long, mightily long, to let her understand that 675
you are another guess Fellow than she may take you for.

Beau. Exactly Sir, that is the sum and end of my desires.

645 again. *Q* 1 again.— *Q* 2 667 her, *Q* 1, 2 | ha, *Q* 1, 2 668 more,
Q 1, 2 675 long mightily, long, *Q* 1 long mightily, long *Q* 2

Sir *Da.* Well, I'll take care of your business, I'll do your business, I'll warrant you; this will make the purest
 680 sport when I come home, no, (*Aside.*) Well your Servant, remember, be sure you remember, your Servant.

Beau. So, now I find a Husband is a delicate instrument rightly made use of;—To make her old jealous Coxcomb pimp for me himself, I think 'tis as worthy an employment
 685 as such a noble Consort can be put to.

Ah were ye all such Husbands and such Wives,
 We younger Brothers shou'd lead better lives.

ACT III.

SCENE Covent-Garden.

Enter Sylvia, and Courtine.

Sylv. **T**O fall in love, and to fall in love with a Souldier! nay, a disbanded Souldier too, a fellow with the mark of *Cain* upon him, which every body knows him by, and is ready to throw stones at him for.

5 *Cour.* Dam her, I shall never enjoy her without ravishing; if she were but very rich and very ugly, I wou'd marry her: Ay, 'tis she, I know her mischievous look too well to be mistaken in it—Madam!—

Sylv. Sir.

10 *Cour.* 'Tis a very hard Case, that you have resolv'd not to let me be quiet.

Sylv. 'Tis very unreasonably done of you, Sir, to haunt me up and down every where at this scandalous rate, the world will think we are acquainted shortly.

15 *Cour.* But, Madam, I shall fairly take more care of my Reputation, and from this time forward shun and avoid you most watchfully.

Sylv. Have you not haunted this place these two hours?

Cour. 'Twas because I knew it to be your Ladyships

679 you, *Q* 1, 2 680 no, *Q* 1, 2: *Query?* no? III. i. 2 disbandd
 8 it,—*Q* 1, 2 18 hours.

home then, and therefore might reasonably be the place ²⁰
 you least of all frequented; one would imagine you were
 gone a Coxcomb-hunting by this time, to some place of
 publick appearance or other; 'tis pretty near the hour,
 twill be twilight presently, and then the Owles come all
 abroad. 25

Sylv. What, need I take the trouble to go so far a fowl-
 ing when there's game enough at our own doors?

Cour. What, game for your Net, fair Ladie?

Sylv. Yes, or any womans Net else, that will spread it.

Cour. To shew you how despicablie I think of the ³⁰
 business, I will here leave you presently, though I lose
 the pleasure of railing at you.

Sylv. Do so I wou'd advise you; your raillery betrays
 your wit, as bad as your clumsy civility does your
 breeding. 35

Cour. Adieu!—

Sylv. Farewel!—

Court. Why do not you go about your business?

Sylv. Because I wou'd be sure to be rid of you first,
 that you might not dog me. 40

Cour. Were it but possible that you cou'd answer me
 one question truly, and then I should be satisf'd.

Sylv. Any thing for composition to be rid of you
 handsomly.

Cour. Are you really very honest? Look in my Face ⁴⁵
 and tell me that.

Sylv. Look in your Face and tell you, for what? To spoil
 my Stomach to my Supper?

Cour. No, but to get thee a Stomach to thy Bed, Sweet-
 heart. I would if possible be better acquainted with thee ⁵⁰
 because thou art very ill-natur'd.

Sylv. Your only way to bring that business about
 effectually, is to be more troublesome, and if you think

21 frequented, Q 1, 2 23 other, Q 1, 2 26 What Q 1, 2
 27 doors. 28 What Q 1, 2 | Ladie. 48 Supper. Q 1, 2
 49 Sweet-heart, Q 1, 2 53 troublesome, Q 1, 2

it worth your while to be abus'd substantially, you may
55 make your personal appearance this Night.

Cour. How? where? and when? and what hour I
beseech thee?

Sylv. Under the Window, between the hours of eleven
and twelve exactly.

60 *Cour.* Where shall these lovely Eyes, and Ears
Hear my Complaints and see my Tears.

Sylv. At that kind hour thy griefs shall end
If thou canst know thy Foe from thy Friend.

[*Exit Syl.*]

Cour. Here's another trick of the Devil now! under that
65 Window between the hours of eleven and twelve exactly!
I am a damn'd Fool, and must go: let me see, suppose
I meet with a lusty beating! pish, that's nothing for a man
that's in love: or suppose she contrive some way to make
a publick Coxcomb of me, and expose me to the scorn of
70 the World, for an example to all amorous Block-heads
hereafter? why, if she do, I'll swear I have lain with her,
beat her Relations, if they pretend to Vindicate her, and
so there's one love intrigue pretty well over. [*Exit Cour.*]

Enter Sir David, and Vermin.

Sir Da. Go get you in to your Ladie now, and tell her,
75 I am comeing.

Verm. Her Ladiship, Right-worshipful, is pleas'd not to
be at home.

Sir Da. How's that? my Ladie not at home! run, run
in and ask when she went forth, whether she is gone, and
80 who is with her, run and ask, *Vermin.*

Ver. She went out in her Chair presently after you this
After-noon.

Sir Da. Then I may be a Cuckold still for ought I know:
what will be come of me? I have surely lost, and ne'r shall
85 find her more, she promis'd me strictlie to stay at home,

54 substantially; *Q 1, 2* 60-3 as *prose Q 1, 2* 64 now, *Q 1, 2*
65 exactly, *Q 1, 2* 66 go, *Q 1, 2* 68 love, *Q 1, 2* 76 Right-
worshipful 79 whether *Q 1* Whither *Q 2* 83 know, *Q 1, 2*

till I came back again; for ought I know she may be up three pair of stairs in the Temple now.

Verm. Is her Ladyship in Law then, Sir?

Sir *Da.* Or it may be taking the Air as far as *Knights-bridge* with some smooth fac'd Rogue or another: 'tis a 90 damn'd house, that Swan, that Swan at *Knights-bridge* is a confounded house, *Vermin*.

Verm. Do you think she is there then?—

Sir *Da.* No, I do not think she is there neither; but such a thing may be, you know; would that *Barn-Elms* was 95 under water too, there's a 1000 Cuckolds a Year made at *Barn-Elms*, by *Rosamonds* ponds: the devil if she shou'd be there this evening, my heart's broke.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir *Jol.* That must be Sir *Davy*; Ay, that's he, that's he; ha, ha, ha, was ever the like heard of? was ever any 100 thing so pleasant?

Sir *Da.* I'll lock her up three daies, and three nights, without meat, drink or light, I'll humble her in the Devils name.

Sir *Jol.* Well, cou'd I but meet my Friend Sir *Davy*, it 105 wou'd be the joyfulest news for him—

Sir *Da.* Who's there that has any thing to say to me?

Sir *Jol.* Ah my Friend of Friends, such news, such tidings.

Sir *Da.* I have lost my Wife Man.

110

Sir *Jol.* Lost her! She's not dead I hope.

Sir *Da.* Yes, Alas, she's dead, irrecoverably lost.

Sir *Jol.* Why I parted with her within this half hour.

Sir *Da.* Did you so, are you sure it was she? where was it? I'll have my Lord-Chief-Justices Warrant and a Con- 115 stable presentlie.

Sir *Jol.* And she made the purest sport now, with a Young Fellow, Man, that she met withall accidentally.

88 Sir. 89 *Knights-bridge* Q 1, 2 91 *Knights-bridge* Q 1, 2
97 ponds, Q 1, 2 100 he, ha, Q 1, 2 105 Friend, Q 1, 2 107 me.

Sir *Da.* Oh Lord! that's worse and worse, a Young
 120 fellow!—my Wife making sport with a young fellow!
 oh Lord! here are doings! here are vagaries! I'll run mad,
 I'll climb *Bow* Steeple presently, bestride the Dragon, and
 preach Cuckoldom to the whole City.

Sir *Joll.* The best of all was too, that it happen'd to be
 125 an Idle Coxcomb that pretended to be in love with her,
 Neighbour.

Sir *Da.* Indeed! in love with her! who was it? what's
 his Name? I warrant you won't tell a Body,—I'll indite
 him in the Crown Office; no I'll Issue Warrants to appre-
 130 hend him for Treason upon the Statue of *Edw.* 19th.
 Won't you tell me what young Fellow it was? was it a
 very handsome young Fellow, hah?—

Sir *Jol.* Handsome? yes hang him the fellow's hand-
 some enough; he is not very handsom neither, but he has
 135 a devillish leering black-eye.

Sir *Da.* Oh Lord!

Sir *Jol.* His face too is a good rideing Face, 'tis no soft
 effeminate complexion indeed, but his countenance is
 ruddy, sanguine and chearful, a devillish fellow in a Corner,
 140 I'll warrant him.

Sir *Da.* Bless us! what will become of me, why the devil
 did I marry a young Wife? Is he very well shap'd too, tall,
 straight, and proportionable, hah?—

Sir *Jol.* Tall? No, he's not very tall neither, yet he is
 145 tall enough too, he's none of your overgrown lubberly
Flanders Jades, but more of the true *English* breed, well
 knit, able, and fit for service old Boy; the Fellow is well
 shap'd truely, very well proportion'd, strong, and active;
 I have seen the Rogue leap like a Buck.

150 Sir *Da.* Who can this be? Well, and what think you,
 Friend, has he been there? Come, come, I'm sensible she's
 a young Woman, and I am an old Fellow, troth a very

122 *Bow* *Q* 1, 2 125 in lover | her 131 won't *Q* 1, 2
 131 was, *Q* 1, 2 132 hah— *Q* 1, 2 136 Lord? 137 to is 143 hah!—
Q 1, 2 146 *Flanders* *Q* 1, 2

old Fellow, I signifie little or nothing now: but do you think he has prevailed? am I Cuckold, Neighbour?

Sir *Jol.* Cuckold! what! a Cuckold in *Covent-garden*? No ¹⁵⁵
I'll assure you, I believe her to be the most vertuous Woman in the World; but if you had but seen!——

Sir *Da.* Ay, wou'd I had, what was it?

Sir *Jol.* How like a Rogue she us'd him: First of all comes me up the Spark to her, Madam, says he——and ¹⁶⁰
then he bows down, thus——how now, says she, what would the impertient Fellow have?

Sir *Da.* Humph! ha! well, and what then?

Sir *Jol.* Madam, says he again (bowing as he did before) my heart is so entirely yours, that except you take pitie ¹⁶⁵
of my sufferings I must here dy at your Feet.

Sir *Da.* So, and what said she again, Neighbour? ha!

Sir *Jol.* Go, you are a Fop.

Sir *Da.* Ha, ha, ha, did she indeed? Did she say so indeed? I am glad on't, troth I am very glad on't; well, ¹⁷⁰
and what next? And how, and well, and what? ha!——

Sir *Jol.* Madam, says he, this won't do; I am your humble Servant, for all this; you may pretend to be as ill-natur'd as you please, but I shall make bold.

Sir *Da.* Was there ever such an impudent Fellow? ¹⁷⁵

Sir *Jol.* With that, Sirrah, says she, you are a sawsie Jackanapes and I'll have you kickt.

Sir *Da.* Ha, ha, ha! Well I wou'd not be unmarri'd again to be an Angel.

Sir *Jol.* But the best Jeast of all was, who this should be ¹⁸⁰
at last.

Sir *Da.* Ay, who indeed! I'll warrant you some silly Fellow or other; poor Fool!

Sir *Jol.* E'en a scandalous Rake-hell, that lingers up and down the Town by the Name of Captain *Beaugard*, ¹⁸⁵
but he has been a bloody Cuckold-making Scoundrel in his time.

Sir *Da.* Hang him Sot, is it he? I don't value him thus,

¹⁵³ now, *Q* 1, 2 ¹⁵⁴ Neighbour. ¹⁶² have. ¹⁷³ this, *Q* 1, 2

not a wet finger Man, to my knowledge she hates him, she
 190 scorns him Neighbour, I know it, I am very well satisf'd
 in the point, besides I have seen him since that, and out-
 hector'd him: I am to tell her from his own mouth, that he
 promises never to affront her more.

Sir *Jol.* Indeed.

195 Sir *Da.* Ay, Ay.—

Enter Lady Dunce, paying her Chairman.

Chairman. God bless you, Madam, thank your Honour.

Sir *Jol.* Hush, hush, there's my Lady, I'll be gone, I'll
 not be seen, your humble Servant, God b'w'y.

Sir *Da.* No, faith, Sir *Jolly*, e'en go into my house now,
 200 and stay Supper with me, we han't supt together a great
 while.

Sir *Jol.* Hah! say you so, I don't care if I do, faith
 with all my heart; this may give me an opportunity to set
 all things right again. [*Aside.*

205 Sir *Da.* My Dear!

Lady *D.* Sir!

Sir *Da.* You have been abroad, my Dear, I see.

Lady *D.* Only for a little Air, truly I was almost stiffl'd
 within doors, I hope you will not be angry, Sir *David*, will
 210 you?

Sir *Da.* Angry, Child! no Child, not I; what should I
 be angry for?

Lady *D.* I wonder Sir *David*, you will serve me at this
 rate. Did you not promise me to go in my behalf to
 215 *Beaugard* and correct him according to my instructions
 for his insolence?

Sir *Da.* So I did, Child; I have been with him, Sweet-
 heart, I have told him all to a tittle, I gave him back again
 the Picture too, but as the Devil would have it, I forgot
 220 the Ring, faith I did.

Lady *D.* Did you purpose, Sir *Sodom*, to render me

194 *Q 1, 2 print here like a stage-direction: (A Letter.)* 199 No *Q 1, 2*
 203 withall *Q 1, 2* 207 see! *Q 1, 2* 211 Angry *Q 1, 2* 212 for!
 216 insolence.

ridiculous to the man I abominate? what scandalous interpretation think you must he make of my retaining any trifle of his sent me on so dishonourable terms?

Sir *Da*. Really, my Lamb, thou art in the right, yet ²²⁵ I went back afterwards, Dear-heart, and did the business to some purpose.

Lady *D*. I am glad that you did, with all my heart.

Sir *Da*. I gave him his lesson, I'll warrant him.

Lady *D*. Lesson! what lesson had you to give him? ²³⁰

Sir *Da*. Why I told him as he lik'd that usage he might come again, ha, ha, ha.

Lady *D*. Ay, and so let him.

Sir *Da*. With all my heart, I'll give him free leave, or hang me: though thou wou'd'st not imagine how the poor ²³⁵ Devil's alter'd. La you there now, but as certainly as I stand here, that man is troubled that he swears he shall not rest day nor night till he has satisfied thee; prithee be satisf'd with him if 'tis possible, my Dear, prithee do, I promis'd him before I left him to tell thee as much, for ²⁴⁰ the poor wretch looks so simply, I cou'd not chuse but pity him I vow and swear, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Jol*. Now, now, you little Witch, now you Chitsface, odd I cou'd find in my heart to put my little Finger in your Bubbies. ²⁴⁵

Lady *D*. Sir *Da*. I must tell you, that I cannot but resent your so soon reconcilment with a man that I hate worse then death, and that if you lov'd me with half that tenderness which you profess, you wou'd not forget an affront so palpably, and so basely offer'd me. ²⁵⁰

Sir *Da*. Why Chicken where's the remedy? what's to be done? how wouldst thou have me deal with him?

Lady *D*. Cut his throat.

Sir *Da*. Bless us for ever! cut his throat? what do murder? ²⁵⁵

222 abominate, *Q* 1, 2 224 terms. 228 did *Q* 1, 2 232 again
234 leave 242 ha, ha, ha., 243 *Jol*. Now, now, *Q* 1, 2
246 Sir *Da*. *Q* 1 Sir *David* *Q* 2 254 ever? *Q* 1, 2

Lady *D.* Murder, yes, any thing to such an incorrigible Enemy of your honour, one that has resolv'd to persist in abusing of you; see here this letter, this I received since I last parted with you; just now it was thrown into my
 260 Chair by an impudent Lacquey of his, kept o' purpose for such employments.

Sir *Da.* Let me see: A Letter indeed!—for the Lady *Dunce*—damn'd Rogue, treacherous dog, what can he say in the inside now? here's a Villain.

265 Lady *D.* Yes, you had best break it open, you had so, 'tis like the rest of your discretion.

Sir *Da.* Lady, if I have an enemy it is best for me to know what mischief he intends me, therefore, with your leave I will break it open.

270 Lady *D.* Do, do, to have him believe that I was pleas'd enough with it to do it my self; if you have the Spirit of a Gentleman in you, cary it back, and dash it as it is in the face of that audacious Fellow.

Sir *Jol.* What can be the meaning of this now?

275 Sir *Da.* A Gentleman, yes, Madam, I am a Gentleman, and the world shall find that I am a Gentleman—I have certainly the best Woman in the World.

Lady *D.* What do you think must be the end of all this? I have no refuge in the world, but your kindness; had I a
 280 Jealous Husband now, how miserable must my life be!

Sir *Jol.* Ah Rogues Nose! ah Devil! ah Toad! cunning Thief, wheedling Slut, I'll bite her by and by.

Sir *Dav.* Poor Fool! no Dear, I am not Jealous, nor never will be jealous of thee: Do what thou wilt thou shalt
 285 not make me Jealous, I love thee too well to suspect thee.

Lady *D.* Ah but how long will you do so?

Sir *Da.* How long! as long as I live I warrant thee, I—don't talk to a body so: I cannot hold out if thou dost, my eyes will run over: poor Fool, poor Birdsnies! poor Lambkin!

258 you, Q 1, 2 | letter 259 you 264 now, 271 self,
 Q 1, 2 279 kindness, Q 1, 2 281 Nose 289 over, Q 1, 2
 289 Lambkin.

Lady *D.* But will you be so kind to me to answer my 290 desires, will you once more endeavour to make that Tray-tor sensible that I have too just an esteem of you, not to vallue his addresses as they deserve?

Sir *Da.* Ay, Ay, I will.

Lady *D.* But don't stay away too long Dear, make 295 what haste you can, I shall be in pain till I see you again.

Sir *Da.* My Dear, my Love, my Babby, I'll be with thee in a moment: how happy am I above the rest of men! Neighbour, dear Neighbour, walk in with my Wife, and keep her company, till I return again. Child don't be 300 troubled, prithee don't be troubled, was there ever such a Wife, well, da, da, da, don't be troubled, prithee, don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, Da, da. [*Exit.*

Lady *D.* Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* Don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, 305 da, da.

Lady *Du.* But Sir *Jolly*, can you guess whereabouts my wand'ring Officer may be probably found now?

Sir *Jol.* Found, Ladie? he is to be found, Madam, he is to be at my house presently Ladie, he's certainly one of 310 the finest Fellows in the World.

Lady *D.* You speak like a Friend, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* His Friend, Lady? no Madam his Foe, his utter Enemy, I shall be his ruin, I shall undo him.

Lady *D.* You may, if you please, then come both and 315 play at Cards this evening with me for an hour or two, for I have contriv'd it so that Sir *David* is to be abroad at Supper to night, he cannot possibly avoid it; I long to win some of the Captains Money strangely.

Sir *Jol.* Do you so, my Gamester? Well, I'll besure to 320 bring him, and for what he carries about him I'll warrant you—odd he's a pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow, he has only one fault.

293 deserve. 296 can 297 My hear, 298 moment, Q 1, 2 | men:
300 again, 302 well 303 Da, da, 305 trouled, da, 309 Found
Ladie? Q 1, 2 313 Lady; Q 1, 2 316 at Dards 320 be sure Q 2

Lady *D.* And what is that? I beseech you Sir.

325 Sir *Jol.* Only too Loving, too good Natur'd, that's all; 'tis certainly the best natur'd Fool breathing, that's all his fault.

Lady *D.* Hist, hist, I think I see company coming; if you please, Sir *Jolly* we'll go in.

Enter Beaugard follow'd by Sir Davy, Vermin.

330 Sir *Jol.* Mum, mum, mum, 'tis he himself the very same; odds so Sir *Davy* after him too, hush, hush, hush, let us be gone, let us retire, do but look upon him now, mind him a little, there's a shape, there's an Air, there's a motion! Ah Rogue, ah Devil, get you in, get you in, I say there's
335 a shape for you. *[Exit.]*

Beau. What the Divel shall I do to recover this days loss again? my honourable Pimp too, my Pander Knight has forsaken me, methinks I am quandari'd like one going with a party to discover the Enemies Camp, but had lost
340 his guide upon the mountains: Curse on him, old *Argus* is here agen, there can be no good Fortune towards me when he's at my heels.

Sir *Da.* Sir, Sir, Sir, one word with you Sir! Captain, Captain, noble Captain, one word, I beseech you.

345 *Beau.* With me Friend?

Sir *Da.* Yes with you, my no Friend.

Beau. Sir *David* my intimate my Bosom Physitian——

Sir *Da.* Ah Rogue! damn'd Rogue!

Beau. My Confessor, my dearest Friend I ever had——

350 Sir *Da.* Dainty Wheadle, here's a Fellow for ye.

Beau. One that has taught me to be in love with Vertue and shown me the ugly inside of my Follies.

Sir *Da.* Sir, your humble Servant.

Beau. Is that all? if you are as cold in your Love as
355 you are in your Friendship, Sir *Davy*, your Lady has the worst time on't of any one in Christendom.

324 that *Q 1, 2* | Sir? *Q 1, 2* 328 coming, *Q 1, 2* 337 again, *Q 1, 2*
339 Camp; *Q 1, 2* 349 Friend, *Q 1, 2* 351 Sir *Da.* One 356 o'nt

Sir *Da.* So she has, Sir, when she cannot be free from the insolent solicitations of such Fellows as you are, Sir.

Beau. As me, Sir? why who am I, good Sir Domine Doddle-pate? 360

Sir *Da.* So take notice he threatens me, I'll have him bound to the peace instantly: will you never have remorse of Conscience Friend? have you banisht all shame from your Soul? Do you consider my name is Sir *Davy Duncce*? that I have the most vertuous Wife living? Do you con- 365
sider that? Now, how like a Rogue he looks again; what a hang-dog leer was that?

Beau. Your vertuous Wife, Sir, you are always harping upon that string, Sir *Davy*.

Sir *Da.* No 'tis you wou'd be harping upon that string, 370
Sir, see you this? cast your eyes upon this, this Letter Sir, did not you promise this very day, to abandon all manner of proceedings of this Nature tending to the dishonour of me and my Family?

Beau. Letter, Sir? what the divel does he mean now? 375
Let me see, For the Lady *Duncce*: this is no scrawl of mine, I'll be Sworn; by *Jove* her own hand! What a Dog was I! forty to one but I had play'd the Fool, and spoil'd all again; was there ever so Charming a Creature breathing—did your Lady deliver this to your hands Sir? 380

Sir *Da.* Ev'n her own self in person, Sir, and bad me tell you Sir, that she has too just an esteem of me Sir, not to vallue such a Fellow as you are as you deserve.

Beau. Very good: (*Reads the Letter*) I doubt not but this Letter will surprize you—(in troth, and so it does 385
extreamly) but reflect upon the manner of conveighing it to your hand as kindly as you can.

Sir *Da.* Ay a damn'd Thief to have it thrown into the Chair by a Footman.

Beau. (*Reads*) Would Sir *Davy* were but half so kind as 390
to you I am.

362 instantly, *Q 1, 2* 365 living: 376 *Duncce*, *Q 1, 2*
377 Sworn *Q 1, 2* 380 Sir. 385 surprize 390—1 kind to you as I am *Q 2*

Sir *Da.* Say you so you insinuating Knave?

Beau. *<Reads>* But he I am satisfi'd is so severely
Jealous, that except you contrive some way to let me see
395 you this evening, I fear all will be hopeless.

Sir *Da.* Impudent Traytor, I might have been a Monster
yet before I had got my Supper in my Belly.

Beau. *<Reads>* In order to which either appear your
self, or some body for you, half an hour hence in the
400 *Piazza*, where more may be considered of, adieu.

Sir *Da.* Thanks to you noble Sir, with all my heart, you
are come I see accordingly, but as a Friend I am bound in
Conscience to tell the business won't do, the trick won't
pass Friend, you may put up your Pipes, and march off:
405 Oh Lord! he lye with my Wife, Pughhhh, he make Sir
Davy Duncce a Cuckold, poor wretch, ha, ha, ha.

<Enter Sir Jolly>

Sir *Jol.* Hist, hist, hist.

Enter Lady Duncce, and Fourbin disguis'd.

Lady *D.* That's he, there he is! succeed and be re-
warded. *<To Fourb.>*

410 *Four.* Other people may think what they please; but in
my own opinion, I am a very pretty Fellow now; if my
design but succeed upon this old Baboon, I'll be canoniz'd.
Sir, Sir, Sir.

Sir *Da.* Friend! with me? Wou'd you speak with me,
415 Friend?

Fourb. Sir, my commands were to attend your Worship.

Sir *Jol.* *Beaugard, Beaugard*, hist, hist, here here,
quickly hist. *<Ex. Beau. and Sir J.>*

Sir *Da.* Where do you live, Sweet-heart, and who do
420 you belong to?

Fourb. Sir I am a small instrument of the City, I serve
the Lord Mayor in his Office there.

392 Knave. *Q 1, 2* | *Q 1, 2 print here a wrong stage-dir: (Sir Jolly*
Reads.) 395 evening: *Q 1 2* 396 Traytor 405 Pughhhh
411 now, *Q 1, 2* 412 canoniz'd 415 Friend. *Q 1, 2* 420 too?

Sir *Da.* How the Lord Mayor!

Four. Yes, Sir, who desires you by all means to do him the Honour of your company at supper this evening. 425

Sir *Da.* It will be the greatest honour I ever received in my Life: what my Lord Mayor Invite me to supper? I am his Lordships most humble servant.

Four. Yes, Sir, if your name be Sir *Davy Dunce*, as I have the honour to be inform'd it is, he desires you more- 430 over to make what haste you can, for that he has some matters of importance to communicate to your honour which may take up some time.

Lady *D.* I hope it will succeed. *<Aside>*

Sir *Da.* Communicate with me! he does me too noble 435 a favour, I'll fly upon the wings of Ambition to lay my self at his Footstool; My Lord-Mayor sends himself to invite me to Supper, to confer with me too: I shall certainly be a great Man.

Fourb. What Answer will your Worship charge me back 440 withal?

Sir *Da.* Let his Lordship know that I am amazed, and confounded, at his generosity, and that I am so transported with the honour he does me, that I will not fail to wait on him in the roasting of an Egg. 445

Fourb. I am your Worships lowly Slave. *<Exit.>*

Sir *Da.* *Vermin*, go get the Coach ready, get me the Gold Medal too and Chain which I took from the *Roman* Catholik Officer for a Popish Relick; I'll be fine, I'll shine and drink Wine that's Divine, My Lord-Mayor invite me 450 to Supper!

Lady *D.* My Dearest, I'm glad to see thee return'd in safety, from the bottom of my heart: hast thou seen the Traitor?

Sir *Da.* Seen him? hang him, I have seen him, Pox on 455 him, seen him.

Lady *D.* Well, and what is become of him? Where is he?

427 Life, *Q* 1, 2 435 with me, *Q* 1, 2 447 Vermin, *Q* 1, 2
453 safety *Q* 1, 2 | heart, *Q* 1, 2 457 him!

Sir *Da*. Why dost thou ask me where he is? what a Pox
care I what becomes of him? prithee don't trouble me
460 with thy impertinence, I am busie.

Lady *D*. You are not Angry, my Dear, are you?

Sir *Da*. No, but I am pleas'd, and that's all one, very
much pleas'd let me tell you, but that I am only to Sup
with my Lord-Mayor, that's all, nothing else in the World,
465 only the business of the Nation calls upon me, that's all,
therefore once more I say don't be troublesome, but stand
off.

Lady *D*. You always think my company troublesome,
you never stay at home to comfort me; what think you
470 I shall do alone by my self all this Evening, mopeing in
my Chamber? pray my Joy stay with me for once; I hope
he won't take me at my word. *[Aside.*

Sir *Da*. I say again and again, Tempter stand off, I will
not lose my preferment for my pleasure, honour is
475 towards me, and flesh and blood are my Aversion.

Lady *D*. But how long will you stay then?

Sir *Da*. I don't know, may be not an hour, may be all
night, as his Lordship and I think fit, what's that to any
body.

480 Lady *D*. You are very cruel to me.

Sir *Da*. I can't help it, go get you in and pass away the
time with your Neighbour, I'll be back again before I die,
in the mean time be humble and conformable, go: is the
Coach ready?

485 *Verm.* Yes Sir.

Sir *Da*. Well, your Servant: what nothing to my Lady
Mayoress! you have a great deal of Breeding indeed, a
great deal, nothing to my Lady Mayoress?

Lady *D*. My service to her, if you please.

490 Sir *Da*. Well, Da, da, the poor fool cries o' my conscience!
Adieu, do you hear, farewell. *[Exit.*

Lady *D*. As well as what I love can make me.

459 him, *Q* 1, 2
471 Chamber, *Q* 1, 2

469 me, *Q* 1, 2
480 me:

470 Evening? *Q* 1, 2
486 Servant, *Q* 1, 2

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir *Jol.* Madam, is he gone?

Lady *D.* In post haste I assure.

Sir *Jol.* In troth, and joy go with him. 495

Lady *D.* Do you then, Sir *Jolly*, conduct the Captain hither, whilst I go and dispose of the Family, that we may be private. [*Ex.*

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir *Da.* Troth I had forgot my Medal and Chain, quite and clean, forgot my Relique. I was forced to come up 500 these back stairs, for fear of meeting my Wife again, it is the troublesom'st loving Fool. I must into my Closet and write a short Letter too, 'tis Post night, I had forgot that; well, I would not have my Wife catch me for a Guinny. [*Exit.* 505

Enter Beaugard and Lady D<unce>.

Beau. Are you very certain, Madam, no body is this way? I fancy as we enter'd I saw the glimpse of something more than ordinary.

Lady *D.* Is it your care of me, or your personal fears, that make you so suspitious? whereabouts was the Ap- 510 parition?

Beau. There, there, just at the very door.

Lady *D.* Fie for shame, that's Sir *Davy's* Closet, and he I am satisfi'd is far enough off by this time, I'm sure I heard the Coach drive him away. But to convince you, 515 you shall see now; Sir *Davy*, Sir *Davy*, Sir *Davy*, [*knocking at the Closet door*] look you there, you a Captain and afraid of a shadow? come Sir, shall we call for the Cards?

Beau. And what shall we play for, pretty One?

Lady *D.* Ee'n what you think best, Sir. 520

Beau. Silver Kisses or Golden Joyes? come let us make Stakes a little.

493 gone 495 troth *Q* 1, 2 496 Sir *Q* 1, 2 497 Family
500 Relique, *Q* 1, 2 502 Fool, *Q* 1, 2 509 me? *Q* 1, 2 510 suspitious,
516 Sir *Q* 1, 2 | Sir *Q* 1, 2 | Sir *Q* 1, 2 518 shadow, *Q* 1, 2
519 for | One! *Q* 1, 2 521 Joyes! *Q* 1, 2

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir *Jolly*. Ah Rogue, ah Rogue! are you there? have I caught you in Faith, now, now, now!

525 Lady *D*. And who shall keep them?

Beau. You, till Sir *Davy* returns from Supper.

Lady *D*. That may be long enough, for our Engine *Fourbin* has Orders not to give him over suddenly, I assure you.

530 *Beau*. And is't to your self then I'm oblig'd for this blest opportunity? Let us improve it to Love's best advantage.

Sir *Jolly*. Ah, h, h, h! Ah, h, h, h!

Beau. Let's vow eternal, and raise our thoughts to expectation of immortal pleasures, in one anothers eyes let's
535 read our joyes till we've no longer power o're our desires, drunk with this dissolving,—oh!—

Enter Sir Davy from his Closet.

Lady *D*. Ah!

[*Squeaks.*

Beau. By this light the Cuckold, *Presto*, nay then Hallo.

[*Gets up and runs away.*

Sir *Da*. Oh Lord, a Man! a Man in my Wife's Chamber;
540 Murder, Murder, Thieves, Thieves, shut up my Doors! Madam! Madam! Madam!

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir *Jol*. Ay, Ay, Theives, Thieves, Murder, Murder, where Neighbour, where, where?

Lady *D*. [*Catches up Beaugard's sword which he had left*
545 *behind him in the hurry, and presents it to Sir Davy.*]

Pierce, pierce this wretched Heart hard to the Hilt, dye this in deepest crimson of my Blood, spare not a miserable Womans life, whom Heav'n design'd to be the unhappy object of the most horrid usage Man e'r acted.

550 Sir *Da*. What in the name of Satan does she mean now?

524 Faith 526 Sir *Q* 1, 2 528 suddenly 533 thoughts, *Q* 1, 2
534 'expectation 536 dissolving, *Q* 1, 2 538 *Presto*. 542 Thieves,
urder, 544 *The stage-dir. against the whole speech enclosed within a*
bracket Q 1, 2

Lady *D.* Curse on my fatal beauty! blasted ever be these two baneful eyes, that could inspire a barbarous Villain to attempt such crimes as all my blood's too little to attone for: Nay, you shall hear me.—

Sir *Da.* Hear you, Madam? No, I have seen too much, 555
I thank you heartily, hear you Quotha!—

Lady *D.* Yes, and before I die too I'll be justifi'd.

Sir *Jol.* Justifi'd, oh Lord, justifi'd!—

Lady *D.* Notice being given me of your return, I came with speed to this unhappy place, where I have oft been 560
blest with your Embraces, when from behind the Arras out starts *Beaugard*; how he came there heav'n knows.

Sir *Da.* I'll have him hang'd for Burglary, he has broken my House, and broke the Peace upon my Wife: very good!

Lady *D.* Straight in his Arms he graspt me fast, with 565
much ado I plung'd and got my freedom, ran to your Closet door, knockt and implor'd your aid, call'd on your name, but all in vain—

Sir *Da.* Hah!

Lady *D.* Soon again he seiz'd me, stopt my mouth, and 570
with a Conquerors fury—

Sir *Da.* Oh Lord! oh Lord! no more, no more, I beseech thee, I shall grow mad, I will grow mad, and very mad, I'll plough up Rocks and Adamantine Iron bars, I'll crack the frame of nature, sally out like *Tamberlain* upon the 575
Trojan Horse, and drive the Pigmies all like Geese before me; Oh Lord stop her mouth! well! and how? and what then? stopt thy mouth! well! hah!

Lady *D.* No, though unfortunate, I still am innocent, his cursed purpose could not be accomplisht, but who will 580
live so injur'd? No I'll die to be reveng'd on my self, I ne'r can hope that I may see his streaming gore: and thus I let out my own—

[*Offers to run upon the sword.*]

Sir *Da.* Ha! what wouldst thou do my love, prithee don't break my heart. If thou wilt kill, kill me; I know thou art 585

555 much 564 Wife, *Q* 1, 2 566 I, 578 then! *Q* 1, 2
579 unfortunate 584 prithy 585 heart, ? *Q* 1 heart? *Q* 2

innocent, I see thou art ; though I had rather be a Cuckold
a thousand times than loose thee, poor Love, poor Dearee,
poor Baby.

Sir *Jol.* Alack a day——

[*Weeps.*]

590 Lady *D.* Ah me!——

Sir *Da.* Ah, prithee be comforted now, prithee do, why
I'll love thee the better for this, for all this Mun: why
shouldst be troubled for anothers Ill doings? I know it
was no fault of thine.

595 Sir *Jol.* No, no more it was not, I dare swear.

Sir *Da.* See, see, my Neighbour weeps too, he's troubled
to see thee thus.

Lady *D.* Oh, but revenge!

Sir *Da.* Why thou shalt have revenge, I'll have him
600 murderd, I'll have his throat cut before to morrow morning
Child, rise now, prithee rise.

Sir *Jol.* Ay do Madam, and smile upon Sir *Davy.*

Lady *D.* But will you love me then as well as e're you
did?

605 Sir *Da.* Ay, and the longest day I live too.

Lady *D.* And shall I have Justice done me on that
prodigious Monster?

Sir *Da.* Why, he shall be Crows meat by to morrow
night, I tell thee he shall be Crows meat by midnight
610 Chicken.

Lady *D.* Then I will live, since so 'tis something
pleasant.

When I in Peace may lead a happy Life,
With such a Husband——

615 Sir *Da.* I with such a Wife.

ACT IV.

SCENE *The Tavern.*

Enter Beaugard, Courtine and Drawer.

Draw. WElcome Gentlemen, very welcome Sir: will you please to walk up one pair of stairs.

Beau. Get the great Room ready presently, carry up too a good stock of Bottles before-hand, with Ice to cool our Wine, and Water to refresh our Glasses. 5

Draw. It shall be done Sir; Coming, coming there, Coming: speak up in the Dolphin some-body. *<Exit.>*

Beau. Ah *Courtine*, must we be always idle? must we never see our glorious days again? when shall we be rowling in the Lands of Milk and Honey; incampt in large luxuriant Vineyards, where the loadded Vines Cluster about our Tents, drink the rich Juice, just prest from the plump Grape, feeding on all the fragrant golden Fruit that grow in fertile Climes, and ripen'd by the earliest vigour of the Sun? 15

Court. Ah *Beaugard*! those days have been, but now we must resolve to content our selves at an humble rate: methinks it is not unpleasant to consider how I have seen thee in a large Pavillion; drowning the heat of the day in *Campagne* Wines, sparkling sweet as those charming Beauties, whose dear remembrance every glass recorded, with half a dozen honest Fellows more; Friends *Beaugard*, faithful hearty Friends, things as hard to meet with as preferment here: Fellows that would speak truth boldly, and were proud on't, that scorn'd flattery, loved honesty, for 'twas their portion, and never yet learn'd the Trade of ease and lying; but now—— 25

Beau. Ay, now we are at home in our natural Hives, and sleep like Drones; but there's a Gentleman on the other side the Water, that may make work for us all one day. 30

Cour. But in the mean while——

iv. 8 idle! *Q* 1, 2
honesty; *Q* 1, 2

15 Sun. 22 more, *Q* 1, 2
27 lying, but now.— *Q* 1, 2

25 love'd |

Beau. And but reason: for though we may make bold with another mans Wife in a friendly way, yet nothing upon compulsion Dear-heart.

Court. And now Sir *Jolly*, I hope, is to be the instrument
105 of some immortal Plot, some contrivance for the good of thy body, and the old fellows soul *Beaugard*, for all Cuckolds go to Heaven, that's most certain.

Beau. Sir *Jolly*! Why, on my Conscience he thinks it as much his undoubted Right to be Pimp Master-General
110 to *London* and *Middlesex*, as the Estate he possesses is; by my consent his worship should e'en have a Pattent for it.

Court. He is certainly the fittest for the employment in Christendome; he knows more Families by their Names
115 and Titles, than all the Bellmen within and without the walls.

Beau. Nay he keeps a Catalogue of the choicest Beauties about Town, illustrated with a particular account of their Age, Shape, proportion, colour of Hair and Eyes, degrees
120 of Complexion, Gunpowder Spots and Moles.

Court. I wish the old Pander were bound to satisfy my experience, what marks of good nature my *Sylvia* has about her.

⟨Enter Sir Jolly.⟩

Sir *Jolly*. My Captains! my Sons of *Mars*, and Imps of
125 *Venus*! well encountred! what, shall we have a sparkling Bottle or two, and use Fortune like a Jade? *Beaugard* you are a Rogue, you are a Dog, I hate you, get you gon, go.

Beau. But Sir *Jolly*, what news from Paradise Sir *Jolly*? Is there any hopes I shall come there to Night?

130 Sir *Jolly*. May be there is, may be there is not; I say let us have a Bottle, and I will say nothing else without a Bottle, after a Glass or two my Heart may open.

Court. Why then we will have a Bottle Sir *Jolly*.

102 way. *Q* 1, 2 104 *Sir Q* 1, 2 | hope 108 *Sir Q* 1, 2 | Why *Q* 1, 2
110 is, *Q* 1, 2 122 experience; *Q* 1, 2 125 encountred, what *Q* 1, 2
126 Fortune *Q* 1, 2 128 *Sir Q* 1, 2 | Paradise *Sir Q* 1, 2 129 too Night!
133 *Sir Q* 1, 2

Court. To be forced to concurr with his Non-sence too, and laugh at his Parish Jests.

Beau. To use respects and ceremonies to the Milch-Cow his Wife, and praise her pretty Children, though they stink 70 of their Mother, and are uglier than the issue of a Baboon; yet all this must be endured.

Court. Must it *Beaugard*?

Beau. And since 'tis so let's think of a Bottle.

Court. With all my Heart, for rayling and drinking do 75 much better together then by themselves; a private room, a trusty Friend or two, good Wine and bold Truths, are my happiness; but where's our dear Friend and intimate, Sir *Jolly*, this Evening?

Beau. To deal like a friend *Courtine*, I parted with him 80 but just now, he's gone to contrive me a meeting if possible this Night with the Woman my Soul is most fond of: I was this Evening just entering upon the Pallace of all Joy, when I met with so damnable a disappointment—in short, that Plague to all Well meaning Women, the 85 Husband, came unseasonably and forc't a poor Lover to his Heels, that was fairly making his progress another way *Courtine*; the Story thou shalt hear more at large hereafter.

Court. A Plague on him, why didst thou not Murder the presumptuous Cuckold? saucy intruding Clown, to dare to 90 disturb a Gentleman's privacies! I would have beaten him into Sence of his transgression, injoy'd his Wife before his Face, and a taught the Dog his Duty.

Beau. Look you *Courtine*, you think you are dealing with the Landlord of your Winter Quarters in *Alsatia* now? 95 friend, friend, there is a difference between a freeborn English Cuckold, and a sneaking Wittal of a Conquered Province.

Court. Oh by all means! there ought to be a difference observed between your arbitrary Whoring and your limited Fornication.

100

71 Baboon, *Q* 1, 284 damnably *Q* 1, 2*Q* 1, 2 | shalt here92 transgression; *Q* 1, 273 *Beaugard*.

86 Husband

90 Clown? *Q* 1, 279 *Sir Q* 1, 2 | Evening.

87 Heels

88 *Courtine*,91 privacies, *Q* 1, 2

Beau. And but reason: for though we may make bold with another mans Wife in a friendly way, yet nothing upon compulsion Dear-heart.

Court. And now Sir *Jolly*, I hope, is to be the instrument
105 of some immortal Plot, some contrivance for the good of thy body, and the old fellows soul *Beaugard*, for all Cuckolds go to Heaven, that's most certain.

Beau. Sir *Jolly*! Why, on my Conscience he thinks it as much his undoubted Right to be Pimp Master-General
110 to *London* and *Middlesex*, as the Estate he possesses is; by my consent his worship should e'en have a Pattent for it.

Court. He is certainly the fittest for the imployment in Christendome; he knows more Families by their Names
115 and Titles, than all the Bellmen within and without the walls.

Beau. Nay he keeps a Catalogue of the choicest Beauties about Town, illustrated with a particular account of their Age, Shape, proportion, colour of Hair and Eyes, degrees
120 of Complexion, Gunpowder Spots and Moles.

Court. I wish the old Pander were bound to satisfy my experience, what marks of good nature my *Sylvia* has about her.

⟨*Enter Sir Jolly.*⟩

Sir *Jolly*. My Captains! my Sons of *Mars*, and Imps of
125 *Venus*! well encountred! what, shall we have a sparkling Bottle or two, and use Fortune like a Jade? *Beaugard* you are a Rogue, you are a Dog, I hate you, get you gon, go.

Beau. But Sir *Jolly*, what news from Paradise Sir *Jolly*? Is there any hopes I shall come there to Night?

130 Sir *Jolly*. May be there is, may be there is not; I say let us have a Bottle, and I will say nothing else without a Bottle, after a Glass or two my Heart may open.

Court. Why then we will have a Bottle Sir *Jolly*.

102 way: *Q* 1, 2 104 Sir *Q* 1, 2 | hope 108 Sir *Q* 1, 2 | Why *Q* 1, 2
110 is, *Q* 1, 2 122 experience; *Q* 1, 2 125 encountred, what *Q* 1, 2
126 Fortune *Q* 1, 2 128 Sir *Q* 1, 2 | Paradise Sir *Q* 1, 2 129 too Night!
133 Sir *Q* 1, 2

Sir *Jolly*. Will? we'l have dozens and drink till we'r wise, and speak well of no body, till we are lewder than 135 midnight-whores, and out-rail disbanded Officers.

Beau. Only one thing more my noble Knight, and then we are entirely at thy disposal.

Sir *Jolly*. Well and what's that? what's the business?

Beau. This Friend of mine here stands in need of thy 140 Assistance, he's damnably in Love Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jolly*. In Love is he so! in Love! 'ods my Life! is he! what's her Name? where does she live? I warrant you I know her, she's in my Table-Book I'l warrant you: Virgin, Wife, or Widdow? [pulls out a Table-Book. 145

Court. In troth Sir *Jolly*, that's something a difficult question, but as Virgins go now, she may pass for one of them.

Sir *Jolly*. Virgin, very good: let me see; Virgin: Virgin, Virgin, oh here are the Virgins, truly I meet with the 150 fewest of this sort of any: well and the first Letter of her Name now! for a wager I guess her.

Court. Then you must know Sir *Jolly*, that I love my Love with an S.

Sir *Jolly*. S. S. S. Oh here are the Esses, let me consider 155 now——*Sappho*?

Court. No sir.

Sir *Jolly*. *Selinda*?

Court. Neither.

Sir *Jolly*. *Sophronia*? 160

Court. You must guess again I assure you.

Sir *Jolly*. *Silvia*? •

Court. Ay, Ay, Sir *Jolly*, that's the fatal Name, *Silvia* the fair, the witty, the ill-natured, do you know her my Friend? 165

Sir *Jolly*. Know her? Why she is my Daughter, and I have adopted her these seven years: *Silvia*, let me look;

141 Sir <i>Q</i> 1, 2	142 Life! is she! <i>Q</i> 1, 2	145 Widdow! <i>Q</i> 1, 2
146 Sir <i>Q</i> 1, 2	149 Virgin very <i>Q</i> 1, 2	151 any, <i>Q</i> 1, 2
153 Sir <i>Q</i> 1, 2	156 — <i>Sappho</i> . <i>Q</i> 1, 2	158 <i>Selinda</i> . <i>Q</i> 1, 2
160 <i>Sophronia</i> . <i>Q</i> 1, 2	162 <i>Silvia</i> . <i>Q</i> 1, 2	

Light Brown Hair, her Face Oval and Roman, quick sparkling Eyes, plump pregnant Ruby Lips, with a Mole on her
 170 Breast, and the perfect likeness of a Heart-Cherry on her left Knee; Ah Villain! Ah sly Cap! have I caught you? are you there i'faith? well and what says she? is she coming? do her Eyes betray her? does her Heart beat, and her Bubbies rise, when you talk to her, hah?—

175 *Beau.* Look you Sir *Jolly*, all things considered, it may make a shift to come to a Marriage in time.—

Sir Jolly. I'll have nothing to do in it, I won't be seen in the business of Matrimony; make me a Match-maker? a filthy Marriage Broker, Sir I scorn, I know better things;
 180 look you Friend, to carry her a Letter from you or so, upon good Terms, though it be in a Church I'll deliver it, or when the business is come to an issue, if I may bring you handsomely together, and so forth, I'll serve thee with all my Soul; and thank thee into the bargain: thank thee
 185 heartily dear Rogue, I will you little Cock-sparrow, faith and troth I will; but no Matrimony Friend, I'll have nothing to do with Matrimony; 'tis a damn'd invention worse than a Monopoly, and a destroyer of civil correspondence.

Enter Drawer.

190 *Drawer.* Gentlemen your room is ready, your Wine and Ice upon the Table, will your Honours please to walk in?

Sir Jolly. Ay wine, wine, give us wine, a pox on Matrimony, Matrimony in the Devils name.

Court. But if an honest Harlot or two chance to enquire
 195 for us Friend—

Sir Jolly. Right Sirrah, if Whores come never so many, give 'em reverence, and reception; but nothing else, let nothing but Whores and Bottles come near us, as you tender your Ears.

[they go within the Scene where is discover'd Table and Bottles.]

171 you; *Q* 1, 2 183 forth; *Q* 1, 2 191 Houours 195 Friend. *Q* 1, 2
 197 reception, *Q* 1, 2

Beau. Why there's, there's the land of *Canaan* now in 200
little, hark you, *Drawer*, Dog, shut, shut the Door *Syrrah*,
do you hear, shut it so close, that neither cares, nor
necessitys may peep in upon us.

Enter Sir Davy, Fourbin and Bloody Bones, Drawer.

Fourbin. *Bloody-bones* be you sure to behave your self
handsomely and like your profession, shew your self a Cut- 205
Throat of parts, and wee'l fleece him.

Blood. My Lady says, We must be expeditious. Sir *Jolly*
has giv'n notice to the Capt. by this time, so that nothing
is wanting but the management of this over-grown Gull
to make us *Hectors* at large, and keep the Whore Fortune 210
under.

Drawer. Welcome Gentlemen, very welcome Sir, wil't
please you to walk into a Room? or shall I wait upon your
Honours pleasure here?

Sir *Da.* Sweet heart let us be private, and bring us Wine 215
hither: so——

[sits down.

From this moment, War, War; and mortal dudgeon against
that enemy of my Honour, and Theif of my good Name
called *Beaugard*. You can cut a Throat upon occasion you
say Freind? 220

Fourbin. Sir cutting of Throats is my Hereditary voca-
tion, my Father was hang'd for cutting of Throats before
me, and my Mother for cutting of Purses.

Sir *Da.* No more to be said, my Courage is mounted
like a little *French*-man upon a great Horse; and I'l have 225
him murder'd.

Fourbin. Sir, Murder'd you say Sir?

Sir *Da.* Ay Murder'd I say Sir, his Face flay'd off, and
nayl'd to a post in my great Hall in the Country, amongst
all the other Trophies of wild Beasts slain by our Family 230
since the Conquest: there's never a Whore-Masters head
there yet.

207 expeditious, *Sir Q 1, 2*

219 you can 220 Freind. *Q 1, 2*

214 here.

224 said

216 hither, *Q 1, 2*

Fourbin. Sir for that let me recommend this worthy Friend of mine to your Service, he's an industrious Gentle-
 235 man and one that will deserve your Favour.

Sir *Da.* He looks but something ruggedly though me-thinks.

Fourbin. But Sir his Parts will attone for his Person: forms and fashions are the least of his study: he affects a
 240 sort of Phylosophical negligence indeed, but Sir make trial of him, and you'll find him a Person fit for the work of this World.

Sir *Da.* What trade are you Freind?

Blood. No trade at all Freind, I profess Murder: Rascally
 245 Butchers make a trade on't, tis a Gentlemans Divertisement.

Sir *Da.* Do you profess Murder?

Blood. Yes Sir, 'tis my Livelyhood: I keep a Wife and six Children by it.

250 Sir *Da.* Then Sir here's to you with all my Heart; wou'd I had done with these Fellows. *<Aside>*

Fourb. Well Sir if you have any Service for us, I desire we may receive your Gold and your instructions so soon as is possible.

255 Sir *Da.* Soft and fair, Sweetheart, I love to see a little how I lay out my Money: have you very good trading now a days in your way Freind?

Blood. In peaceable times a man may eat and drink comfortably upon't, a private Murder done handsomely is
 260 worth Money: but now that the Nation's unsettled, there are so many general undertakers, that 'tis grown almost a Monopoly, you may have a man Murder'd almost for little or nothing and no Body e'r know who did it neither.

Sir *Da.* Pray what Country man are you? where were
 265 you born most Noble Sir?

Blood. Indeed my Country is Forreign, I was Born in *Algier*; my Mother was an Apostate *Greek*, my Father a

247 Murder. 250 withal 255 fair *Q* 1, 2 260 unsettled *Q* 1, 2
 261 undertakers: *Q* 1, 2 267 *Argier*; *Q* 1, 2 | *Greek*

Ranegado *English* Man, who by oppressing of Christian Slaves grew Rich; for which when he lay sick, I Murder'd him one day in his Bed: made my escape to *Maltha*, where 270 imbracing the Faith I had the Honour given me to command a thousand Horse aboard the Gallies of that State.

Sir *Da.* Oh Lord Sir! my humble Service to you again.

Fourbin. He tells you Sir but the naked Truth.

Sir *Jolly.* I doubt it not in the least most worthy Sir: 275 these are devilish fellows I'll warrant 'em. [*Aside.*

Fourb. War Friend, and shining Honour has bin our Province, till rusty peace reduced us to this base obscurity. Ah *Bloody Bones!* Ah when thou and I commanded that party at the Seige of *Philipsburgh!* where in the Face of 280 the Army wee took the impenetrable half Moon.

Blood. Half Moon Sir! by your Favour 'twas a whole Moon.

Fourbin. Brother thou art in the right, 'twas a full Moon, and such a Moon Sir!— 285

Sir *Da.* I doubt it not in the least Gentlemen, but in the meanwhile to our business.

Fourbin. With all my Heart, so soon as you please.

Sir *Da.* Do you know this *Beaugard*, he's a devilish fellow I can tell you but that, he's a Captain. 290

Fourbin. Has he a Heart think you Sir?

Sir *Da.* Oh like a Lion! he fears neither God, Man, nor Devil.

Blood. I'll bring it you for your Breakfast to Morrow, did you never eat a Mans Heart Sir? 295

Sir *Da.* Eat a Mans Heart Friend!

Fourb. Ah, Ay, a Mans Heart Sir, it makes absolutely the best Raggoust in the World. I have eaten forty of 'em in my time without Bread.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord! a Mans Heart! my humble service to 300 you Both Gentlemen.

Blood. Why your Algerine Pirates eat nothing else at sea, they have them always potted up like Venison, your

well-grown Dutchmans Heart makes an excellent Dish
305 with Oyl and Pepper.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord! oh Lord! Friend, Friend, a word with you: how much must you and your Companion have to do this business?

Fourb. What and bring you the Heart home to your
310 house?

Sir *Dav.* No, no, keeping the Heart for your own eating. I'll be rid of 'em as soon as possible I can. *<Aside>*

Fourb. You say Sir he's a Gentleman?—

Sir *Dav.* Ay such a sort of Gentleman as are about this
315 Town: the Fellow has a pretty handsome outside, but I believe little or no money in his Pockets.

Fourb. Therefore we are like to have the honour to receive the more from your Worships bounty.

Blood. For my part I care for no mans bounty: I expect
320 to have my bargain perform'd, and I'll make as good a one as I can.

Sir *Dav.* Look you Friend, don't you be angry Friend, don't be angry Friend before you have occasion: you say you'll have—let's see how much will you have now—
325 I warrant the Devil and all by your good will.

Fourb. Truly Sir *David*, if as you say, the Man must be well murder'd without any remorse or mercy, betwixt Turk and Jew it is honestly worth two hundred pounds.

Sir *Dav.* Two hundred pounds! Why I'll have a Physitian
330 shall kill a whole Family for half the money.

Blood. Damme Sir, how do ye mean?

Sir *Dav.* Damme Sir how do I mean? Damme Sir not to part with my mony.

Blood. Not part Brother!

335 *Fourb.* Brother the Wight is improveable, and this must not be born withal.

Blood. Have I for this dissolv'd Circean Charms?
Broke Iron durance: whilst from these firm Legs

311 eating, *Q 1, 2* 320 perform'd, 322 Friend,: 326 Sir
David 337-40 run on as prose *Q 1, 2* 337 dissolu'd

The well fil'd useless Fetters dropt away,
And left me Master of my native freedom? 340

Sir *Dav.* What, what does he mean now?

Fourb. Truly Sir I am sorry to see it with all my heart,
'tis a distraction that frequently seizes him, though I am
sorry it should happen so unluckily at this time.

Sir *Dav.* Distracted say you! is he so apt to be distracted? 345

Fourb. Oh Sir raging mad: we that live by Murder are
all so: Guilt will never let us sleep. I beseech you Sir
stand clear of him, he's apt to be very mischievous at
these unfortunate hours.

Blood. Have I been drunk with tender Infants blood? 350
And ript up teeming Wombs? Have these bold hands
Ransackt the Temples of the Gods, and stab'd
The Priests before their Altars? Have I done this? hah!

Sir *Dav.* No Sir, not that I know Sir, I would not say
any such thing for all the World Sir: worthy Gentleman, 355
I beseech you Sir, you seem to be a civil person, I beseech
you Sir to mitigate his passion, I'll do any thing in the
World, you shall command my whole Estate.

Fourb. Nay after all Sir, if you have not a mind to have
him quite murder'd, if a swinging drubbing to bed-rid him, 360
or so, will serve your turn, you may have it at a cheaper
rate a great deal.

Sir *Dav.* Truly Sir, with all my heart, for methinks now
I consider matters better, I would not by any means be
guilty of another mans blood. 365

Fourb. Why then let me consider—to have him
beaten substantially; a beating that will stick by him,
will cost you—half the money.

Sir *Dav.* What one hundred pounds! Sure the Devil's in
you, or you would not be so unconscionable. 370

Blood. The Devil! where? where is the Devil? shew me;
I'll tell thee *Belzebub* thou hast broke thy Covenant:

340 freedom Q 1, 2 350-3 run on as prose Q 1, 2 355 Sir,
worthy Q 1, 2 356 person: Q 1, 2 360 him or, 371-4 run on as
prose Q 1, 2 372 Covenant, Q 1, 2

Didst thou not promise me eternal plenty,
When I resign'd my Soul to thy allurements?

375 Sir *Dav.* Ah Lord!

Blood. Touch me not yet: I've yet ten thousand Murders
To Act before I'm thine: with all those sins
I'll come with full damnation to thy Caverns
Of endless pain and houl with thee for ever.

380 Sir *Dav.* Bless us! what will become of this mortal
Body of mine? Where am I? Is this a house? do I live?
am I Flesh and Blood?

Blood. There, there's the Feind again! don't chatter so,
And grin at me; if thou must needs have prey,
385 Take here, take him, this Tempter that would bribe me
With shining Gold,
To stain my hands with new iniquity.

Sir *Dav.* Stand off I charge thee Satan, wheresoe'r thou
art, thou hast no right nor claim to me, I'll have thee
390 bound in Necromantick Charms. Heark you Friend, has
the Gentleman given his Soul to the Devil?

Fourb. Only pawn'd it a little: that's all.

Sir *Dav.* Let me beseech you Sir to dispatch, and get
rid of him as soon as you can. I would gladly drink a
395 Bottle with you Sir, but I hate the Devils Company
mortally; as for the hundred pound, here, here it is ready;
no more words, I'll submit to your good nature and
discretion.

Fourb. Then Wretch take this and make thy peace with
400 the infernal King, he loves Riches, sacrifice and be at
rest. (To Blood.)

Blood. 'Tis done: I'll follow thee, lead on, nay if
Thou smile, I more defy thee; Fee, Fa, Fum. [Exit.]

Fourb. 'Tis very odd this.

405 Sir *Dav.* Very odd indeed, I'm glad he's gone though.

Fourb. Now Sir, if you please we'll refresh our selves

376-9 run on as prose; Q 1, 2 383-7 run on as prose Q 1, 2 384 me,
Q 1, 2 396 mortally, Q 1, 2 | pound Q 1, 2 402-3 run on as prose Q 1, 2
405 indeed

with a chearful glass, and so *Chaque un chez lui*—I would fain make the Gull drunk a little to put a little mettle into him. *<Aside>*

Sir *Dav.* With all my heart Sir, but no more words of ⁴¹⁰ the Devil, if you love me.

Fourb. The Devil's an Ass Sir, and here's a Health to all those that defy the Devil.

Sir *Dav.* With all my heart, and all his works too.

Fourb. Nay Sir, you must do me right I assure you. ⁴¹⁵

Sir *Dav.* Not so full, not so full, that's too much of all Conscience: in troth Friend these are sad times, very sad times: but here's to you.

Fourb. Pox o' the times, the times are well enough so long as a man has money in his Pocket. ⁴²⁰

Sir *Dav.* 'Tis true, here I have been bargaining with you about a Murder, but never consider that Idolatry is coming in full speed upon the Nation: pray what Religion are you of Friend?

Fourb. What Religion am I of sir? Sir your humble Servant. ⁴²⁵

Sir *Dav.* Truly a good Conscience is a great happiness; and so I'll pledg you, hemph, hemph: but shan't the Dog be Murdered this Night?

Fourb. My Brother Rogue is gon by this time to set him, and the business shall be done effectually I'll warrant ⁴³⁰ you, here's rest his soul.

Sir *Dav.* With all my Heart. Faith, I hate to be uncharitable.

Enter Courtine, and Drawer.

Cour. Look you 'tis a very impudent thing not to be drunk by this time: shall Rogues stay in Taverns to sip ⁴³⁵ Pints, and be Sober, when honest Gentlemen are drunk by Gallons? I'll have none on't.

Sir *Da.* Oh Lord, who's there? [*Sits up in his Chair.*

Drawer. I beseech your Honour, our house will be utterly ruin'd by this means. ⁴⁴⁰

⁴⁰⁹ him ⁴¹³ Devil ⁴²³ Nation, *Q* 1, 2 ⁴²⁷ hemph, but *Q* 1, 2
⁴²⁸ Night. ⁴³² Heart Faith, *Q* 1, 2 ⁴³⁵ time, *Q* 1, 2 ⁴³⁷ Gallons,
Q 1, 2 ⁴³⁸ Whose's | *Sit* *Q* 1, 2 (*stage-dir*)

Cour. Damne your house, your Wife and Children, and all your Family, you Dog! Sir, who are you?

[*To Sir David.*

Sir *Da.* Who am I Sir? what's that to you, Sir? will you tickle my Foot you Rogue?

445 *Cour.* I'll tickle your Guts you Paultroon presently.

Sir *Da.* Tickle my guts you Mad-Cap? I'll tickle your Toby if you do.

Cour. What, with that circumsis'd Band? That grave hypocritical Beard of the reformation Cut? Old Fellow,
450 I believe your a Rogue.

Sir *Da.* Sirrah you are a Whore, an errant Bitch-Whore, I'll use you like a Whore, I'll kiss you, you Jade, I'll Ravish you, you Buttuck, I am a Justice of the Peace, Sirrah, and that's worse.

455 *Court.* Dam you, Sir, I care not if you were a Constable and all his Watch; what, such a Rogue as you send honest Fellows to prison, and countenance Whores in your Jurisdiction for bribery, you Mongrel, I'll beat you, Sirrah, I'll brain you, I'll murder you, you Moon-Calf.

[*Throws the Chairs after him.*

460 Sir *Da.* Sir, Sir, Sir, Constable, Watch, stokes, stokes, stokes, murder——

[*Ex.*

Cour. Huzza, *Beaugard!*

<*Ex.*>

Enter Beaugard, Sir Jolly.

Four. Well, Sir, the business is done, we have bargain'd to Murder you.

465 *Beau.* Murder'd! whose to be murder'd? ha, *Fourbin!*

Sir *Jol.* You are to be murder'd, Friend, you shall be murder'd, Friend.

Beau. But how am I to be murder'd? Who's to murder me, I beseech you?

470 *Four.* Your humble Servant, *Fourbin*; I am the man

442 Sir . . . you?] *new line and with the wrong speech-prefix: Beau.*
Q 1, 2 | are you. *Q 1, 2* 444 Rouge! *Q 1* Rogue! *Q 2* 446 Mad-cap,
Q 1, 2 448 What *Q 1, 2* 449 hypocritical 450 your *Q 1* you are
Q 2 463 business 465 whose *Q 1, 2* who's *Q 3* 470 *Fourbin*, *Q 1, 2*

with your worships leave, Sir *David* has given me this gold to do it handsomely.

Beau. Sir *David*! uncharitable Cur: what, Murder an honest Fellow for being Civil to his Family? What can this mean Gentlemen? 475

Sir *Jol.* No 'tis for not being Civil to his Family, that it means Gentleman; therefore are you to be murder'd to Night, and buried a-Bed with my Lady, you Jack Straw, you.

Beau. I understand you Friends, the old Gentleman has 480 design'd to have me butcher'd and you have kindly contriv'd to turn it to my advantage in the affair of Love. I am to be murder'd but as it were Gentlemen, hah!

Four. Your Honour has a piercing Judgment: Sir, Captain *Courtines* gone. 485

Beau. No matter, let him go, he has a design to put in practice this Night too, and would perhaps but spoil ours; but when, Sir *Jolly*, is this business to be brought about?

Sir *Jol.* Presently, 'tis more then time 'twere done already, go, get you gone I say; hold, hold, let's see your 490 left Ear first, hum—ha—you are a Rogue, y'are a Rogue, get you gone, get you gone, go. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to Covent-Garden Piazza.

Enter Sylvia and Maid in the Balcony.

Maid. But why Madam, will you use him so inhumanly? I'm confident he loves you.

Sylv. Oh! a true-Lover is to be found out like a true 495 Saint, by the Trial of his patience; have you the Cords ready?

Maid. Here they are, Madam.

Sylv. Let 'em down, and be sure when it comes to Trial, to pull lustily; is *Will.* the Footman ready? 500

Will. At your Ladships command, Madam.

471 *David*, Q 1, 2 473 Cur, what Q 1, 2 477 Gentleman, Q 1, 2
482 Love, 486 matter 488 about. 497 ready. Q 1, 2 500 ready,

Sylv. I wonder he should stay so long, the Clock has struck twelve.

Enter Courtine.

Court. Sings. *And was she not frank and free,*
 505 *And was she not kind to me,*
 To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,
 And give her key to me, to me:
 To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,
 And give her key to me.

510 *Sylv.* This must be he: Ay 'tis he, and as I am a Virgin, roaring drunk; but if I find not a way to make him sober——

Court. Here, here's the Window: Ay, that's Hell-door, and my damnation's in the inside: *Sylvia, Sylvia, Sylvia:*
 515 Dear Imp of Satan appear to thy Servant.

Sylv. Who calls on *Sylvia* in this dead of night,
 When rest is wanting to her longing eyes?

Court. 'Tis a poor wretch can hardly stand upright,
 Drunk with thy Love, and if he falls he lies.

520 *Sylv.* *Courtine*, is't you?

Court. Yes, Sweet-Heart 'tis I, art thou ready for me?

Sylv. Fasten your self to that Cord there; there, there it is.

Court. Cord! where? Oh, oh, here, here, so now to
 525 Heav'n in a string.

Sylv. Have you done?

Court. Yes, I have done Child, and wou'd fain be doing too Hussy.

Sylv. Then pull away, ho, up, ho, up, ho, up, so avast
 530 there, Sir.

Court. Madam.

Sylv. Are you very much in Love, Sir?

Court. Oh damnably Child, damnably.

Sylv. I'm sorry for't with all my heart, good Night
 535 Captain.

504 free. 505 me 510 Virgin Q 1, 2 516-17 run on as prose Q 1, 2
 517 eyes Q 1, 2 518-19 run on as prose Q 1, 2 | upright 526 done.

Court. Ha gone, what left in *Erasmus* Paradise between Heav'n and Hell? If the Constable should take me now for a stragling Monkey hung by the Loins, and hunt me with his cry of Watchmen! Ah Woman, Woman, Woman, well a merry Life, and a short, that's all. 540

Sings. *God prosper long our Noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all.*

I am mighty loyal to Night.

Enter Fourbin, and Bloody-bones as from Sir Davids House.

Fourb. Murder, Murder, Murder! help, help, Murder.

Court. Nay, if there be murder stirring, 'tis high time 545
to shift for my self. [*Climbs up to the Balcony.*]

Sylv. (Squeaking) A h h h h!

Blood. Yonder, yonder he comes, murder, murder,
murder. [*Ex. Blood, and Fourbin.*]

Enter Sir David.

Sir Da. 'Tis very Late; but Murder is a melancholly 550
business, and Night is fit for't. I'll go home. [*Knocks.*]

Verm. <inside> Who's there?

Sir Da. Whose there? open the door you Whelp of
Babylon.

Verm. Oh Sir, y'are Welcome home; but here is the 555
saddest news! here has been murder committed, Sir.

Sir Da. Hold your Tongue you Fool, and go to sleep,
get you in do you hear, you talk of Murder you Rogue?
you meddle with State-Affairs? Get you in.

The Scene opens the middle of the House and discovers Sir Jolly and the Lady putting Beaugard in order as if he were dead.

Sir Jol. Ly still, ly still you Knave, close, close when I 560
bid you; you had best quest, and spoil the sport, you had!

547 (*Squeaking.*) Q 1, 2
553 Whose Q 1 Who's Q 2

548 comes
554 Babylon. Q 1, 2

551 for't, Q 1, 2
561 bid you, Q 1, 2

Beau. But pray how long must I lye thus?

Lady D. I'll warrant you, you'll think the time mighty tedious.

565 *Beau.* Sweet Creature, who can counterfeit Death when you are near him?

Sir Jol. You shall Sirrah, if a body desires you a little, so you shall, we shall spoil all else, all will be spoil'd else Man, if you do not: Stretch out longer, longer yet, as long
570 as ever you can, so so, hold your breath, hold your breath, very well. [*Enter Maid.*]

Mai. Madam, here comes Sir *David*.

Sir Jol. Odds so, now close again as I told you, close you Divel, now stir if you dare; stir but any part about
575 you if you dare now; odd I hit you such a rap if you do, lye still, lye you still.

Enter Sir David.

Sir Da. My Dear, how dost thou do, my Dear? I am come.

Lady D. Ah Sir! what is't y'ave done? Y'ave ruin'd me,
580 your Family, your Fortune, all is ruin'd: where shall we go, or whither shall we flye?

Sir Da. Where shall we go, why we'll go to bed you little Jackadandy: why you are not a Wench you Rogue, you are a Boy, a very Boy, and I love you the better for't,
585 Sirrah hei!—

Lady D. Ah Sir, see there.

Sir Da. Bless us, a man! and bloody! what upon my Hall Table!

Lady D. Two Ruffians brought him in just now pro-
590 nouncing the inhumane deed was done by your command. *Sir Jolly* came in the distracting Minute, or sure I had dy'd with my distracting Fears: how could you think on a revenge so horrid?

Sir Da. As I hope to be sav'd Neighbour I only bar-

580 ruin'd, *Q* 1, 2
command, *Q* 1, 2

583 Jackadandy, *Q* 1, 2
592 Fears, *Q* 1, 2

590 deed, |

gain'd with 'em to Bastinado him in a way, or so, as one 595
Friend might do another, but do you say that he is dead?

Sir *Jol.* Dead, dead as Clay; stark stiff and useless all,
nothing about him stirring, but all's cold and still. I knew
him a lusty Fellow once, a very metteled Fellow: 'tis a 600
thousand pitties.

Sir *Da.* What shall I do? I'll throw my self upon him,
kiss his wide wounds and weep till blind as Buzzard.

Lady *D.* Oh come not near him, there's such horrid
Antipathy follows all murders, his wounds would stream
afresh shou'd you but touch him. 605

Sir *Da.* Dear Neighbour, Dearest Neighbour, Friend,
Sir *Jolly*, as you love Charity pity my wretched Case, and
give me Counsell. I'l give my Wife and all my Estate to
have him live again: or shall I bury him in the Arbour at
the upper end of the Garden? 610

Sir *Jol.* Alas a day Neighbour, never think on't, never
think on't, the dogs will find him there, as they scrape
holes to bury bones in; there is but one way that I know of.

Sir *Da.* What is it dear Neighbour, what is it? you see
I am upon my knees to you, take all I have and ease me 615
of my fears.

Sir *Jol.* Truly the best thing that I can think of, is
putting of him to bed, putting him into a warm bed, and
try to fetch him to life again, a warm bed is the best thing
in the World; my Lady may do much too, she's a good 620
Woman, and as Iv'e been told, understands a green wound
well.

Sir *Da.* My dear, my dear, my dear!

Lady *D.* Bear me away, oh send me hence far off, where
my unhappy name may be a stranger; and this sad acci- 625
dent no more remember'd to my dishonour.

Sir *Da.* Ah but my Love! my Joy! are there no bowels
in thee?

598 still, *Q* 1, 2 599 Fellow, *Q* 1, 2 607 Sir *Jolly* 608 Counsell,
Q 1, 2 609 again, *Q* 1, 2 610 Garden. *Q* 1, 2 613 in, *Q* 1, 2
620 World, *Q* 1, 2 628 thee.

Lady *D.* What would you have me do?

630 Sir *Da.* Prithee do so much as try thy skill, there may
be one drachm of life left in him yet, take him up to thy
Chamber, put him into thy own bed, and try what thou
canst do with him; prithee do, if thou canst but find
motion in him, all may be well yet, I'll go up to my Closet
635 in the Garret, and say my prayers in the mean while.

Lady *D.* Will ye then leave this ruine on my hands?

Sir *Da.* Pray, pray my Dear; I beseech you Neighbour
help to perswade her if it be possible.

Sir *Jol.* Faith Madam do, try what you can do, I have
640 a great fansie you may do him good: who can tell but you
may have the gift of stroaking; pray Madam be perswaded.

Lady *D.* I'll do what e'r's your pleasure.

Sir *Da.* That's my best Dear: I'll go to my Closet and
pray for thee heartily. Alas, alas, that ever this should
645 happen—— [Exit.

Beaug. So, is he gone, Madam my Angel!

Sir *Jol.* What, no thanks, no reward for old *Jolly* now?
Come hither Hussie, you little *Canary*-bird, you little Hop
o' my thumb come hither: make me a Court'sie, and give
650 me a kiss now, hah! give me a kiss I say, odd I will have
a kiss, so I will, I will have a kiss if I set on't; shoogh,
shoogh, shoogh, get you into a corner when I bid you,
shoogh, shoogh, shoogh, what there already?

[*She goes to Beaugard.*

Well, I ha' done, I ha' done, this 'tis to be an old Fellow
655 now.

Beau. And will you save the life of him y'ave wounded?

Lady *D.* Dare you trust your self to my skill for a cure?

[*Sir Davy appears at a Window above.*

Sir *Jol.* Hist, hist! close, close, I say again, yonder's Sir
Davy, odds so!

660 Sir *Da.* My dear, my dear! my dear!——

Lady *D.* Whose that calls? my Love, is't you?

636 hands. 637 Dear, 644 heartily, Alas, 647 What *Q* 1, 2
658 Sir *Q* 1, 2 661 Whose *Q* 1 Who's *Q* 2 | you.

Sir *Da.* Ah some comfort, or my heart's broke: is there any hopes yet? I've try'd to say my Prayers and cannot: if he be quite dead, I shall never pray again; Neighbour, no hopes? 665

Sir *Jol.* Truly little or none, some small pulse I think there is left, very little, there's nothing to be done if you don't pray, get you to prayers, what ever you do, get you gone, nay don't stay now, shut the Window I tell you.

Sir *Da.* Well this is a great trouble to me, but good night. 670

Sir *Jol.* Good night to you dear Neighbour.
Get ye up [*to Beaugard and Lady D.*] get ye up and be gone into the next room, presently, make haste: but don't steal away till I come to you, be sure ye remember, don't ye stir till I come; Pish, none of this bowing and fooling, 675
it but loses time; I'll only bolt the door that belongs to Sir *Davy's* Lodgings, that he may be safe, and be with you in a twink. Ah, h, h, h! so now for the door, very well, Friend you are fast. [*Bolts the door.*]

Sings. *Bonney Lass gan thou wert mine,* 680
And twonty thoosand poonds about thee, &c.

ACT V.

Courtine bound on a Couch in Sylvia's Chamber.

Cour. **H**Eigho! heigho! ha! where am I? was I drunk or no last night? something leaning that way. But where the Devil am I? sincerely in a Bawdy-House: Fogh! what a smell of sin is here! let me look about; if there be ever a *Geneva Bible* or a *Practice of Piety* in the 5 room, I am sure I have guest right. What's the matter now! ty'd fast! bound too! what tricks have I play'd to come into this condition! I have lighted into the Territories of some merrily dispos'd Chamber-maid or other, and she in a witty fit forsooth hath trust me up thus: has she 10

676 time, Q 1, 2 678 twinkle, Ah, Q 1, 2 v. 5 Practice of Piety
Q 1, 2 6 room. | right, what's 10 thus, Q 1, 2

pinn'd no rags to my tail, or chalkt me upon the back
trow? would I had her Mistress here at a venture.

⟨*Enter Sylvia and Maid.*⟩

Sylv. What would you do with her my enchanted
Knight if you had her? you are too sober for her by this
15 time, next time you get drunk you may perhaps venture
to scale her Balcany like a valiant Captain as you are.

Cour. Hast thou done this my dear destruction? and am
I in thy limbo? I must confess, when I am in my Beer, my
Courage does run away with me now and then: but let
20 me loose and thou shalt see what a gentle humble Animal
thou hast made me. Fie upon't, what tie me up like an
ungovernable curr to the frame of a table, let, let thy poor
dog loose that he may fawn and make much of thee a little.

Sylv. What, with those Paws which you have been fer-
25 retting *Moorfields* withal, and are very dirty still? after you
have been daggling your self abroad for prey, and can meet
with none, you come sneaking hither for a crust, do you?

Maid. Shall I fetch the Whip and the Bell, Madam? and
slash him for his roguery soundly?

30 *Cour.* Indeed, indeed! do you long to be ferking of man's
flesh, Madam Flea-trap? does the Chaplain of the Family
use you to the exercise, that you are so ready for it?

Sylv. If you should be let loose and taken into favour
now; you would be for rambling again so soon as you had
35 got your liberty?

Cour. Do but try me, and if ever I prove recreant more,
let me be beaten and us'd like a dōg in good earnest.

Sylv. Promise to grant me but one request, and it shall
be done.

40 *Cour.* Hear me but Swear.

Sylv. That any body may do ten thousand times a day.

Cour. Upon the word of a Gentleman, nay as I hope to
get Mony in my Pocket.

12 venture:

14 for her,

18 confess *Q* 1, 2

24 What *Q* 1, 2

Sylv. There I believe him lelye; you'l keep your Word you say?

45

Cour. If I don't, hang me up in that Wenches old Garters.

Sylv. See Sir, you have your freedom.

Cour. Well now name the price; what must I pay for't?

Sylv. You know Sir, considering our small acquaintance, 50 you have been pleased to talk to me very freely of love matters.

Cour. I must confess, I have been something to blame that way, but if ever thou hearest more of it from my mouth after this nights adventure, would I were well out 55 of the House!

Sylv. Have a care of swearing, I beseech you, for you must understand, that spight of my teeth, I am at last fallen in love most unmercifully.

Cour. And dost thou imagine I am so hard-hearted a 60 Villain as to have no compassion of thee?

Sylv. No, for I hope he's a man you can have no exceptions against.

Cour. Yes, yes, the man is a man, I'l assure you, that's one comfort. 65

Sylv. Who do you think it may be now? try if you can guess him.

Cour. Whoever he is, he's an honest fellow I'l warrant him, and I believe will not think himself very unhappy neither. 70

Sylv. If a Fortune of 5000 pounds, pleasant nights, and quiet days can make him happy, I assure you he may be so, but try once to guess at him.

Cour. But if I should be mistaken?

Sylv. Why who is it you would wish me to?

75

Cour. You have 5000 pound you say?

Sylv. Yes.

Cour. Faith Child to deal honestly I know well enough

who tis I wish for, but Sweet-heart, before I tell you my
80 inclinations, it were but reasonable that I knew yours.

Sylv. Well Sir, because I am confident you will stand my
friend in the business, I'll make a discovery, and to hold
you in suspence no longer, you must know I have a months-
mind to an Arm full of your dearly beloved friend and
85 brother Captain: what say you to't?

Cour. Madam your humble Servant, good buy, that's
all.

Sylv. What, thus cruelly leave a Lady that so kindly
took you in in your last nights pickle into her Lodging?
90 whither would you rove now, my Wanderer?

Cour. Faith Madam, you have dealt so gallantly in trust-
ing me with your passion, that I cannot stay here without
telling you, that I am three times as much in love with an
acquaintance of yours, as you can be with any friend of
95 mine.

Sylv. Not with my waiting Woman I hope, Sir.

Cour. No, but it is with a certain Kinswoman of thine
Child, they call her my Lady *Dunce*, and I think this is
her House too, they say she will be civil upon a good
100 occasion, therefore prithee be charitable, and shew me the
way to her Chamber a little.

Sylv. What, commit Adultery Captain? fie upon't!
What, hazard your soul!

Cour. No, no, only venture my body a little, that's all;
105 look you, you know the secret, and may imagine my desires,
therefore as you would have me assist your inclinations,
pray be civil and help me to mine, look you, no demurring
upon the matter, no qualms, but shew me the way: <to
Maid> or you Hussie, you shall do't, any Bawd will serve
110 at present, for I will go.

Sylv. But you shan't go, Sir.

Cour. Shan't go, Lady?

85 Captain, *Q* 1, 2

88 What *Q* 1, 2

89 Lodging, *Q* 1, 2

102 What *Q* 1, 2 | Captain, *Q* 1, 2

103 What *Q* 1, 2

108 way, *Q* 1, 2

Sylv. No, shan't go, Sir; did I not tell you, when once you had got your liberty, that you would be rambling again? 115

Cour. Why Child, would'st thou be so uncharitable to tie up a poor Jade to an empty Rack in thy Stable, when he knows where to go elsewhere and get Provender enough?

Sylv. Any musty Provender, I find, will serve your turn, so you have it but cheap, or at another mans charges. 120

Cour. No Child, I had rather my Ox should graze in a Field of my own, than live hide-bound upon the Common, or run the hazzard of being Pounded every day for Trespasses.

Sylv. Truly all things consider'd, 'tis great pity so good 125 a Husband-man as you should want a Farm to cultivate.

Cour. Would'st thou be but kind, and let me have a Bargain in a Tenement of thine, to try how it would agree with me.

Sylv. And would you be contented to take a Lease for 130 your Life?

Cour. So pretty a Lady of the Mannour and a moderate Rent.

Sylv. Which you'l be sure to pay very punctually.

Cour. If thou doubtst my honesty, faith e'en take a 135 little earnest before hand.

Sylv. Not so hasty neither, good Tenant; *Imprimis*, You shall oblige your self to a constant residence, and not by leaving the House uninhabited, let it run to repairs.

Cour. Agreed. 140

Sylv. Item, For your own sake you shall promise to keep the Estate well fenc't, and enclos'd, least sometime or other your Neighbours Cattle break in and spoil the crop on the Ground Friend.

Cour. Very just and reasonable, provided I don't find 145 it lie too much to Common already.

Sylv. Item, You shall enter into strict Covenant, not

113 you *Q* 1, 2
131 Life. *Q* 1, 2

115 again. *Q* 1, 2
142 enclos'd

118 enough

126 Husbaud-man

to take any other Farm upon your hands, without my consent and approbation; or if you do, that then it shall
 150 be lawful for me to get me another Tenant, how and where I think fit.

Cour. Faith that's something hard though, let me tell you but that Landlady.

Sylv. Upon these terms we'll draw Articles.

155 *Cour.* And when shall we Sign 'em?

Sylv. Why this morning as soon as the ten a Clock Office in *Covent-garden* is open.

Cour. A bargain, but how will you answer your entertainment of a drunken Red-coat in your Lodgings at these
 160 unseasonable hours?

Sylv. That's a secret you will be hereafter obliged to keep for your own sake; and for the Family, your Friend *Beaugard* shall answer for us there.

Cour. Indeed I fancy'd the Rogue had mischief in his
 165 head, he behav'd himself so soberly last night: has he taken a Farm lately too?

Sylv. A trespasser, I believe, if the truth were known, upon the Provender you would fain have been biting at just now.

Enter Maid.

170 *Maid.* Madam, Madam, have a care of your self; I see Lights in the great Hall, whatever is the matter, Sir *Davy* and all the Family are up.

Cour. I hope they'll come and catch me here: Well, now you have brought me into this condition, what will you
 175 do with me, hah?

Sylv. You won't be contented for a while to be ty'd up like a Jade to an empty Rack without Hay, will you?

Cour. Faith e'en take me, and put thy mark upon me quickly, that if I light into strange hands they may know
 180 me for a Sheep of thine.

149 approbation, *Q* 1, 2 155 'em. 160 hours. 162 sake, *Q* 1, 2
 165 night, *Q* 1, 2 166 too. *Q* 1, 2 167 known 175 hah! *Q* 1, 2
 178 my mark

Sylv. What by your wanting a Fleece do you mean? If it must be so come follow your Sheperdess. B a a a.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Davy and Vermin.

Sir Da. I cannot sleep, I shall never sleep again, I have pray'd too so long, that were I to be hang'd presently, I have never a prayer left to help my self. I was no sooner 185 lay'n down upon the Bed just now, and faln into a slumber, but methought the Devil was carrying me down *Ludgate-hill* a Gallop, six puny Fiends with flaming Fire-forks running before him like Link-boys, to throw me headlong into *Fleet-ditch*, which seemed to be turned into a lake of Fire 190 and Brimstone; would it were Morning.

Verm. Truly, Sir, it has been a very dismal night.

Sir Da. But did'st thou meet never a white thing upon the stairs?

Verm. No, Sir, not I, but methoughts I saw our great 195 Dog *Touzer*, with his brass Collar on, stand at the Cellar-door as I came along the old Entry.

Sir Da. It cou'd never be, *Touzer* has a Chain, had this thing a Chain on?

Verm. No Sir, no Chain; but it had *Touzers* eyes for all 200 the World.

Sir Da. What, ugly great frightful eyes?

Verm. Ay, Ay, huge sauser eyes, but mightily like *Touzers*.

Sir Da. Oh Lord! oh Lord! heark! heark! 205

Verm. What! what, I beseech you Sir!

Sir Da. What's that upon the stairs? didst thou hear nothing? hist, heark, pat, pat, pat, heark, heih!

Verm. Hear nothing! where Sir?

Sir Da. Look! look! what's that! what's that! in the 210 corner there?

Verm. Where?

182 Sheperdess Q 1 Shepherds Q 2
200 Chain 202 What
209 Sir. Q 1, 2.

185 self, Q 1, 2 194 stairs
206 What! what Q 1, 2

Sir *Da.* There.

Verm. What, upon the Iron Chest?

215 Sir *Da.* No, the long black thing up by the old Clock-case: see! see! now it stirs, and is coming this way.

Verm. Alas, Sir, speak to it, you are a Justice o' peace, I beseech you. I dare not stay in the House: I'll call the Watch and tell 'em Hell's broke loose: what shall I do? oh!

[*Exit.*

220 Sir *Da.* Oh *Vermin*, if thou art a true Servant have pity on thy Master, and do not forsake me in this distressed condition. Satan be gone, I defie thee, I'll repent and be sav'd, I'll say my prayers, I'll go to Church; help! help! help! was there any thing, or no? in what hole shall I hide
225 my self? [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Jolly, Fourbin and Bloody-bones.

Sir *Jol.* That shou'd be Sir *Davy's* voice, the waiting Woman indeed told me he was afraid and could not sleep: pretty Fellows, pretty Fellows both, y've done your business handsomly: what, I'll warrant you have been a
230 Whoring together now, hah! You do well, you do well, I like you the better for't: what's a Clock?

Four. Near four, Sir, 'twill not be day yet these two hours.

Sir *Jol.* Very well, but how got ye into the House?

235 *Fourb.* A ragged retainer of the Family, *Vermin* I think they call him, let us in as Physitians sent for by your Order.

Sir *Jol.* Excellent Rogues! and then I hope all things are ready as I gave Directions?

Fourb. To a tittle, Sir; there shall not be a more critical
240 Observer of your Worships pleasure than your humble Servant the Chevalier *Fourbin*.

Sir *Jol.* Get you gone you Rogue, You have a sharp Nose, and are a nimble Fellow; I have no more to say to

214 What *Q 1*, 2 215 Clock-case, *Q 1*, 2 218 you, *Q 1*, 2 219 loose, *Q 1*, 2 222 condition, 224 no, 225 self. 227 sleep, *Q 1*, 2 229 handsomly, what *Q 1*, 2 230 now | do dwell, I 231 for't, *Q 1*, 2 238 Directions. *Q 1*, 2 239 Sir, *Q 1*, 2 241 *Fourbin*: *Q 1*, *Fourbin*! *Q 2*

you, stand aside, and be ready when I call ; here he comes,
hist, hem, hem, hem. 〈*Ex. Blood., and Fourb.*〉 245

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir *Da.* Hah! what art thou?
Approach thou like the rugged *Bank-side Bear*,
The *Eastcheap-bull*, or Monster shewn in Fair,
Take any shape but that, and I'll confront thee.

Sir *Jol.* Alas unhappy Man! I am thy Friend. 250

Sir *Da.* Thou canst not be my Friend, for I defy thee.
Sir *Jolly!* Neighbour! hah! is it you? are you sure it is
you, are you? Your self? if you be, give me your hand.
Alas a day I ha' seen the Devil.

Sir *Jol.* The Devil, Neighbour! 255

Sir *Da.* Ay, Ay, there's no help for't, at first I fancy'd it
was a young white Bears Cub dancing in the shadow of my
Candle, then it was turn'd to a pair of blew Breaches with
wooden leggs on, stampt about the room as if all the
Cripples in Town had kept their Rendezvouze there, when 260
all of a sudden it appeard like a leathern Serpent, and with
a dreadful clap of Thunder flew out of the Window.

Sir *Jol.* Thunder! Why I heard no Thunder.

Sir *Da.* That may be too, what were you asleep?

Sir *Jol.* Asleep quotha, no, no, no sleeping this Night for 265
me I assure you.

Sir *Da.* Well what's the best news then? How does the
Man?

Sir *Jol.* E'en as he did before he was born, nothing at
all, he's Dead. 270

Sir *Da.* Dead! what, quite dead?

Sir *Jol.* As good as dead, if 'not quite dead, 'twas a
horrid Murder, and then the terrour of Conscience, Neigh-
bour.

Sir *Da.* And truly I have a very terrifi'd one, Friend, 275

244 call, Q 1, 2 246-9 run on as prose Q 1, 2 251 Friend | thee,
252 Sir Jolly! run on with l. 251 Q 1, 2 253 be | hand,
255 Devil 271 what quite dead! Q 1, 2

though I never found I had any Conscience at all till now.
Pray where about was his death's wound?

Sir *Jol.* Just here, just under his left Pap, a dreadful gash.

Sir *Da.* So very wide?

280 Sir *Jol.* Oh, as wide as my Hat, you might have seen
his Lungs, Liver and Heart, as perfectly, as if you had been
in his Belly.

Sir *Da.* Is there no way to have him privately Buried
and conceal this Murder? must I needs be hang'd by the
285 neck like a Dog, Neighbour? do I look as if I would be
hang'd?

Sir *Jol.* Truly, Sir *Davy*, I must deal faithfully with you,
you do look a little suspiciously at present; but have you
seen the Devil, say you?

290 Sir *Da.* Ay surely, it was the Devil, nothing else could
have frightened me so.

Sir *Jol.* Bless us and guard us all the Angels, what's that?

Sir *Da.* *Potestati sempiternæ cujus* } *Kneels, holding up*
benevolentia servantur gentes, & cujus } *his hands and mut-*
295 *miser cordia.* } *'ring as if he pray'd.*

Sir *Jol.* Neighbour, where are you, Friend, Sir *Davy*?

Sir *Da.* Ah, what ever you do, be sure to stand close to
me: where, where is it?

Sir *Jol.* Just, just there, in the shape of a Coach and six
300 Horses against the wall.

Sir *Da.* Deliver us all, he won't carry me away in that
Coach and six will he?

Sir *Jol.* Do you see it?

⟨Exit.⟩

Sir *Da.* See it! plain, plain, dear Friend advise me what
305 I shall do? Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, do you hear nothing? Sir
Jolly, Hah! has he left me alone! *Verm.*

⟨Enter Verm.⟩

Verm. Sir.

Sir *Da.* Am I alive? dost thou know me again? Am I
thy *Quondam* Master, Sir *Davy Dunc*?

276 now, pray 279 wide! *Q 1, 2* 284 Murder, 285 Neighbour;
293 *sempiternæ cujus* 294 *benevolentia* *Q 1, 2* 296 *Davy*. 298 me, *Q 1, 2*

Verm. I hope I shall never forget you, Sir. 310

Sir Da. Didst thou see nothing?

Verm. Yes, Sir, methought the House was all o' fire as it were.

Sir Da. Did'st thou not see how the Devils grinn'd and gnasht their teeth at me *Vermin*? 315

Verm. Alas, Sir, I was afraid one of 'em would have bit off my Nose, as he vanisht out of the door.

Sir Da. Lead me away, I'll go to my Wife, I'll die by my own dear Wife; run away to the Temple and call Counselor my Lawyer, I'll make over my Estate presently, I shan't 320 live till noon, I'll give all I have to my Wife, Hah *Vermin*!

Verm. Truly, Sir, she's a very good Lady.

Sir Da. Ah much, much too good for me *Vermin*, thou can'st not imagine what she has done for me Man, she would break her heart if I should give any thing away from 325 her, she loves me so dearly: Yet if I do die, thou shalt have all my old Shoes.

Verm. I hope to see you live Many a fair day yet though.

Sir Da. Ah, my Wife, my poor Wife, lead me to my poor Wife. [Exeunt. 330

Scene draws and discovers Sir Jolly, Beaugard, and Lady <Dunce> in her Chamber.

Lady D. What think you now of a cold wet March over the Mountains, Your men tir'd, your Baggage not come up, but at night a dirty watry Plain to Encamp upon, and nothing to shelter you, but an old Leager Cloak as tatter'd as your Colours? is not this much better now than lying 335 wet and getting the Sciatica?

Beaug. The hopes of this made all Fatigue easie to me, the thoughts of *Clarinda* have a thousand times refresht me in my solitude; when e're I Marcht, I fancy'd still it was to my *Clarinda*! when I fought, I imagin'd it was for 340 my *Clarinda*! but when I came home, and found *Clarinda* lost!—how could you think of wasting but a night in

the rank surfeiting arms of this foul feeding Monster? this rotten trunck of a Man, that lays claim to you?

345 Lady *D.* The perswasion of Friends and the Authority of Parents!

Beaug. And had you no more Grace, than to be rul'd by a Father and Mother?

Lady *D.* When you were gone, that should have given
350 me better Counsel, how could I help my self?

Beaug. Methinks then you might have found out some cleanlier shift to have thrown away your self upon, than nauseous old age and unwholsome deformity.

Lady *D.* What upon some overgrown full fed Country
355 Fool, with a Horse Face, a great ugly Head, and a great fine Estate? one that should have been drain'd and squeez'd, and jolted up and down the Town in Hacknies with Cheats and Hectors, and so sent home at three o' Clock every Morning like a lolling Booby, stinking, with
360 a belly full of stumm'd Wine, and nothing in's Pockets?

Beaug. You might have made a tractable Beast of such a one, he would have been young enough for Training.

Lady *D.* Is youth then so gentle if age be stubborn? Young-men like Springs wrought by a subtile work-man,
365 easily ply to what their wishes press 'em, but the desire once gone that kept 'em down, they soon start streight again, and no signs left which way they bent before.

Sir Jolly at the door peeping.

Sir *Jol.* So, so, who says I see any thing now? I see nothing not I, I don't see, I don't seë, I don't look, not so
370 much as look not I. [*Enters.*]

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir *Da.* I will have my Wife, carry me to my Wife, let me go to my Wife, I'll live and die with my Wife, let the Devil do his worst; Ah, my Wife, my Wife, my Wife!—

344 you. *Q* 1, 2 356 Estate, *Q* 1, 2 359 Booby 360 Pockets. *Q* 1, 2
364 subtile

Lady *D.* Alas, alas, we are ruin'd, shift for your self, counterfeit the dead Corps once more, or any thing. 375

Sir *Da.* Hah! whatsoe're thou art, thou canst not eat me! speak to me, who has done this? thou can'st not say I did it.

Sir *Jol.* Did it, did what? here's no body says you did any thing that I know, Neighbour, what's the matter with 380 you? what ailes you? whither do you go? whither do you run? I tell you here's no body says a word to you.

Sir *Da.* Did you not see the Ghost just now?

Sir *Jol.* Ghost! prithee now, here's no Ghost, whither would you go? I tell you, you shall not stir one foot 385 farther Man, the Devil take me if you do; Ghost, prithee here's no Ghost at all, a little flesh and blood indeed there is, some, old, some young, some alive, some dead, and so forth, but Ghost! Pish, here's no Ghost.

Sir *Da.* But, Sir, If I say I did see a Ghost, I did see a 390 Ghost, and you go to that, why sure I know a Ghost when I see one: Ah my Dear, if thou hadst but seen the Divil half so often as I have seen him.

Lady *D.* Alas, Sir *Davy*, if you ever lov'd me, come not, oh come not near me, I have resolv'd to waste the short 395 remainder of my Life in Penitence, and taste of Joys no more.

Sir *Da.* Alas my poor Child, but do you think then there was no Ghost indeed?

Sir *Jol.* Ghost! Alas a day, what should a Ghost do here? 400

Sir *Da.* And is the man dead?

Sir *Jol.* Dead, Ay, ay, stark dead, he's stiff by this time.

Lady *D.* Here you may see the horrid ghastly Spectacle, the sad effects of my too rigid Vertue, and your too fierce resentment——

405

Sir *Jol.* Do you see there?

Sir *Da.* Ay, ay, I do see, would I had never seen him, would he had lain with my Wife in every House between *Charen-Cross* and *Ald-Gate*, so this had never happen'd.

410 Sir *Jol.* In Troth, and would he had, but we are all mortal Neighbour, all mortal, to day we are here, to morrow gone, like the shadow that vanisheth, like the Grass that withereth, or like the Flower that fadeth, or indeed like any thing, or rather like nothing: but we are all
415 mortal.

Sir *Da.* Heigh!—

Lady *D.* Down, down that trap door, it goes into a bathing-Room; for the rest, leave it to my Conduct. <To Beau.>

Sir *Jol.* 'Tis very unfortunate that you should run your
420 self into this premunire, Sir *David.*

Sir *Da.* Indeed, and so it is.

Sir *Jol.* For a Gentleman, a man in Authority, a person in years, one that used to go to Church with his Neighbours.

425 Sir *Da.* Every Sunday, truly, Sir *Jolly.*

Sir *Jol.* Pay Scot and Lot to the Parish.

Sir *Da.* Six pounds a year to the very Poor without abatement or deduction; 'tis very hard, if so good a common-Wealths-man should be brought to ride in a Cart at
430 last, and be hang'd in a Sunshiny morning, to make Butchers and suburb Apprentices a Holy-day; I'll e'en run away.

Sir *Jol.* Run away! why then your estate will be forfeited, you'll loose your Estate man.

435 Sir *Da.* Truly, you say right, Friend, and a Man had better be half hang'd then loose his Estate, you know.

Sir *Jol.* Hang'd! no, no, I think there's no great fear of Hanging neither; what, the Fellow was but a sort of an unaccountable Fellow as I heard you say.

440 Sir *Da.* Ay, ay, a Pox on him, he was a Souldierly sort of a Vagabond, he had little or nothing but his sins to live upon: If I could have had but Patience, he would have been hang'd within these two Months, and all this mischief sav'd.

417 bathing-Room, Q 1, 2
431 suburd

425 Sundy

428 deduction,

Beaugard *Rises up like a Ghost at a trap door, just before Sir David.*

Sir *Da.* Ah Lord! the Devil, the Devil, the Devil. 445
[*Falls upon his Face.*]

Sir *Jol.* Why, Sir *Davy*, Sir *Davy*, what ailes you?
What's the matter with you?

Sir *Da.* Let me alone, let me lie still, I will not look up
to see an Angel, O h h h.

Lady *D.* My Dear, why do you do these cruel things to 450
affright me? Pray rise and speak to me.

Sir *Da.* I dare not stir, I saw the Ghost again just now.

Lady *D.* Ghost again! what Ghost? Where?

Sir *Da.* Why, there, there.

Sir *Jol.* Here has been no Ghost. 455

Sir *Da.* Why, did you see nothing then?

Lady *D.* See nothing! no, nothing but one another.

Sir *Da.* Then I am enchanted, or my end near at hand,
Neighbour, for Heavens sake Neighbour advise me what
I shall do to be at rest. 460

Sir *Jol.* Do! why what think you if the Body were removed?

Sir *Da.* Remov'd! I'd give a hundred pound the Body
were out of my House; may be then the Divil wou'd not
be so impudent.

Sir *Jol.* I have discover'd a door place in the Wall, 465
betwixt my Ladies Chamber and one that belongs to me;
if you think fit, we'll beat it down and remove this trouble-
some lump of Earth to my House.

Sir *Da.* But will ye be so kind?

Sir *Jol.* If you think it may by any means be serviceable 470
to you.

Sir *Da.* Truly if the Body were remov'd, and dispos'd of
privately that no more might be heard of the matter—
I hope he'll be as good as his word. <Aside.>

Sir *Jol.* Fear nothing, I'll warrant you; but in troth, I 475
had utterly forgot one thing, utterly forgot it.

452 dot stir, 456 Why Q 1, 2 464 impudent 466 me, Q 1, 2
469 kind! 475 nothing | yon, Q 1 you, Q 2

Sir *Da.* What's that?

Sir *Jol.* Why, it will be absolutely necessary that my Lady staid with me at my House for one day till things
480 were better settelled.

Sir *Da.* Ah, Sir *Jolly*! whatever you think fit: any thing of mine that you have a mind to; pray take her, pray take her, you shall be very welcome; hear you my dearest, there is but one way for us to get rid of this untoward
485 business, and Sir *Jolly* has found it out, therefore by all means go along with him, and be rul'd by him, and whatever Sir *Jolly* would have thee do, e'en do it, so heav'n prosper ye, good b'w'y, good b'w'y till I see you again.

[*Exit.*

Sir *Jol.* This is certainly the civillest Cuckold in City,
490 Town or Country.

Beau. Is he gone?

[*Steps out.*

Lady *D.* Yes, and has left poor me here.

Beau. In troth, Madam, 'tis barbarously done of him, to commit a horrid murder on the Body of an innocent poor
495 Fellow, and then leave you to stem the danger of it.

Sir *Jol.* Odd an I were as thee Sweetheart I'd be reveng'd on him for it, so I would: Go get ye together, steal out of the house as softly as you can, I'll meet ye in the *Piazza* presently, go, be sure ye steal out of the House,
500 and don't let Sir *Davy* see you.

The Scene shuts, and Sir Jolly comes forwards.

Enter Bloody-bones.

Bloody-bones.

Blood. I am here, Sir.

Sir *Jol.* Go you and *Fourbine* to my House presently, bid Monsieur *Fourbin* remember that all things be ordered
505 according to my directions, tell my Maids too I am coming home in a trice, bid 'em get the great Chamber, and the Banquet I spoke for ready presently, and d'ye hear carry

477 that's?

494 commi (*d. l.*)

478 Why *Q* 1, 2

489 certainly, *Q* 1, 2

the minstrells with ye too, for I'm resolv'd to rejoyce this morning; let me see——Sir *Davy*? <Ex. Bloody-bones.>

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir *Da.* Ay Neighbour, 'tis I; is the business done? I cannot be satisfi'd till I am sure, have you remov'd the body, is it gone? 510

Sir *Jol.* Yes, yes my Servants convey'd it out of the House just now; well Sir *Davy*, a good morning to you: I wish you your health with all my Heart Sir *Davy*: the first thing you do though, I'd have you say your prayers by all means if you can. 515

Sir *Da.* If I can possibly, I will.

Sir *Jol.* Well God b'w'y.

[Exit Sir Jolly.

Sir *Da.* God b'w'y heartily good Neighbour——*Vermine*, 520
Vermine.

Enter Vermin.

Verm. Did your Honour call?

Sir *Da.* Go run, run presently over the square, and call the Constable presently, tell him here's murder committed, and that I must speak with him instantly—I'l e'en carry him to my Neighbours, that he may find the dead body there, and so let my Neighbour be very fairly hang'd in my stead, hah! a very good jest as I hope to live, ha, ha, ha; hey, what's that? 525

<i>Watchmen at</i>	} Almost 4 a Clock and a dark cloudy morn-	530
<i>the Door.</i>		
	ing, good morrow my Masters all, good	
	morrow.	

Enter Constable, and Watch.

Const. How's this! a door open! come in Gentlemen,——ah, Sir *Davy*, your honours humble servant! I and my Watch going my morning Rounds, and finding your door open made bold to enter to see there were no danger, your Worship will excuse our care, a good morning to you, Sir. 535

509 morning, Q 1, 2 | *Davy*, Q 1, 2 515 *Davy*, Q 1, 2 523 run, presently
533 open, Q 1, 2

Sir *Da.* Oh Mr. Constable, I'm glad you're here, I sent my man just now to call you, I have sad news to tell you,
 540 Mr. Constable.

Const. I am sorry for that, Sir, sad news!

Sir *Da.* Oh ay, sad news, very sad news truly: here has been murder committed.

Const. Murder! if that's all, we are your humble servants,
 545 Sir, we'll bid you good morrow, murders nothing at this time o' night in *Covent-Garden*.

Sir *Dav.* Oh but this is a horrid bloody murder, done under my Nose, I cannot but take notice of it; though I am sorry to tell you the Authors of it, very sorry truly.

550 *Const.* Was it committed here near hand?

Sir *Da.* Oh at the very next door, a sad murder indeed; after they had done they carried the body privately into my Neighbour *Jollies* House here, I am sorry to tell it you Mr. Constable, for I am affraid it will look but scurvily
 555 on his side; though I am a Justice o' Peace Gentlemen, and am bound by my Oath to take notice of it; I can't help it.

1 *Watch.* I never lik'd that Sir *Jolly*.

Const. He threatned me t'other day, for carrying a little dirty draggle-tail'd Whore to *Bridewell*, and said she
 560 was his Cousin. Sir if your Worship thinks fit, we'll go search his house.

Sir *Da.* Oh by all means, Gentlemen it must be so, Justice must have it's course, the Kings leige subjects must not be destroy'd. *Vermin*, carry Mr. Constable and
 565 his Dragons into the Cellar, and make 'em drink, I'll but step into my study, put on my Face of Authority, and call upon ye instantly.

All Watchm. We thank your honour.

Scene changes to Sir Jollies, A Banquet.

Enter Sir Jolly, Beaugard, and Lady Dunc.

Sir *Jol.* So, are ye come? I am glad on't, odd y'are

544 Murder; Q 1, 2 | all 548 bue 556 of it, Q 1, 2 559 Bndewell,
 Q 1, 2 560 Cousin, Sir Q 1 Cousin, Sir; Q 2 564 destroy'd, Q 1, 2

welcome, very welcome, odd ye are, here's a small Banquet, 570
but I hope 'twill please you, sit ye down, sit ye down, both
together, nay, both together: A Pox o' him that parts ye,
I say.

Beaug. Sir *Jolly*, this might be an entertainment for
Anthony and *Cleopatra*, were they living. 575

Sir *Jolly*. Pish! A Pox of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, they
are dead and rotten long ago; come, come, time's but short,
time's but short, and must be made the best use of; for

*Youth's a flower that soon does fade,
And life is but a span;* 580
*Man was for the Woman made,
And Woman made for Man.*

Why now we can be bold, and make merry, and frisk, and
be brisk, rejoice and make a noise, and——odd, I am
pleas'd, mightily pleas'd, odd I am. 585

Lady *D.* Really, Sir *Jolly*, you are more a Philosopher
then I thought you were.

Sir *Jol.* Philosopher, Madam! Yes, Madam, I have read
Books in my times; odd *Aristotle*, in some things, had very
pretty notions, he was an understanding Fellow. Why 590
don't ye eat, odd an' ye don't eat,—here Child, here's
some Ringoes, help, help your Neighbour a little, odd they
are very good, very comfortable, very cordial.

Beaug. Sir *Jolly*, your Health.

Sir *Jol.* With all my heart, old Boy. 595

Lady *D.* Dear Sir *Jolly* what are these? I never tasted
of these before.

Sir *Jol.* That! eat it, eat it, eat it when I bid you; odd
'tis the root Satyrion, a very pretious plant, I gather 'em
every *May* my self, odd they'l make an old Fellow of 600
sixty-five cut a Caper like a Dancing Master; give me some
Wine: Madam, here's a health, here's a health Madam,
here's a health to honest Sir *Davy*, faith and troth, ha,
ha, ha. [Dance.

Enter Bloody-bones.

605 *Blood.* Sir, Sir, Sir! What will you do? yonder's the Constable and all his Watch at the Door, and threatens demollishment, if not admitted presently.

Sir Jol. Odds so! odds so! the Constable and his Watch! what's to be done now? get ye both into the Alcove there,
610 get ye gone quickly, quickly, no noise, no noise, d'ye hear, the Constable and his Watch! A Pox on the Constable and his Watch, what the Devil have the Constable and his Watch to do here?

*Enter Constable, Watch, and Sir Davy. Scene shuts,
Sir Jolly comes forward.*

Const. This way, this way, Gentlemen, stay one of ye
615 at the door, and let no body pass, do you hear? *Sir Jolly,* your servant.

Sir Jol. What! this outrage, this disturbance committed upon my House and Family; Sir, Sir, Sir! What do you mean by these doings sweet Sir? hoh!—

620 *Const.* Sir having received information that the body of a murder'd Man is conceal'd in your House, I am come, according to my duty, to make search and discover the truth,—stand to my assistance, Gentlemen.

Sir Jol. A murder'd man, Sir!

625 *Sir Da.* Yes a murder'd Man Sir, *Sir Jolly,* *Sir Jolly,* I am sorry to see a person of your Character and Figure in the Parish concern'd in Murder I say.

Sir Jol. Here's a Dog! here's a Rogue for you, here's a Villain, here's a Cockoldly Son of his Mother! I never knew
630 a Cuckold in my life, that was not a false Rogue in his heart; there are no honest Fellows living but Whoremasters; heark you, Sir, what a Pox do you mean? you had best play the fool and spoil all, you had, what's all this for?

635 *Sir Da.* When your Worship's come to be hang'd you'l

610 hear *Q 1, 2* 617 What *Q 1, 2* 625 Sir, *Sir Q 1, 2* 629 Mother,
Q 1, 2 631 heart, *Q 1, 2* 634 for!

find the meaning on't, Sir; I say once more, 'search the House.

Const. It shall be done, Sir: come a-long Friends.

[*Exit Constable and Watch.*]

Sir Jol. Search my House! oh Lord, search my House! what will become of me? I shall lose my reputation with 640 Man and Woman, and no body will ever trust me again: Oh Lord, search my House! all will be discover'd do what I can; I'll sing a Song like a dying Swan, and try to give 'em warning.

Go from the Window, my Love, my Love, my Love, 645

Go from the Window, my Dear.

The Wind and the Rain

Has brought 'em back again,

And thou can'st have no Lodging here.

Oh Lord, search my House! 650

Sir Da. Break down that door, I'll have that Door broke open, break down that door, I say. [*Knocking within.*]

Sir Jol. Very well done, break down my doors! break down my walls, Gentlemen! plunder my House! ravish my Maids! Ah curst be Cuckolds, Cuckolds, Constables and 655 Cockolds.

Scene draws and discovers Beaugard and Lady Dunce.

Beaug. Stand off, by heav'n the first that comes here comes upon his death.

Sir Da. Sir, your humble servant, I am glad to see you are alive again with all my heart; Gentlemen, here's no 660 harm done Gentlemen, here's no body murder'd Gentlemen, the Man's alive again Gentlemen, but here's my Wife Gentlemen, and a fine Gentleman with her, Gentlemen and Mr. Constable, I hope you'll bear me witness Mr. Constable.

Sir Jol. That he's a Cuckold, Mr. Constable. [*Aside.* 665

Beaug. Hearn ye, ye Currs, keep off from snapping at my heels, or I shall so feague ye.

Sir *Jol.* Get ye gone ye Dogs, ye Rogues, ye night Toads of the Parish Dungeon: disturb my House at these un-
 670 seasonable hours! get ye out of my doors, get ye gone, or I'll brain ye, Dogs, Rogues, Villains.

[*Exeunt Constable and Watch.*]

Beaug. And next, for you Sir Coxcomb, you see I am not murder'd, though you paid well for the performance; what think you of bribing my own Man to Butcher me?

Enter Fourbin and Bloody-bones.

675 Look ye Sir, he can cut a Throat upon occasion, and here's another dresses a man's heart with Oyl and Pepper, better than any Cook in Christendome.

Fourb. Will your Worship please to have one for your Breakfast this morning?

680 Sir *Da.* With all my heart, Sweet-heart, any thing in the World faith and troth, ha, ha, ha, this is the purest sport, ha ha ha.

Enter Vermin.

Verm. Oh, Sir, the most unhappy and most unfortunate news! There has been a Gentleman in Madam *Sylvia's*
 685 Chamber all this night, who, just as you went out of doors, carry'd her away, and whither they are gone, no body knows.

Sir *Da.* With all my heart, I am glad on't Child, I would not care if he had carry'd away my House and all, Man; unhappy news quotha! poor Fool, he does not know I am
 690 a Cuckold, and that any body may make bold with what belongs to me, ha, ha, ha; I am so pleas'd, ha, ha, ha. I think I was never so pleas'd in all my life before, ha, ha, ha.

Beaug. Nay, Sir, I have a hanck upon you, there are Laws for Cut-throats, Sir, and as you tender your future
 695 credit, take this wrong'd Lady home, and use her handsomly, use her like my Mistress, Sir, do you mark me, that when we think fit to meet again, I hear no complaint of you; this must be done Friend.

669 Dungeon, Q 1, 2
 685 who Q 1, 2

670 hours, Q 1, 2
 698 you, Q 1, 2

674 me Q 1, 2

Sir *Jol.* In troth, and it is but reasonable, very reasonable in troth.

700

Lady *D.* Can you, my Dear, forgive me one misfortune?

Sir *Da.* Madam, in one word, I am thy Lady-ships most humble Servant and Cuckold, Sir *Davy Dunce* Kt., Living in *Covent-Garden*, ha, ha, ha, well this is mighty pretty, ha, ha, ha.

705

Enter Sylvia followed by Courtine.

Sylv. Sir *Jolly*, ah, Sir *Jolly*, protect me or I'm ruin'd.

Sir *Jol.* My little Minikin, is it thy squeek?

Beaug. My dear *Courtine*, welcome.

Sir *Jol.* Well Child, and what would that wicked Fellow do to thee Child? hah Child, Child, what would he do to thee?

Sylv. Oh, Sir, he has most inhumanely seduc'd me out of my Uncle's House, and threatens to marry me.

Court. Nay, Sir, and she having no more Grace before her eyes neither, has e'en taken me at my word.

715

Sir *Jol.* In troth, and that's very uncivilly done: I don't like these Marriages, I'll have no Marriages in my House, and there's an end on't.

Sir *Da.* And do you intend to marry my Niece, Friend?

Court. Yes, Sir, and never ask your consent neither.

720

Sir *Da.* In troth, and that's very well said, I am glad on't with all my heart, Man, because she has five thousand pound to her Portion, and my Estate's bound to pay it; well, this is the happiest day, ha, ha, ha.

Here, take thy Bride, like Man and Wife agree,
And may she prove as true—as mine to me.

725

Ha, ha, ha.

Beaug. Courtine, I wish thee Joy, thou art come opportunely to be a Witness of a perfect Reconciliation between me and that worthy Knight, Sir *Davy Dunce*, which to preserve inviolate, <to Sir *Da.*> you must, Sir, before we

701 misfortune.

703 Kt. Qx, 2

726 A(d. l.)d

part, enter into such Covenants for performance as I shall think fit.

Sir *Da.* No more to be said, it shall be done Sweet-
735 heart, but don't be too hard upon me, use me Gently as
thou did'st my Wife, Gently, ha, ha, ha ; a very good Jeast,
I'faith, ha, ha, ha ; or if he should be cruel to me, Gentle-
men, and take this advantage over a poor Cornuto, to lay
me in a Prison, or throw me in a Dungeon, at least

740 *I hope Amongst all you, Sirs, I shan't fail
To find one Brother-Cuckold out for Bail.*

732 part *Q* 1, 2

737 ha, or *Q* 1, 2

EPILOGUE

With the discharge of Passions much oppress,
Disturb'd in Brain, and pensive in his Breast,
Full of those thoughts which make th' unhappy sad,
And by Imagination half grown mad,
The Poet led abroad his Mourning Muse, 5
And let her range, to see what sport she'd chuse.
Strait like a Bird got loose, and on the Wing,
Pleas'd with her freedom, she began to Sing ;
Each Note was Eccho'd all the Vale along,
And this was what she utter'd in her Song. 10
Wretch, write no more for an uncertain fame,
Nor call thy Muse, when thou art dull, to blame:
Consider with thy self how th'art Unfit
To make that Monster of Mankind, a Wit:
A Wit's a Toad, who swell'd with silly pride, 15
Full of himself, scorns all the World beside ;
Civil would seem, though he good manners lacks,
Smiles on all faces, rails behind all backs:
If e're good natur'd, nought to Ridicule,
Good nature melts a Wit into a Fool ; 20
Plac'd high, like some Jack-Pudding in a Hall
At Christmas Revels, he makes sport for all.
So much in little praises he delights,
But when he's angry draws his Pen and Writes:
A Wit to no man will his dues allow, 25
Wits will not part with a good Word that's due:
So who e're Ventures on the Ragged Coast
Of starving Poets, certainly is lost ;
They rail like Porters at the Penny-Post. }
At a new Author's Play see one but sit 30
Making his snarling froward face of Wit,
The Merit he allowes, and Praise he grants,
Comes like a Tax from a poor Wretch that wants.
O Poets, have a care of one another,

6 chuse,

22 Revels

28 lost, Q 1, 2

There's hardly one amongst ye true to to'ther: 35
Like Trincalo's and Stephano's ye Play
The lewdest tricks each other to betray.
Like Foes detract, yet flatt'ring friendlike smile,
And all is one another to beguile }
Of Praise, the Monster of your Barren Isle: } 40
Enjoy the prostitute ye so admire, }
Enjoy her to the full of your desire, }
Whilst this poor Scribler wishes to retire,
Where he may ne're repeat his Follies more,
But Curse the Fate that wrackt him on your Shore. 45
Now you, who this day as his Judges sit,
After y'ave heard what he has said of Wit,
Ought for your own sakes not to be severe,
But show so much to think he meant none here.

36 *Play,* 39 *Aud* 41 *admire* 43 *Scribler* 48 *severe*

FINIS.

Venice Preserv'd,
O R,
A Plot Discover'd.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the
D U K E ' S T H E A T R E .

Written by *T H O M A S O T W A R .*

L O N D O N ,
Printed for *Jos. Hindmarsh* at the Sign of the
Black Bull, over against the Royal
Exchange in *Cornhill*. 1682.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

To Her GRACE the

DUTCHESS

OF

PORTSMOUTH.

MADAM,

WERE it possible for me to let the World know how entirely your Graces Goodness has devoted a poor man to your service; were there words enough in speech to express the mighty sense I have of your great bounty towards me; surely I should write and talk of it for ever: But your Grace has given me so large a Theam, and laid so very vast a foundation, that Imagination wants stock to build upon it. I am as one dumb when I would speak of it, and when I strive to write, I want a scale of thought sufficient to comprehend the height of it. Forgive me then, Madam, if (as a poor Peasant once made a Present of an Apple to an Emperour) I bring this small Tribute, the humble growth of my little Garden, and lay it at your feet. Believe it is paid you with the utmost gratitude, believe that so long as I have thought to remember, how very much I owe your generous Nature, I will ever have a heart that shall be gratefull for it too: Your Grace, next Heaven, deserves it amply from me; That gave me life, but on a hard condition, till your extended favour taught me to prize the gift, and took the heavy burthen it was clogg'd with from me: I mean hard Fortune: When I had enemies, that with malicious power kept back and shaded me from

those Royal Beams, whose warmth is all I have, or
hope to live by; Your noble pity and compassion
found me, where I was far cast backward from my
blessing, down in the rear of Fortune; call'd me up,
30 plac'd me in the shine, and I have felt its comfort.
You have in that restor'd me to my native Right, for a
steady Faith, and Loyalty to my Prince, was all the
Inheritance my Father left me, and however hardly my
ill Fortune deal with me, 'tis what I prize so well that
35 I ne'r pawn'd it yet, and hope I ne'r shall part with it.
Nature and Fortune were certainly in league when you
were born, and as the first took care to give you beauty
enough to enslave the hearts of all the World, so the
other resolv'd to doe its merit Justice, that none but a
40 Monarch, fit to rule that World, should e'r possess it,
and in it he had an Empire. The Young Prince you
have given him, by his blooming Vertues, early
declares the mighty stock he came from; and as you
have taken all the pious care of a dear Mother and a
45 prudent Guardian to give him a noble and generous
education; may it succeed according to his merits and
your wishes: May he grow up to be a Bulwark to his
illustrious Father, and a Patron to his Loyal Sub-
jects, with Wisdom and Learning to assist him, when-
50 ever call'd to his Councils, to defend his right against
the encroachments of Republicans in his Senates, to
cherish such men as shall be able to vindicate the
Royal Cause, that good and fit servants to the Crown,
may never be lost for want of a Protectour. May He
55 have courage and conduct, fit to fight his Battels
abroad, and terrifie his Rebels at home; and that all
these may be yet more sure, may He never, during the

*Spring-time of his years, when those growing Vertues
ought with care to be cherish'd, in order to their ripen-
ing; may he never meet with vitious Natures, or the 60
tongues of faithless, sordid, insipid Flatterers, to
blast 'em: To conclude; may He be as great as the
hand of Fortune (with his Honour) shall be able to
make him: And may your Grace, who are so good a
Mistress, and so noble a Patroness, never meet with 65
a less gratefull Servant, than,*

Madam,

Your Graces entirely

Devoted Creature,

Thomas Otway.

PROLOGUE.

*I*N these distracted times, when each man dreads
The bloody stratagems of busie heads;
When we have fear'd three years we know not what,
Till Witnesses begin to die o' th' rot,
What made our Poet meddle with a Plot? } 5
Was't that he fancy'd, for the very sake
And name of Plot, his trifling Play might take?
For there's not in't one Inch-board Evidence,
But 'tis, he says, to reason plain and sense,
And that he thinks a plausible defence. } 10
Were Truth by Sense and Reason to be tri'd,
Sure all our Swearers might be laid aside:
No, of such Tools our Author has no need,
To make his Plot, or make his Play succeed;
He, of black Bills, has no prodigious Tales, 15
Or Spanish Pilgrims cast a-shore in Wales;
Here's not one murther'd Magistrate at least,
Kept rank like Ven'son for a City feast,
Grown four days stiff, the better to prepare
And fit his plyant limbs to ride in Chair: 20
Yet here's an Army rais'd, though under ground,
But no man seen, nor one Commission found;
Here is a Traitor too, that's very old,
Turbulent, subtile, mischievous and bold,
Bloudy, revengefull, and to crown his part, 25
Loves fumbling with a Wench, with all his heart;
Till after having many changes pass'd,
In spite of Age (thanks Heaven) is hang'd at last:
Next is a Senatour that keeps a Whore,
In Venice none a higher office bore; 30
To lewdness every night the Letcher ran,
Shew me, all London, such another man,
Match him at Mother Creswolds if you can. }
Oh Poland, Poland! had it been thy lot,
T' have heard in time of this Venetian Plot, 35
Thou surely chosen hadst one King from thence,
And honour'd them as thou hast England since.

Personæ Dramatis.

Duke of *Venice*, Mr. *D. Williams*.

Priuli, Father to *Belvidera*, a Mr. *Boman*.

Senatour,

Antonio, A fine Speaker in the Mr. *Leigh*.

Senate,

Jaffeir, Mr. *Betterton*.

Pierre, Mr. *Smith*.

Renault, Mr. *Wilshire*.

Bedamar, Mr. *Gillo*.

Spinosa, Mr. *Percival*.

Theodore,

Eliot,

Revillido,

Durand,

Mezzana,

Brainveil,

Ternon,

Brabe,

⟨*Retrosi*⟩,

} Conspiratours,

Belvidera, Mrs. *Barry*.

Aquilina, Mrs. *Currer*.

Two Women, Attendants on *Belvidera*.

Two Women, Servants to *Aquilina*.

The Council of Ten.

Officer.

Guards.

Friar.

Executioner and Rable.

VENICE PRESERV'D,

OR

A Plot Discover'd.

ACT I. Scene I.

Enter Priuli and Jaffeir.

Priu. NO more! I'll hear no more; begone and leave.
Jaff. Not hear me! by my sufferings but you shall!

My Lord, my Lord; I'm not that abject wretch
You think me: Patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak 5
In right, though proud oppression will not hear mee!

Priu. Have you not wrong'd me?

Jaff. Could my Nature e're
Have brook'd Injustice or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent my self,
To gain a Hearing from a Cruel father! 10
Wrong'd you?

Priu. Yes! wrong'd me, in the nicest point:
The Honour of my House; you have done me wrong;
You may remember: (For I now will speak,
And urge its baseness:) When you first came home
From Travell, with such hopes, as made you lookt on 15
By all men's Eyes, a Youth of expectation;
Pleas'd with your growing Virtue, I receiv'd you;
Court'd, and sought to raise you to your Merits:
My House, my Table, nay my Fortune too,
My very self, was yours; you might have us'd me 20
To your best service; like an open friend,
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
When in requital of my best Endeavours,
You treacherously practis'd to undo me,
Seduc'd the weakness of my Age's Darling, 25

My only Child, and stole her from my bosome:
Oh *Belvidera*!

Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her,
Childless you had been else, and in the Grave,
Your name Extinct, nor no more *Priuli* heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past, 30
Since in your Brigandine you sail'd to see
The *Adriatick* wedded by our Duke,
And I was with you: Your unskilfull Pilot
Dash't us upon a Rock; when to your Boat
You made for safety; entred first your self; 35
The affrighted *Belvidera* following next,
As she stood trembling on the Vessel side,
Was by a Wave washt off into the Deep,
When instantly I plung'd into the Sea,
And Buffeting the Billows to her rescue, 40
Redeem'd her Life with half the loss of mine;
Like a rich Conquest in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dasht the sawcy Waves,
That throng'd and prest to rob me of my prize:
I brought her, gave her to your despairing Arms: 45
Indeed you thank't me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul: for from that hour she lov'd me,
Till for her Life she paid me with her self.

Priu. You stole her from me, like a Theif you stole her,
At dead of night; that cursed hour you chose 50
To rifle me of all my Heart held dear.
May all your Joys in her prove false like mine;
A steril Fortune, and a barren Bed,
Attend you both: Continual discord make
Your Days and Nights bitter and grievous: Still 55
May the hard hand of a vexatious Need
Oppress, and grind you; till at last you find
The Curse of Disobedience all your Portion.

Jaff. Half of your Curse you have bestow'd in vain,
Heav'n has already crown'd our faithfull Loves 60

With a young Boy, sweet as his mothers Beauty:
May he live to prove more Gentle than his Grandsire,
And happier than his Father!

Priu.

Rather live

To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry Cries: Whilst his unhappy Mother 65
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

Jaff. You talk as if it would please you.

Priu.

'Twould by Heav'n.

Once she was dear indeed; the Drops that fell
From my sad heart, when she forgot her Duty,
The fountain of my Life was not so pretious: 70
But she is gone, and if I am a man
I will forget her.

Jaff. Would I were in my Grave.

Priu.

And she too with thee;

For, living here, you're but my curs'd Remembrancers
I once was happy. 75

Jaff. You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of *Belvidera*: You perceive
My Life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me;
Oh! could my Soul ever have known satiety:
Were I that Theif, the doer of such wrongs 80
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me,
But I might send her back to you with Contumely,
And court my fortune where she wou'd be kinder!

Priu. You dare not do't.—

Jaff.

Indeed, my Lord, I dare not.

My heart that awes me is too much my Master: 85
Three years are past since first our Vows were plighted,
During which time, the World must bear me witness,
I have treated *Belvidera* like your Daughter,
The Daughter of a Senator of *Venice*;
Distinction, Place, Attendance and Observance, 90
Due to her Birth, she always has commanded;
Out of my little Fortune I have done this;
Because (though hopeless e're to win your Nature)

The World might see, I lov'd her for her self,
Not as the Heiress of the great *Priuli*.—— 95

Priu. No more!

Jaff. Yes! all, and then adieu for ever.
There's not a Wretch that lives on common Charity
But's happier than me: for I have known
The Luscious Sweets of Plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head, 100
And never waked but to a joyfull morning,
Yet now must fall like a full Ear of Corn,
Whose blossom scap'd, yet's withered in the ripening.

Priu. Home and be humble, study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy Vermin of thy Hall, 105
Those Pageants of thy Folly,
Reduce the glittering Trappings of thy Wife
To humble Weeds, fit for thy little state;
Then to some suburb Cottage both retire; 109
Drudge, to feed loathsome life: Get Brats, and Starve——
Home, home, I say.—— [*Exit Priuli.*

Jaff. Yes, if my heart would let me——
This proud, this swelling heart: Home I would go,
But that my Dores are hatefull to my eyes,
Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping Creditors,
Watchfull as Fowlers when their Game will spring; 115
I have now not 50 Ducats in the World,
Yet still I am in love, and pleas'd with Ruin.
Oh *Belvidera*! oh she's my Wife——
And we will bear our wayward Fate together,
But ne're know Comfort more.

Enter Pierre.

Pierr. My Friend good morrow!
How fares the honest Partner of my Heart? 121
What, melancholy! not a word to spare me?

Jaff. I'm thinking *Pierre*, how that damn'd starving
Quality
Call'd Honesty, got footing in the World.

120 *Enter Pierrè. (stage dir.)*

123 *Pierrè,*

Pierr. Why, pow'rfull Villainy first set it up, 125
 For its own ease and safety: Honest men
 Are the soft easy Cushions on which Knaves
 Repose and fatten: Were all mankind Villains,
 They'd starve each other; Lawyers wou'd want practice,
 Cut-Throats Rewards: Each man would kill his Brother
 Himself, none would be paid or hang'd for Murder: 131
 Honesty was a Cheat invented first
 To bind the Hands of bold deserving Rogues,
 That Fools and Cowards might sit safe in Power,
 And lord it uncontroul'd above their Betters. 135

Jaff. Then Honesty is but a Notion.

Pierr. Nothing else,
 Like wit, much talkt of, not to be defin'd:
 He that pretends to most too, has least share in't;
 'Tis a ragged Virtue: Honesty! no more on't.

Jaff. Sure thou art Honest?

Pierr. So indeed men think me,
 But they're mistaken *Jaffeir*: I am a Rogue 141
 As well as they;
 A fine gay bold fac'd Villain, as thou seest me;
 'Tis true, I pay my debts when they'r contracted;
 I steal from no man; would not cut a Throat 145
 To gain admission to a great man's purse,
 Or a Whores bed; I'de not betray my Friend,
 To get his Place or Fortune: I scorn to flatter
 A Blown-up Fool above me, or Crush the wretch beneath
 me,

Yet, *Jaffeir*, for all this, I am a Villain! 150

Jaff. A Villain——

Pierr. Yes a most notorious Villain:
 To see the suffering's of my fellow Creatures,
 And own my self a Man: To see our Senators
 Cheat the deluded people with a shew
 Of Liberty, which yet they ne'r must taste of; 155
 They say, by them our hands are free from Fetters,

140 think me?

Yet whom they please they lay in basest bonds;
 Bring whom they please to Infamy and Sorrow;
 Drive us like Wracks down the rough Tide of Power,
 Whilst no hold's left to save us from Destruction; 160
 All that bear this are Villains; and I one,
 Not to rouse up at the great Call of Nature,
 And check the Growth of these Domestick spoilers,
 That make us slaves and tell us 'tis our Charter.

Jaff. Oh *Aquilina*! Friend, to lose such Beauty, 165
 The Dearest Purchase of thy noble Labours;
 She was thy Right by Conquest, as by Love.

Pierr. Oh *Jaffeir*! I'de so fixt my heart upon her,
 That wheresoe're I fram'd a Scheme of Life
 For time to come, she was my only Joy 170
 With which I wish't to sweeten future Cares;
 I fancy'd pleasures, none but one that loves
 And dotes as I did can Imagine like 'em:
 When in the Extremity of all these Hopes,
 In the most Charming hour of Expectation, 175
 Then when our Eager Wishes soar the highest,
 Ready to stoop and grasp the lovely Game,
 A Haggard Owl, a Worthless Kite of Prey,
 With his foul wings sayl'd in and spoyl'd my Quarry.

Jaff. I know the Wretch, and scorn him as thou hat'st
 him. 180

Pierr. Curse on the Common Good that's so protected,
 Where every slave that heaps up wealth enough
 To do much Wrong, becomes a Lord of Right:
 I, who beleiv'd no Ill could e're come near me,
 Found in the Embraces of my *Aquilina* 185
 A Wretched old but itching Senator;
 A wealthy Fool, that had bought out my Title,
 A Rogue, that uses Beauty like a Lambskin,
 Barely to keep him warm: That filthy Cuckoo too
 Was in my absence crept into my Nest, 190
 And spoyling all my Brood of noble Pleasure.

164 makes | tells

Jaff. Didst thou not chace him thence?

Pierr. I did, and drove

The rank old bearded *Hirco* stinking home:
 The matter was complain'd of in the Senate,
 I summon'd to appear, and censur'd basely, 195
 For violating something they call *priviledge*—
 This was the Recompence of my service:
 Would I'd been rather beaten by a Coward!
 A Souldier's Mistress *Jaffeir's* his Religion,
 When that's prophan'd, all other Tyes are broken, 200
 That even dissolves all former bonds of service,
 And from that hour I think my self as free
 To be the Foe as e're the Friend of *Venice*—
 Nay, Dear Revenge, when e're thou call'st I am ready.

Jaff. I think no safety can be here for Virtue, 205
 And grieve my friend as much as thou to live
 In such a wretched State as this of *Venice*;
 Where all agree to spoil the Publick Good,
 And Villains fatten with the brave man's Labours.

Pierr. We have neither safety, Unity, nor Peace, 210
 For the foundation's lost of Common Good;
 Justice is lame as well as blind amongst us;
 The Laws (corrupted to their ends that make 'em)
 Serve but for Instruments of some new Tyranny,
 That every day starts up to enslave us deeper: 215
 Now could this glorious Cause but find out friends
 To do it right! oh *Jaffeir*! then might'st thou
 Not wear these seals of Woe upon thy Face,
 The proud *Priuli* should be taught humanity,
 And learn to value such a son as thou art. 220
 I dare not speak! But my heart bleeds this moment!

Jaff. Curst be the Cause, though I thy friend be part on't:
 Let me partake the troubles of thy bosom,
 For I am us'd to misery, and perhaps
 May find a way to sweeten't to thy spirit. 225

Pierr. Too soon it will reach thy knowledg—

Jaff. Then from thee

Let it proceed. There's Virtue in thy Friendship
Would make the saddest Tale of sorrow pleasing,
Strengthen my Constancy, and welcome Ruin.

Pierr. Then thou art ruin'd!

Jaff. That I long since knew,
I and ill Fortune have been long Acquaintance. 231

Pierr. I past this very moment by thy dores,
And found them guarded by a Troop of Villains;
The sons of public Rapine were destroying:
They told me, by the sentence of the Law 235

They had Commission to seize all thy fortune,
Nay more, *Priuli's* cruel hand hath sign'd it.
Here stood a Ruffian with a horrid face
Lording it o're a pile of massy Plate,
Tumbled into a heap for publick sale: 240

There was another making villainous jests
At thy undoing; he had ta'ne possession
Of all thy antient most domestick Ornaments,
Rich hangings, intermixt and wrought with gold;
The very bed, which on thy wedding night 245
Receiv'd thee to the Arms of *Belvidera*,
The scene of all thy Joys, was violated
By the course hands of filthy Dungeon Villains,
And thrown amongst the common Lumber.

Jaff. Now thanks Heav'n—— 250

Pierr. Thank Heav'n! for what?

Jaff. That I am not worth a Ducat.

Pierr. Curse thy dull Stars, and the worse Fate of *Venice*,
Where Brothers, Friends, and Fathers, all are false;
Where there's no trust, no truth; where Innocence
Stoop's under vile Oppression; and Vice lords it: 255
Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last
Thy Beauteous *Belvidera*, like a Wretch
That's doom'd to Banishment, came weeping forth,
Shining through Tears, like *April* Sun's in showers
That labour to orecome the Cloud that loads 'm, 260
Whilst two young Virgins, on whose Arms she lean'd,

Kindly lookt up, and at her Grief grew sad,
As if they catch't the Sorrows that fell from her:
Even the lewd Rabble that were gather'd round
To see the sight, stood mute when they beheld her; 265
Govern'd their roaring throats and grumbled pity:
I cou'd have hugg'd the greazy Rogues: They pleas'd me.

Jaff. I thank thee for this story from my soul,
Since now I know the worst that can befall me:
Ah *Pierre!* I have a Heart, that could have born 270
The roughest Wrong my Fortune could have done me:
But when I think what *Belvidera* feels,
The bitterness her tender spirit tastes of,
I own my self a Coward: Bear my weakness,
If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck, 275
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy bosome.
Oh! I shall drown thee with my Sorrows!

Pierr. Burn!

First burn, and Level *Venice* to thy Ruin!
What starve like Beggars Brats in frosty weather,
Under a Hedge, and whine our selves to Death! 280
Thou, or thy Cause, shall never want assistance,
Whilst I have blood or Fortune fit to serve thee;
Command my heart: Thou art every way its master.

Jaff. No: there's a secret Pride in bravely dying.

Pierr. Rats die in Holes and Corners, Dogs run mad;
Man knows a braver Remedy for sorrow: 286
Revenge! the Attribute of Gods, they stamp it
With their great Image on our Natures; dye!
Consider well the Cause that calls upon thee:
And if thou art base enough, dye then: Remember 290
Thy *Belvidera* suffers: *Belvidera!*

Dye——Damn first——what be decently interr'd
In a Church-yard, and mingle thy brave dust
With stinking Rogues that rot in dirty winding sheets,
Surfeit-slain Fools, the common Dung o'th Soyl! 295

Jaff. Oh!

Pierr. Well said, out with't, Swear a little—

Jaff. Swear!

By Sea and Air! by Earth, by Heaven and Hell,

I will revenge my *Belvidera's* Tears!

Heark thee my Friend—*Priuli*—is—a Senator!

Pierr. A Dog!

Jaff. Agreed.

Pierr. Shoot him.

Jaff. With all my heart. 300

No more: Where shall we meet at Night?

Pierr. I'll tell thee;

On the *Ryalto* every Night at Twelve

I take my Evening's walk of Meditation,

There we two will meet, and talk of pretious

Mischief— 305

Jaff. Farewell.

Pierr. At Twelve.

Jaff. At any hour, my plagues

Will keep me waking. [Ex. *Pierr*

Tell me why, good Heav'n,

Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit,

Aspiring thoughts and Elegant desires 310

That fill the happiest Man? Ah! rather why

Did'st thou not form me sordid as my Fate,

Base minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens?

Why have I sence to know the Curse that's on me?

Is this just dealing, Nature? *Belvidera!* 315

Enter Belvidera.

Poor *Belvidera!*

Belv. Lead me, lead me my Virgins!

To that kind Voice. My Lord, my Love, my Refuge!

Happy my Eyes, when they behold thy Face:

My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating

At sight of thee, and bound with sprightful joys. 320

Oh smile, as when our Loves were in their Spring,

And cheer my fainting Soul.

Jaff. As when our Loves
Were in their Spring? has then my Fortune chang'd?
Art thou not *Belvidera*, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my Arms first found thee? 325
If thou art alter'd, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded Heart? Oh! where complain?

Belv. Does this appear like Change, or Love decaying?
When thus I throw my self into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of a strong Truth: 330
Beat's not my heart, as 'twou'd alarm thine
To a new Charge of bliss? I joy more in thee,
Than did thy Mother when she hugg'd thee first,
And bless'd the Gods for all her Travel past.

Jaff. Can there in Woman be such glorious Faith? 335
Sure all ill stories of thy Sex are false;
Oh Woman! lovely Woman! Nature made thee
To temper Man: We had been Brutes without you;
Angels are Painted fair, to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n, 340
Amazing Brightness, Purity and Truth,
Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love.

Belv. If Love be Treasure, wee'l be wondrous rich:
I have so much, my heart will surely break with't;
Vow's cannot express it, when I wou'd declare 345
How great's my Joy, I am dumb with the big thought;
I swell, and sigh, and labour with my longing.
Oh lead me to some Desart wide and wild,
Barren as our Misfortunes, where my Soul
May have its vent: Where I may tell aloud 350
To the high Heaven's, and every list'ning Planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught;
Where I may throw my eager Arms about thee,
Give loose to Love with kisses, kindling Joy,
And let off all the Fire that's in my Heart. 355

Jaff. Oh *Belvidera*! double I am a Begger,
Undone by Fortune, and in debt to thee;

332 bliss; 338 you,

Want! worldly Want! that hungry meager Fiend
Is at my heels, and chaces me in view;
Can'st thou bear Cold and Hunger? Can these Limbs, 360
Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
Endure the bitter Gripes of smarting Poverty?
When banisht by our miseries abroad,
(As suddenly we shall be) to seek out
(In some far Climate where our Names are strangers) 365
For charitable succour; wilt thou then,
When in a Bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my Cares thus, and shelter me with Love? 370

Belv. Oh I will love thee, even in Madness love thee:
Tho my distracted Senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals, when my poor heart
Should swage it self and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare Earth be all our Resting-place, 375
It's Root's our food, some Clift our Habitation,
I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thy Head;
As thou sighing ly'st, and swell'd with sorrow,
Creep to thy Bosom, pour the balm of Love
Into thy Soul, and kiss thee to thy Rest; 380
Then praise our God, and watch thee 'till the Morning.

Jaff. Hear this you Heaven's, and wonder how you
made her!

Reign, reign ye Monarchs that divide the World,
Busy Rebellion ner'e will let you know
Tranquility and Happiness like mine; 385
Like gawdy Ships, th' obsequious Billows fall
And rise again, to lift you in your Pride;
They wait but for a storm and then devour you:
I, in my private Bark, already wreck't,
Like a poor Merchant driven on unknown Land, 390
That had by chance packt up his choicest Treasure
In one dear Casket, and sav'd only that:

Since I must wander further on the shore,
 Thus hug my little, but my precious store; 394
 Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my Fate no more. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter Pierre and Aquilina.

Aquil. **B**Y all thy Wrongs, thou art dearer to my Arms
 Than all the Wealth of *Venice*: Prithee stay,
 And let us love to night.

Pierr. No: There's Fool,
 There's Fool about thee: When a Woman sells
 Her Flesh to Fools, her Beauty's lost to me; 5
 They leave a Taint, a sully where th'ave past;
 There's such a baneful Quality about 'em,
 Even spoys Complexions with their own Nauseousness;
 They infect all they touch; I cannot think
 Of tasting any thing a Fool has pall'd. 10

Aquil. I loath and scorn that Fool thou mean'st, as
 much
 Or more than thou can'st; But the Beast has Gold
 That makes him necessary: Power too,
 To qualifie my Character, and poise me
 Equal with peevish Virtue, that beholds 15
 My Liberty with Envy: In their Hearts
 Are loose as I am; But an ugly Power
 Sits in their Faces, and frights Pleasures from 'em.

Pierr. Much good may't do you, Madam, with your
 Senator. 19

Aquil. My Senator! why, can'st thou think that Wretch
 E're fill'd thy *Aquilina's* Arms with Pleasure?
 Think'st thou, because I sometimes give him leave
 To foyle himself at what he is unfit for;
 Because I force my self to endure and suffer him,
 Think'st thou I love him? No, by all the Joys 25
 Thou ever gav'st me, his Presence is my Pennance;

11. 6 past, 8 Nauseousness, 17 Query? Th' are

The worst thing an old Man can be's a Lover,
A meer *Memento Mori* to poor woman.
I never lay by his decrepit side,
But all that night I ponder'd on my Grave. 30

Pierr. Would he were well sent thither.

Aquil. That's my wish too:
For then, my *Pierre*, I might have cause with pleasure
To play the Hypocrite: Oh! how I could weep
Over the dying Dotard, and kiss him too,
In hopes to smother him quite; then, when the time 35
Was come to pay my Sorrows at his Funeral,
For he has already made me Heir to Treasures,
Would make me out-act a real Widows whining:
How could I frame my face to fit my mourning!
With wringing hands attend him to his Grave, 40
Fall swooning on his Hearse: Take mad possession,
Even of the Dismal Vault, where he lay bury'd,
There like the *Ephesian* Matron dwell, till Thou,
My lovely Soldier, comest to my Deliverance;
Then throwing up my Veil, with open Armes 45
And laughing Eyes, run to new dawning Joy.

Pierr. No more! I have Friends to meet me here to night,
And must be private. As you prize my Friendship,
Keep up your Coxcomb: Let him not pry nor listen,
Nor fisk about the House as I have seen him, 50
Like a tame mumping Squirrel with a bell on;
Currs will be abroad to bite him, if you do

Aquil. What Friends to meet? may I not be of your
Council?

Pierr. How! a Woman ask Questions out of Bed?
Go to your Senator, ask him what passes 55
Amongst his Brethren, hee'l hide nothing from you;
But pump not me for Politicks. No more!
Give order that whoever in my name
Comes here, receive Admittance: so good night.

Aquil. Must we ne're meet again! Embrace no more! 60

Is Love so soon and utterly forgotten!

Pierr. As you hence-forward treat your Fool, I'll think on't.

Aquil. Curst be all Fools, and doubly curst my self,
The worst of Fools—I die if he forsakes me;
And now to keep him, Heav'n or Hell instruct me. 65
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *The Ryatto.*

Enter Jaffeir.

Jaff. I am here, and thus, the Shades of Night around
me,
I look as if all Hell were in my Heart,
And I in Hell. Nay, surely 'tis so with me;—
For every step I tread, methinks some Fiend
Knocks at my Breast, and bids it not be quiet: 70
I've heard, how desperate Wretches, like my self,
Have wander'd out at this dead time of Night
To meet the Foe of Mankind in his walk:
Sure I am so Curst, that, tho' of Heav'n forsaken,
No Minister of Darkness cares to Tempt me. 75
Hell! Hell! why sleepest thou?

Enter Pierre.

Pierr. Sure I have stay'd too long:
The Clock has struck, and I may lose my Proselyte.
Speak, who goes there?

Jaff. A Dog, that comes to howl
At yonder Moon: What's he that asks the Question? 80

Pierr. A Friend to Dogs, for they are honest Creatures,
And ne're betray their Masters; never Fawn
On any that they love not: Well met, Friend:

Jaffeir!

Jaff. The same. Oh *Peirre!* Thou art come in season,
I was just going to Pray.

Pierr. Ah that's Mechanick, 85
Priests make a Trade on't, and yet starve by it too:
No Praying, it spoils Business, and time's precious;

Where's *Belvidera*?

Jaff. For a Day or two
I've lodg'd her privately, 'till I see farther
What Fortune will do with me. Prithee, Friend, 90
If thou would'st have me fit to hear good Council,
Speak not of *Belvidera*——

Pierr. Speak not of her.

Jaff. Oh no!

Pierr. Nor name her. May be I wish her well.

Jaff. Who well?

Pierr. Thy Wife, thy lovely *Belvidera*,
I hope a man may wish his Friends Wife well, 95
And no harm done!

Jaff. Y'are merry *Pierre*!

Pierr. I am so:

Thou shalt smile too, and *Belvidera* smile;
We'll all rejoyce, here's something to buy Pins,
Marriage is Chargeable.

Jaff. I but half wisht
To see the Devil, and he's here already. 100
Well!

What must this buy, Rebellion, Murder, Treason?
Tell me which way I must be damn'd for this.

Pierr. When last we parted, we had no qualms like these,
But entertain'd each others thoughts like Men, 105
Whose Souls were well acquainted. Is the World
Reform'd since our last meeting? What new miracles
Have happen'd? Has *Priuli*'s heart relented?
Can he be honest?

Jaff. Kind Heav'n! let heavy Curses
Gall his old Age; Cramps, Aches, rack his Bones; 110
And bitterest disquiet wring his Heart;
Oh let him live 'till Life become his burden!
Let him groan under't long, linger an Age
In the worst Agonies and Pangs of Death,
And find its ease, but late.

Pierr. Nay, could'st thou not 115
As well, my Friend, have stretcht the Curse to all
The Senate round, as to one single Villain?

Jaff. But Curses stick not: Could I kill with Cursing,
By Heav'n I know not thirty Heads in *Venice*
Should not be blasted; Senators should rot 120
Like Dogs on Dunghills; but their Wives and Daughters
Dye of their own diseases. Oh for a Curse
To kill with!

Pierr. Daggers, Daggers, are much better!

Jaff. Ha!

Pierr. Daggers.

Jaff. But where are they?

Pierr. Oh, a Thousand
May be dispos'd in honest hands in *Venice*. 125

Jaff. Thou talk'st in Clouds.

Pierr. But yet a Heart half wrong'd
As thine has bin, would find the meaning, *Jaffeir*.

Jaff. A thousand Daggers, all in honest hands;
And have not I a Friend will stick one here?

Pierr. Yes, if I thought thou wert not to be cherisht 130
To a nobler purpose, I'd be that Friend.

But thou hast better Friends, Friends, whom thy Wrongs
Have made thy Friends; Friends, worthy to be call'd so;
I'll trust thee with a secret: There are Spirits
This hour at work. But as thou art a Man, 135

Whom I have pickt and chosen from the World,
Swear, that thou wilt be true to what I utter,
And when I have told thee, that which only Gods
And Men like Gods are privy to, then swear,
No Chance or Change shall wrest it from thy Bosom. 140

Jaff. When thou would'st bind me, is there need of
Oaths?

(Green-sickness Girls lose Maiden-heads with such Counters)
For thou art so near my heart, that thou may'st see
Its bottom, sound its strength, and firmness to thee:
A Coward, Fool, or Villian, in my face? 145

If I seem none of these, I dare believe
Thou would'st not use me in a little Cause,
For I am fit for Honour's toughest task;
Nor ever yet found fooling was my Province;
And for a villainous inglorious enterprize, 150
I know thy heart so well, I dare lay mine
Before thee, set it to what Point thou wilt.

Pierr. Nay, It's a Cause thou wilt be fond of *Jaffeur*.
For it is founded on the noblest Basis,
Our Liberties, our natural Inheritance; 155
There's no Religion, no Hypocrisie in't;
Wee'l do the Business, and ne'r fast and pray for't:
Openly act a deed, the World shall gaze
With wonder at, and envy when it is done.

Jaff. For Liberty!

Pierr. For Liberty my Friend: 160
Thou shalt be freed from base *Priuli's* Tyranny,
And thy sequestred Fortunes heal'd again.
I shall be freed from opprobrious Wrongs,
That press me now, and bend my Spirit downward:
All *Venice* free, and every growing Merit 165
Succeed to its just Right: Fools shall be pull'd
From Wisdoms Seat; those baleful unclean Birds,
Those Lazy-Owls, who (perch'd near Fortunes Top)
Sit only watchful with their heavy Wings
To cuff down new fledg'd Virtues, that would rise 170
To nobler heights, and make the Grove harmonious.

Jaff. What can I do?

Pierr. Cans't thou not kill a Senator?

Jaff. Were there one wise or honest, I could kill him
For herding with that nest of Fools and Knaves;
By all my Wrongs, thou talk'st as if revenge 175
Were to be had, and the brave Story warms me.

Pierr. Swear then!

Jaff. I do, by all those glittering Stars,
And yond great Ruling Planet of the Night!
By all good Pow'rs above, and ill below!

By Love and Friendship, dearer than my Life! 180
 No Pow'r or Death shall make me false to thee.

Pierr. Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my Heart.
 A Councel's held hard by, where the destruction
 Of this great Empire's hatching: There I'll lead thee!
 But be a Man, for thou art to mix with Men 185
 Fit to disturb the Peace of all the World,
 And rule it when it's wildest——

Jaff. I give thee thanks
 For this kind warning: Yes, I will be a Man,
 And charge thee, *Pierre*, when er'e thou see'st my fears
 Betray me less, to rip this Heart of mine 190
 Out of my Breast, and shew it for a Cowards.
 Come let's begone, for from this hour I chase
 All little thoughts, all tender humane Follies
 Out of my bosom: Vengeance shall have room:
 Revenge!

Pierr. And Liberty!

Jaff. Revenge! Revenge—— [*Exeunt.*]

The Scene changes to Aquilina's house, the Greek Curtezan.

Enter Renault.

Renault. Why was my choice Ambition, the worst
 ground 196
 A Wretch can build on? it's indeed at distance
 A good Prospect, tempting to the View,
 The Height delights us, and the Mountain Top
 Looks beautiful, because it's nigh to Heav'n, 200
 But we ne're think how sandy's the Foundation,
 What Storm will batter, and what Tempest shake us!
 Who's there?

Enter Spinos.

Spino. *Renault*, good morrow! for by this time
 I think the Scale of Night has turn'd the ballance,
 And weighs up Morning: Has the Clock struck Twelve? 205

196 first ground

Rena. Yes, Clocks will go as they are set: But Man,
 Irregular Man's ne're constant, never certain:
 I've spent at least three pretious hours of darkness
 In waiting dull attendance; 'tis the Curse
 Of diligent Virtue to be mixt like mine, 210
 With giddy Tempers, Souls but half resolv'd.
Spino. Hell seize that Soul amongst us, it can frighten.
Rena. What's then the cause that I am here alone?
 Why are we not together?

Enter Eliot.

O Sir, welcome! 215
 You are an *Englishman*: When Treason's hatching
 One might have thought you'd not have been behind hand.
 In what Whore's lap have you been lolling?
 Give but an *Englishman* his Whore and ease,
 Beef and a Sea-coal fire, he's yours for ever. 220
Eliot. *Frenchman*, you are sawcy.
Rena. How!

*Enter Bedamore the Ambassador, Theodore, Brainveil,
 Durand, Brabe, Revellido, Mezzana, Ternon, Retrosi,
 Conspirators.*

Bedam. At difference, fy.
 Is this a time for quarrels? Thieves and Rogues
 Fall out and brawl: Should Men of your high calling,
 Men separated by the Choice of Providence,
 From the gross heap of Mankind, and set here 225
 In this great assembly as in one great Jewel,
 T'adorn the bravest purpose it er'e smil'd on;
 Should you like Boys wrangle for trifles?
Rena. Boys!

Beda. *Renault*, thy Hand!
Rena. I thought I'd given my Heart
 Long since to every Man that mingles here; 230
 But grieve to find it trusted with such Tempers,
 That can't forgive my froward Age its weakness.
Beda. *Eliot*, thou once had'st Vertue, I have seen

Thy stubborn Temper bend with godlike Goodness,
 Not half thus courted: 'Tis thy Nations Glory, 235
 To hugg the Foe that offers brave Alliance.
 Once more embrace, my Friends—wee'l all embrace——
 United thus, we are the mighty Engin
 Must twist this rooted Empire from its Basis!
 Totters it not already?

Eliot. Would it were tumbling. 240

Beda. Nay it shall down: This Night we Seal its ruine.

Enter Pierre.

Oh *Pierre*! thou art welcome!
 Come to my breast, for by its hopes thou look'st
 Lovelily dreadful, and the Fate of *Venice*
 Seems on thy Sword already. Oh my *Mars*! 245
 The Poets that first feign'd a God of War
 Sure prophesy'd of thee.

Pierr. Friends! was not *Brutus*,
 (I mean that *Brutus*, who in open Senate
 Stabb'd the first *Caesar* that usurp'd the World)
 A Gallant Man?

Rena. Yes, and *Cateline* too; 250
 Tho story wrong his Fame: for he conspir'd
 To prop the reeling Glory of his Country:
 His Cause was good.

Beda. And ours as much above it,
 As *Renault* thou art Superior to *Cethegus*,
 Or *Pierre* to *Cassius*.

Pierr. Then to what we aim at 255
 When do we start? or must we talk for ever?

Beda. No *Pierre*, the Deed's near Birth: Fate seems to
 have set

The Business up, and given it to our care:
 I hope there's not a heart nor hand amongst us
 But is firm and ready. 260

All. All! Wee'l die with *Bedamore*.

258 care,

261 Wee'l begins new line

Beda.

Oh Men,

Matchless, as will your Glory be hereafter.
 The Game is for a Matchless Prize, if won ;
 If lost, disgraceful Ruine.

Rena.

What can lose it ?

The publick Stock's a Beggar ; one *Venetian* 265
 Trusts not another: Look into their Stores
 Of general safety ; Empty Magazines,
 A tatter'd Fleet, a murmuring unpaid Army,
 Bankrupt Nobility, a harrast Commonalty,
 A Faction, giddy, and divided Senate, 270
 Is all the strength of *Venice*: Let's destroy it ;
 Let's fill their Magazines with Arms to awe them,
 Man out their Fleet, and make their Trade maintain it ;
 Let loose the murmuring Army on their Masters,
 To pay themselves with plunder ; Lop their Nobles 275
 To the base Roots, whence most of 'em first sprung ;
 Enslave the Rowt, whom smarting will make humble,
 Turn out their droning Senate, and possess
 That Seat of Empire which our Souls were fram'd for.

Pierr. Ten thousand men are Armed at your Nod, 280

Commanded all by Leaders fit to guide
 A Battle for the freedom of the World ;
 This wretched State has starv'd them in its service,
 And by your bounty quicken'd, they're resolv'd
 To serve your Glory, and revenge their own! 285
 Th' have all their different Quarters in this City,
 Watch for th' Alarm, and grumble 'tis so tardy.

Beda. I doubt not Friend, but thy unweary'd diligence
 Has still kept waking, and it shall have ease ;
 After this Night it is resolv'd we meet 290
 No more, 'till *Venice* own us for her Lords.

Pierr. How lovely the *Adriatique* Whore,
 Drest in her Flames, will shine! devouring Flames!
 Such as shall burn her to the watery bottom
 And hiss in her Foundation.

Beda. Now if any 295
 Amongst us that owns this glorious Cause,
 Have friends or Interest, hee'd wish to save,
 Let it be told, the general Doom is Seal'd;
 But I'de forgo the Hopes of a Worlds Empire,
 Rather than wound the Bowels of my Friend. 300

Pierr. I must confess you there have toucht my weak-
 ness,
 I have a Friend; hear it, such a Friend!
 My heart was ner'e shut to him: Nay, I'll tell you,
 He knows the very Business of this Hour;
 But he rejoyces in the Cause, and loves it, 305
 W' have chang'd a Vow to live and die together,
 And He's at hand to ratify it here.

Rena. How! all betray'd?

Pierr. No—I've dealt nobly with you;
 I've brought my All into the publick Stock;
 I had but one Friend, and him I'll share amongst
 you! 310
 Receive and Cherish him: Or if, when seen
 And searcht, you find him worthless, as my Tongue
 Has lodg'd this Secret in his faithful Breast,
 To ease your fears I wear a Dagger here
 Shall rip it out again, and give you rest. 315
 Come forth, thou only Good I er'e could boast of.

Enter Jaffeir with a Dagger.

Beda. His Presence bears the show of Manly Vertue.
Jaff. I know you'l wonder all, that thus uncall'd,
 I dare approach this place of fatal Councils;
 But I am amongst you, and by Heav'n it glads me, 320
 To see so many Vertues thus united,
 To restore Justice and dethrown Oppression.
 Command this Sword, if you would have it quiet,
 Into this Breast; but if you think it worthy
 To cut the Throats of reverend Rogues in Robes, 325
 Send me into the curs'd assembl'd Senate;

It shrinks not, tho I meet a Father there ;
Would you behold this City Flaming? Here's
A hand shall bear a lighted Torch at noon
To the Arsenal, and set its Gates on fire. 330

Rena. You talk this well, Sir.

Jaff. Nay—by Heav'n I'll do this.
Come, come, I read distrust in all your faces,
You fear me a Villain, and indeed it's odd
To hear a stranger talk thus at first meeting,
Of matters, that have been so well debated ; 335
But I come ripe with Wrongs as you with Councils ;
I hate this Senate, am a Foe to *Venice* ;
A Friend to none, but Men resolv'd like me,
To push on Mischief: Oh did you but know me,
I need not talk thus!

Beda. *Pierre!* I must embrace him, 340
My heart beats to this Man as if it knew him.

Rena. I never lov'd these huggers:

Jaff. Still I see
The cause delights me not. Your Friends survey me,
As I were dang'rous—but I come Arm'd
Against all doubts, and to your trust will give 345
A Pledge, worth more than all the World can pay for.
My *Belvidera!* Ho! my *Belvidera!*

Beda. What wonder next?

Jaff. Let me entreat you,
As I have henceforth hopes to call ye friends,
That all but the Ambassador, this 350
Grave Guide of Councils, with my friend that owns me,
Withdraw a while to spare a Womans blushes.

[*Ex. all but Beda. Rena. Jaff. Pierr.*

Beda. Pierre, whither will this Ceremony lead us?

Jaff. My *Belvidera! Belvidera!*

Enter Belvidera.

Belv. Who?
Who calls so lowd at this late peacefull hour? 355

That Voice was wont to come in gentler whispers,
And fill my Ears with the soft breath of Love:
Thou hourly Image of my Thoughts, where art thou?

Jaff. Indeed 'tis late.

Belv. Oh! I have slept, and dreamt, 359
And dreamt again: Where hast thou been thou Loyterer?
Tho my Eyes clos'd, my Arms have still been open'd;
Stretcht every way betwixt my broken slumbers,
To search if thou wert come to crown my Rest;
There's no repose without thee: Oh the day
Too soon will break, and wake us to our sorrow; 365
Come, come to bed, and bid thy Cares good Night.

Jaff. Oh *Belvidera*! we must change the Scene
In which the past Delights of Life were tasted:
The poor sleep little, we must learn to watch
Our labours late, and early every Morning, 370
Mid'st winter Frosts, thin clad and fed with sparing,
Rise to our toils, and drudge away the day.

Belv. Alas! where am I! whither is't you lead me!
Methinks I read distraction in your face,
Something less gentle than the Fate you tell me: 375
You shake and tremble too! your blood runs cold!
Heaven's guard my Love, and bless his heart with Patience.

Jaff. That I have Patience, let our Fate bear witness,
Who has ordain'd it so, that thou and I
(Thou the divinest Good man e're possest, 380
And I the wretched'st of the Race of Man)
This very hour, without one tear, must part.

Belv. Part! must we part? Oh! am I then forsaken?
Will my Love cast me off? have my misfortunes
Offended him so highly, that hee'll leave me? 385
Why dragg you from me? whither are you going?
My Dear! my Life! my Love!

Jaff. Oh Friends!

Belv. Speak to me.

Jaff. Take her from my heart,

364 day,

371 then clad

374 face!

Shee'l gain such hold else, I shall ner'e get loose.
 I charge thee take her, but with tender'st care, 390
 Relieve her Troubles and assuage her sorrows.

Rena. Rise, Madam! and Command amongst your
 Servants!

Jaff. To you, Sirs, and your Honours, I bequeath her,
 And with her this, when I prove unworthy——

[*Gives a dagger.*]

You know the rest:—Then strike it to her heart; 395
 And tell her, he, who three whole happy years
 Lay in her Arms, and each kind Night repeated
 The passionate Vows of still encreasing Love,
 Sent that Reward for all her Truth and Sufferings.

Belv. Nay, take my Life, since he has sold it cheaply;
 Or send me to some distant Clime your slave, 401
 But let it be far off, least my complainings
 Should reach his guilty Ears, and shake his peace.

Jaff. No *Belvidera*, I've contriv'd thy honour;
 Trust to my Faith, and be but Fortune kind 405
 To me, as I'll preserve that faith unbroken,
 When next we meet, I'll lift thee to a height,
 Shall gather all the gazing World about thee,
 To wonder what strange Virtue plac'd thee there.
 But if we ner'e meet more——

Belv. Oh thou unkind one, 410
 Never meet more! have I deserv'd this from you?
 Look on me, tell me, tell me, speak thou dear deceiver,
 Why am I separated from thy Love?
 If I am false, accuse me; but if true,
 Don't, prithee don't in poverty forsake me. 415
 But pittty the sad heart, that's torn with parting.
 Yet hear me! yet recall me—— [*Ex. Rena. Beda. and Belv.*]

Jaff. Oh my Eyes!
 Look not that way, but turn your selves awhile
 Into my heart, and be wean'd all together.
 My Friend, where art thou?

- 420 *Pierr.* Here, my Honour's Brother.
Jaff. Is *Belvidera* gone?
Pierr. *Renault* has lead her
 Back to her own Apartment: but, by Heav'n!
 Thou must not see her more till our work's over.
Jaff. No:
Pierr. Not for your life.
Jaff. Oh *Pierre*, wert thou but she,
 425 How I could pull thee down into my heart,
 Gaze on thee till my Eye-strings crackt with Love,
 Till all my sinews with its fire extended,
 Fixt me upon the Rack of ardent longing;
 Then swelling, sighing, raging to be blest,
 430 Come like a panting Turtle to thy Breast,
 On thy soft Bosom, hovering, bill and play,
 Confess the cause why last I fled away;
 Own 'twas a fault, but swear to give it or'e,
 And never follow false Ambition more. [*Ex. Ambo.*]

ACT III.

Enter Aquilina and her Maid.

Aquil. TELL him I am gone to bed: Tell him I am not at
 home; tell him I've better Company with me,
 or any thing; tell him in short I will not see him, the
 eternal troublesome vexatious Fool: He's worse Company
 5 than an ignorant Physitian—I'l not be disturb'd at these
 unseasonable hours.

Maid. But Madam! He's here already, just enter'd the
 doors.

Aquil. Turn him out agen, you unnecessary, useless,
 10 giddy-brain'd Asse! if he will not begone, set the house a
 fire and burn us both: I had rather meet a Toad in my
 dish than that old hideous Animal in my Chamber to
 Night.

Enter Antonio.

Anto. Nacky, Nacky, Nacky—how dost do *Nacky*?
Hurry durry. I am come little *Nacky*; past eleven a Clock, ¹⁵
a late hour; time in all Conscience to go to bed *Nacky*—
Nacky did I say? Ay *Nacky*; *Aquilina, lina, lina, quilina,*
quilina, quilina, Aquilina, Naquilina, Naquilina, Acky,
Acky, Nacky, Nacky, Queen Nacky—come let's to bed—
you Fubbs, you Pugg you—you little Puss—Purree ²⁰
Tuzzey—I am a Senator.

Aquil. You are a Fool, I am sure.

Anto. May be so too sweet-heart. Never the worse
Senator for all that. Come *Nacky, Nacky*, lets have a
Game at Rump, *Nacky.* ²⁵

Aquil. You would do well Signior to be troublesome here
no longer, but leave me to my self, be sober and go home, Sir.

Anto. Home Madona!

Aquil. Ay home, Sir. Who am I?

Anto. Madona, as I take it you are my—you are—thou ³⁰
art my little *Nicky Nacky*—that's all!

Aquil. I find you are resolv'd to be troublesome, and so
to make short of the matter in few words, I hate you,
detest you, loath you, I am weary of you, sick of you—
hang you, you are an Old, silly, Impertinent, impotent, ³⁵
sollicitous Coxcomb, Crazy in your head, and lazy in your
Body, love to be meddling with every thing, and if you had
not Money, you are good for nothing.

Anto. Good for nothing! Hurry durry, I'll try that pre-
sently. Sixty one years Old, and good for nothing; that's ⁴⁰
brave. [*To the Maid*] Come come come Mistress fiddle-
faddle, turn you out for a season; go turn out I say, it is
our will and pleasure to be private some moments—out,
out when you are bid to—[*Puts her out and locks the door.*]
Good for nothing you say? ⁴⁵

Aquil. Why what are you good for?

Anto. In the first place, Madam, I am Old, and conse-

quently very wise, very wise, *Madona*, d'e mark that? in the second place take notice, if you please, that I am a
 50 Senator, and when I think fit can make Speeches *Madona*. Hurry durry, I can make a Speech in the Senate-house now and then—wou'd make your hair stand an end, *Madona*.

Aquil. What care I for your Speeches in the Senate-
 55 house? if you wou'd be silent here, I should thank you.

Anto. Why, I can make Speeches to thee too, my lovely *Madona*; for Example——

My cruel fair one,

[*Takes out a Purse of Gold, and at every pawse shakes it.*

Since it is my Fate, that you should with

60 Your Servant angry prove; tho late at Night——

I hope 'tis not too late with this to gain

Reception for my Love——

There's for thee my little *Nicky Nacky*—take it, here take it—I say take it, or I'll throw it at your head—how now,

65 rebel!

Aquil. Truly, my Illustrious Senator, I must confess your Honour is at present most profoundly eloquent indeed.

Anto. Very well: Come, now let's sit down and think
 70 upon't a little—come sit I say—sit down by me a little my *Nicky Nacky*, hah—[*Sits down*] Hurry durry—good for nothing——

Aquil. No Sir, if you please I can know my distance and stand.

75 *Anto*. Stand: How? *Nacky* up and I down! Nay then let me exclaim with the Poet:

*Shew me a Case more pitiful who can,
 A standing Woman, and a falling Man.*

Hurry durry—not sit down—see this ye Gods—You won't
 80 sit down?

Aquil. No Sir.

55 house, 58–62 run on as prose with ll. 57 and 63 75 *Nacky*, 76 Poet.

Anto. Then look you now, suppose me a Bull, a *Basan-Bull*, the Bull of Bulls, or any Bull. Thus up I get and with my brows thus bent—I broo, I say I broo, I broo, I broo. You won't sit down will you?—I broo— 85

[Bellows like a Bull, and drives her about.]

Aquil. Well, Sir, I must endure this. *[She sits down.]* Now your honour has been a Bull, pray what Beast will your Worship please to be next?

Anto. Now I'll be a Senator agen, and thy Lover little *Nicky Nacky!* *[He sits by her.]* Ah toad, toad, toad, toad! 90 spit in my Face a little, *Nacky*—spit in my Face prithee, spit in my Face, never so little: spit but a little bit—spit, spit, spit when you are bid I say; do, prithee spit—now, now, now, spit: what you won't spit, will you? Then I'll be a Dog. 95

Aquil. A Dog my Lord?

Anto. Ay a Dog—and I'll give thee this to'ther purse to let me be a Dog—and to use me like a Dog a little. Hurry durry—I will—here 'tis.— *[Gives the Purse.]*

Aquil. Well, with all my heart. But let me beseech your 100 Dogship to play your trick's over as fast as you can, that you may come to stinking the sooner, and be turn'd out of dores as you deserve.

Anto. Ay, ay—no matter for that—that *[He gets under the Table]* shan't move me—Now, bough waugh waugh, 105 bough waugh— *[Barks like a Dog.]*

Aquil. Hold, hold, hold Sir, I beseech you: what is't you do? If Curs bite, they must be kickt, Sir. Do you see, kickt thus.

Anto. Ay with all my heart: do kick, kick on, now I am 110 under the Table, kick agen—kick harder—harder yet, bough waugh waugh, waugh, bough—'odd, I'll have a snap at thy shins—bough waugh wough, waugh, bough—'odd she kicks bravely.—

Aquil. Nay then I'll go another way to work with you: 115 and I think here's an Instrument fit for the purpose. *[Fetches*

93 spit, when

a Whip and Bell.] What bite your Mistress, sirrah! out, out of dores, you Dog, to kennel and be hang'd—bite your Mistress by the Legs, you rogue?— [*She Whips him.*

120 *Anto.* Nay prithee *Nacky*, now thou art too loving: Hurry durry, 'odd I'll be a Dog no longer.

Aquil. Nay none of your fawning and grinning: But be gone, or here's the discipline: What bite your Mistress by the Legs you mungril? out of dores—hout hout, to kennel
125 sirra! go.

Anto. This is very barbarous usage *Nacky*, very barbarous: look you, I will not go—I will not stir from the dore, that I resolve—hurry durry, what shut me out?

[*She Whips him out.*

Aquil. Ay, and if you come here any more to night I'll
130 have my Foot-men lug you, you Curr: What, bite your poor Mistress *Nacky*, sirrah!

Enter Maid.

Maid. Heav'ns Madam! Whats the matter?

[*He howls at the dore like a Dog.*

Aquil. Call my Foot-men hither presently.

Enter two Foot-men.

Maid. They are here already Madam, the house is all
135 alarm'd with a strange noise, that no body knows what to make of.

Aquil. Go all of you and turn that troublesome Beast in the next room out of my house—If I ever see him within these walls again, without my leave for his Admittance,
140 you sneaking Rogues—I'll have you poison'd all, poison'd, like Rats: every Corner of the house shall stink of one of you: Go, and learn hereafter to know my pleasure. So now for my *Pierre*:

Thus when Godlike Lover was displeas'd;

145 *We Sacrifice our Fool and he's appeas'd.* [Exeunt.

SCENE *The Second.**Enter Belvidera.*

Belvid. I'm Sacrific'd! I am sold! betray'd to shame!
 Inevitable Ruin has inclos'd me!

No sooner was I to my bed repair'd,
 To weigh, and (weeping) ponder my condition,
 But the old hoary Wretch, to whose false Care 5
 My Peace and Honour was intrusted, came
 (Like *Tarquin*) gastely with infernal Lust.
 Oh thou *Roman Lucrece*!
 Thou could'st find friends to vindicate thy Wrong;
 I never had but one, and he's prov'd false; 10
 He that should guard my Virtue, has betray'd it;
 Left me! undone me! Oh that I could hate him!
 Where shall I go! Oh whither whither wander?

Enter Jaffeir.

Jaff. Can *Belvidera* want a resting place
 When these poor Arms are open to receive her? 15
 Oh 'tis in vain to struggle with Desires
 Strong as my Love to thee; for every moment
 I am from thy sight, the Heart within my Bosom
 Moans like a tender Infant in its Cradle
 Whose Nurse had left it: Come, and with the Songs 20
 Of gentle Love perswade it to its peace.

Belvid. I fear the stubborn Wanderer will not own me,
 'Tis grown a Rebel to be rul'd no longer,
 Scorns the Indulgent Bosom that first lull'd it,
 And like a Disobedient Child disdains 25
 The soft Authority of *Belvidera*.

Jaff. There was a time——

Belv. Yes, yes, there was a time,
 When *Belvidera's* tears, her crys, and sorrows,
 Were not despis'd; when if she chanc'd to sigh,
 Or look but sad;—there was indeed a time 30
 When *Jaffeir* would have ta'ne her in his Arms,

Eas'd her declining Head upon his Breast,
 And never left her 'till he found the Cause.
 But let her now weep Seas,
 Cry, 'till she rend the Earth; sigh 'till she burst 35
 Her heart asunder; still he bears it all;
 Deaf as the Wind, and as the Rocks unshaken.

Jaff. Have I been deaf? am I that Rock unmov'd,
 Against whose root, Tears beat and sighes are sent
 In vain? have I beheld thy Sorrows calmly? 40
 Witness against me Heav'ns, have I done this?
 Then bear me in a Whirlwind back agen,
 And let that angry dear one ne're forgive me!
 Oh thou too rashly censur'st of my Love!
 Could'st thou but think how I have spent this night, 45
 Dark and alone, no pillow to my Head,
 Rest in my Eyes, nor quiet in my Heart,
 Thou would'st not *Belvidera*, sure thou would'st not
 Talk to me thus, but like a pitying Angel
 Spreading thy wings come settle on my breast, 50
 And hatch warm comfort there e're sorrows freeze it.

Belv. Why, then poor Mourner, in what baleful Corner
 Hast thou been talking with that Witch the Night?
 On what cold stone hast thou been stretcht along,
 Gathering the grumbling Winds about thy Head, 55
 To mix with theirs the Accents of thy Woes?
 Oh now I find the Cause my Love forsakes me!
 I am no longer fit to bear a share
 In his Concernments: My weak female Virtue
 Must not be trusted; 'Tis too frail and tender. 60

Jaff. Oh *Porcia*! *Porcia*! What a Soul was thine?

Belv. That *Porcia* was a Woman, and when *Brutus*,
 Big with the fate of *Rome*, (Heav'n guard thy safety!)
 Conceal'd from her the Labours of his Mind,
 She let him see, her Blood was great as his, 65
 Flow'd from a Spring as noble, and a Heart
 Fit to partake his Troubles, as his Love:

38 unmov'd? 39 sent! 40 vain | calmly! 56 Woes! 62 *Brutus*

Fetch, fetch that Dagger back, the dreadful dower
 Thou gav'st last night in parting with me; strike it
 Here to my heart; and as the Blood flows from it, 70
 Judge if it run not pure as *Cato's* Daughter's.

Jaff. Thou art too good, and I indeed unworthy,
 Unworthy so much Virtue: Teach me how
 I may deserve such matchless Love as thine,
 And see with what attention I'll obey thee. 75

Belv. Do not despise me: that's the All I ask.

Jaff. Despise thee! Hear me——

Belv. Oh thy charming Tongue
 Is but too well acquainted with my weakness,
 Knows, let it name but Love, my melting heart
 Dissolves within my Breast; 'till with clos'd Eyes 80
 I reel into thy Arms, and all's forgotten.

Jaff. What shall I do?

Belv. Tell me! be just, and tell me
 Why dwells that busy Cloud upon thy face?
 Why am I made a stranger? why that sigh,
 And I not know the Cause? Why when the World 85
 Is wrapt in Rest, why chooses then my Love
 To wander up and down in horrid darkness,
 Loathing his bed, and these desiring Arms?
 Why are these Eyes Blood shot, with tedious watching?
 Why starts he now? and looks as if he wisht 90
 His Fate were finisht? Tell me, ease my fears;
 Least when we next time meet, I want the power
 To search into the sickness of thy Mind,
 But talk as wildly then as thou look'st now.

Jaff. Oh *Belvidera*! 95

Belv. Why was I last night deliver'd to a Villain?

Jaff. Hah, a Villain!

Belv. Yes! to a Villain! Why at such an hour
 Meets that assembly all made up of Wretches
 That look as Hell had drawn 'em into League? 100
 Why, I in this hand, and in that a Dagger,

or 'Tell

Was I deliver'd with such dreadful Ceremonies?
 "To you, Sirs, and to your Honour I bequeath her,
 "And with her this: When e're I prove unworthy,
 "You know the rest, then strike it to her Heart. 105

Oh! why's that *rest* conceal'd from me? must I
 Be made the hostage of a hellish Trust?
 For such I know I am; that's all my value!
 But by the Love and Loyalty I owe thee,
 I'll free thee from the Bondage of these Slaves; 110
 Strait to the Senate, tell 'em all I know,
 All that I think, all that my fears inform me!

Jaff. Is this the *Roman* Virtue! this the Blood
 That boasts its purity with *Cato's* Daughter!
 Would she have e're betray'd her *Brutus*?

Belv. No: 115
 For *Brutus* trusted her: Wer't thou so kind,
 What would not *Belvidera* suffer for thee?

Jaff. I shall undo my self, and tell thee all.

Belv. Look not upon me as I am, a Woman,
 But as a Bone, thy Wife, thy Friend; who long 120
 Has had admission to thy heart, and there
 Study'd the Virtues of thy gallant Nature;
 Thy Constancy, thy Courage and thy Truth,
 Have been my daily lesson: I have learnt them,
 Am bold as thou, can suffer or despise 125
 The worst of Fates for thee; and with thee share them.

Jaff. Oh you divinest Powers! look down and hear
 My Prayers! instruct me to reward this Virtue!
 Yet think a little, e're thou tempt me further:
 Think I have a Tale to tell, will shake thy Nature, 130
 Melt all this boasted Constancy thou talk'st of
 Into vile tears and despicable sorrows:
 Then if thou shoud'st betray me!

Belv. Shall I swear?

Jaff. No: do not swear: I would not violate
 Thy tender Nature with so rude a Bond: 135

105 *Heart*?

119 me, as I am

But as thou hop'st to see me live my days,
 And love thee long, lock this within thy Breast;
 I've bound my self by all the strictest Sacraments,
 Divine and humane——

Belv. Speak!——

Jaff. To kill thy Father——

Belv. My Father!

Jaff. Nay the Throats of the whole Senate
 Shall bleed, my *Belvidera*: He amongst us 141
 That spares his Father, Brother, or his Friend,
 Is damn'd: How rich and beauteous will the face
 Of Ruin look, when these wide streets run blood;
 I and the glorious Partner's of my Fortune 145
 Shouting, and striding o're the prostrate Dead;
 Still to new waste; whilst thou, far off in safety
 Smiling, shalt see the wonders of our daring;
 And when night comes, with Praise and Love receive me.

Belv. Oh!

Jaff. Have a care, and shrink not even in thought!
 For if thou do'st——

Belv. I know it, thou wilt kill me, 151
 Do, strike thy Sword into this bosom: Lay me
 Dead on the Earth, and then thou wilt be safe:
 Murder my Father! tho his Cruel Nature
 Has persecuted me to my undoing, 155
 Driven me to basest wants; Can I behold him
 With smiles of Vengeance, butcher'd in his Age?
 The sacred Fountain of my life destroy'd?
 And canst thou shed the blood that gave me being?
 Nay, be a Traitor too, and sell thy Country? 160
 Can thy great Heart descend so vilely low,
 Mix with hired Slaves, Bravoës, and Common stabbers,
 Nose-slitters, Ally-lurking Villians! joyn
 With such a Crew, and take a Ruffian's Wages,
 To cut the Throats of Wretches as they sleep? 165

Jaff. Thou wrong'st me, *Belvidera*! I've engag'd

141 bleed 160 Country;

With Men of Souls: fit to reform the ills
 Of all Mankind: There's not a Heart amongst them,
 But's as stout as Death, yet honest as the Nature
 Of Man first made, e're Fraud and Vice were fashions. 170

Belv. What's he, to whose curst hands last night thou
 gav'st me?

Was that well done? Oh! I could tell a story
 Would rowse thy Lyon Heart out of its Den,
 And make it rage with terrifying fury.

Jaff. Speak on I charge thee!

Belv. Oh my Love! if e're 175

Thy *Belvidera's* Peace deserv'd thy Care,
 Remove me from this place: Last night, last night!

Jaff. Distract me not, but give me all the Truth.

Belv. No sooner wer't thou gone, and I alone,
 Left in the pow'r of that old Son of Mischief; 180

No sooner was I lain on my sad Bed,
 But that vile Wretch approacht me; loose, unbutton'd,
 Ready for violation: Then my Heart

Throbb'd with its fears: Oh how I wept and sigh'd,
 And shrunk and trembled; wish'd in vain for him 185
 That should protect me. Thou alas! wert gone!

Jaff. Patience, sweet Heav'n! 'till I make vengeance sure.

Belv. He drew the hideous Dagger forth thou gav'st him,
 And with upbraiding smiles he said, *behold it*;

This is the pledge of a false Husbands love: 190

And in my Arms then prest, and wou'd have clasp'd me;
 But with my Cries I scar'd his Coward heart,
 'Till he withdrew, and mutter'd vows to Hell.

These are thy Friends! with these thy Life, thy Honour,
 Thy Love, all's stak't, and all will go to ruine. 195

Jaff. No more: I charge thee keep this secret close;
 Clear up thy sorrows, look as if thy wrongs
 Were all forgot, and treat him like a Friend,
 As no complaint were made. No more, retire,
 Retire my Life, and doubt not of my Honour; 200

I'll heal its failings, and deserve thy Love.

Belv. Oh should I part with thee, I fear thou wilt
In Anger leave me, and return no more.

Jaff. Return no more! I would not live without thee
Another Night to purchase the Creation. 205

Belv. When shall we meet again?

Jaff. Anon at Twelve!
I'll steal my self to thy expecting Arms,
Come like a Travell'd Dove and bring thee Peace.

Belv. Indeed?

Jaff. By all our loves!

Belv. 'Tis hard to part:
But sure no falsehood e're lookt so fairly. 210
Farewell—Remember Twelve. [*Ex. Belvid.*

Jaff. Let Heav'n forget me
When I remember not thy Truth, thy Love.
How curst is my Condition, toss'd and justl'd,
From every Corner; Fortune's Common Fool,
The jest of Rogues, an Instrumental Ass 215
For Villains to lay loads of Shame upon,
And drive about just for their ease and scorn.

Enter Pierre.

Pierr. *Jaffeur!*

Jaff. Who calls!

Pierr. A Friend, that could have wisht
T'have found thee otherwise imploy'd: what, hunt
A Wife on the dull foil! sure a stanch Husband 220
Of all Hounds is the dullest? wilt thou never,
Never be wean'd from Caudles and Confections?
What feminine Tale hast thou been listening to,
Of unayr'd shirts; Catharrs and Tooth Ach got
By thin-sol'd shoos? Damnation! that a Fellow 225
Chosen to be a Sharer in the Destruction
Of a whole People, should sneak thus in Corners
To ease his fulsom Lusts, and Fool his Mind.

Jaff. May not a Man then trifle out an hour

203 more:

209 Indeed!

With a kind Woman and not wrong his calling? 230

Pierr. Not in a Cause like ours.

Jaff. Then Friend our Cause

Is in a damn'd condition: for I'll tell thee,
That Canker-worm call'd *Letchery* has toucht it,
'Tis tainted vilely: would'st thou think it, *Renault*,
(That mortify'd old wither'd Winter Rogue) 235

Loves simple Fornication like a Priest,
I found him out for watering at my Wife:
He visited her last night like a kind Guardian:
Faith she has some Temptations, that's the truth on't.

Pierr. He durst not wrong his Trust!

Jaff. 'Twas something late tho
To take the freedome of a Ladies Chamber 241

Pierr. Was she in bed?

Jaff. Yes faith in Virgin sheets
White as her bosom, *Pierre*, disht neatly up,
Might tempt a weaker appetite to taste.
Oh how the old Fox stunk I warrant thee 245
When the rank fit was on him.

Pierr. Patience guide me!
He us'd no violence?

Jaff. No, no! out on't, violence!
Play'd with her neck; brusht her with his Gray-beard,
Struggl'd and towz'd, tickl'd her 'till she squeak'd a little
May be, or so—but not a jot of violence— 250

Pierr. Damn him.

Jaff. Ay, so say I: but hush, no more on't;
All hitherto is well, and I believe
My self no Monster yet: Tho no Man knows
What Fate he's born to: sure 'tis near the hour
We all should meet for our concluding Orders: 255
Will the Ambassador be here in person?

Pierr. No: he has sent Commission to that Villain, *Renault*,
To give the Executing Charge;
I'd have thee be a Man if possible

And keep thy temper ; for a brave Revenge 260
Ne're comes too late.

Jaff. Fear not, I am cool as Patience:
Had he compleated my dishonour, rather
Then hazard the Success our hopes are ripe for,
I'd bear it all with mortifying Vertue.

Pierr. He's yonder coming this way through the Hall ;
His thoughts seem full.

Jaff. Prithee retire, and leave me 266
With him alone: I'l put him to some tryal,
See how his rotten part will bear the touching.

Pierr. Be careful then. [*Ex.* Pierre.

Jaff. Nay never doubt, but trust me.
What, be a Devil! take a Damning Oath 270
For shedding native blood! can there be a sin
In merciful repentance? Oh this Villain.

Enter Renault.

Renault. Perverse! and peevish! what a slave is Man!
To let his itching flesh thus get the better of him!
Dispatch the Tool her Husband—that were well. 275
Who's there?

Jaff. A Man.

Rena. My Friend, my near Ally!
The hostage of your faith, my beauteous Charge,
Is very well.

Jaff. Sir, are you sure of that?
Stands she in perfect health? beats her pulse even?
Neither too hot nor cold?

Rena. What means that question? 280

Jaff. Oh Women have fantastick Constitutions,
Inconstant as their Wishes, always wavering,
And ne're fixt; was it not boldly done
Even at first sight to trust the Thing I lov'd
(A tempting Treasure too!) with Youth so fierce 285
And vigorous as thine? but thou art honest.

296 same' 301 and

Rena. Brainveil.

Brain. I am ready.

Rena. *Durand and Brabe.*

Dur. Command us,

We are both prepar'd!

Rena. *Mezzana, Revellido,*

Ternon, Retrosi; Oh you are Men I find

Fit to behold your Fate, and meet her Summons; 310

To morrow's rising Sun must see you all

Deckt in your honours! are the Souldiers ready?

Omn. All, all.

Rena. You, *Durand*, with your thousand must possess
St. Marks; You, Captain, know your charge already; 315

'Tis to secure the Ducal Palace: you

Brabe with a hundred more must gain the *Secque*.

With the like number *Brainveil* to the *Procuralle*.

Be all this done with the least tumult possible,

'Till in each place you post sufficient guards: 320

Then sheath your Swords in every breast you meet.

Jaff. Oh reverend Cruelty: Damn'd bloody Villain!

Rena. During this Execution, *Durand*, you

Must in the mid'st keep your Battalia fast,

And *Theodore* be sure to plant the Canon 325

That may Command the streets; whilst *Revellido*,

Mezzana, Ternon and *Retrosi* Guard you.

(This done!) weel give the General Alarm,

Apply Petards, and force the Ars'nal Gates;

Then fire the City round in several places, 330

Or with our Canon (if it dare resist)

Batter't to Ruin. But above all I charge you,

Shed blood enough, spare neither Sex nor Age,

Name nor Condition; if there live a Senator

After to morrow, tho the dullest Rogue 335

That er'e said nothing, we have lost our ends;

If possible, lets kill the very Name

Of Senator, and bury it in blood.

307 *Brabe*, 309 *Ternon* 310 Summons, 327 *Retrosi*, 332 you

Jaff. Merciless, horrid slave!—Ay, blood enough! 339
Shed blood enough, old *Renault*: how thou charm'st me!

Rena. But one thing more, and then farewell till Fate
Join us again, or separate us ever:
First, let's embrace, Heav'n knows who next shall thus
Wing ye together: But let's all remember
We wear no common Cause upon our Swords, 345
Let each Man think that on his single Virtue
Depends the Good and Fame of all the rest;
Eternal Honour or perpetual Infamy.
Let's remember, through what dreadful hazards
Propitious Fortune hitherto has led us, 350
How often on the brink of some discovery
Have we stood tottering, and yet still kept our ground
So well, the busiest searchers ne'r could follow,
Those subtle Tracks which puzzled all suspicion:
You droop Sir.

Jaff. No: with a most profound attention 355
I've heard it all, and wonder at thy virtue.

Rena. Though there be yet few hours'twixt them and Ruin,
Are not the Senate lull'd in full security,
Quiet and satisfy'd, as Fools are always!
Never did so profound repose forerun 360
Calamity so great: Nay our good Fortune
Has blinded the most piercing of Mankind:
Strengthen'd the fearfull'st, charm'd the most suspectful,
Confounded the most subtle: for we live,
We live my Friends, and quickly shall our Life 365
Prove fatal to these Tyrants: Let's consider
That we destroy Oppression, Avarice,
A People nurst up equally with Vices
And loathsome Lusts, which Nature most abhors,
And such as without shame she cannot suffer. 370

Jaff. Oh *Belvidera*, take me to thy Arms
And shew me where's my Peace, for I've lost it. [*Ex.* *Jaff.*]

Rena. Without the least remorse then let's resolve

352 have we

356 hard it

With Fire and Sword t'exterminate these Tyrants;
 And when we shall behold those curst Tribunals, 375
 Stain'd by the Tears and sufferings of the Innocent,
 Burning with flames rather from Heav'n than ours,
 The raging furious and unpitying Souldier
 Pulling his reeking Dagger from the bosoms
 Of gasping Wretches; Death in every Quarter, 380
 With all that sad disorder can produce,
 To make a Spectacle of horror: Then,
 Then let's call to mind, my dearest Friends,
 That there's nothing pure upon the Earth,
 That thè most valu'd things have most allays, 385
 And that in change of all those vile Enormities,
 Under whose weight this wretched Country labours,
 The Means are only in our hands to Crown them.

Pierr. And may those Powers above that are propitious
 To gallant minds record this Cause, and bless it. 390

Rena. Thus happy, thus secure of all we wish for,
 Should there my Friends be found amongst us one
 False to this glorious Enterprize, what Fate,
 What Vengeance were enough for such a Villian?

Eliot. Death here without repentance, Hell hereafter.

Rena. Let that be my lott, if as here I stand 396
 Lifted by Fate amongst her darling Sons,
 Tho I had one only Brother, dear by all
 The strictest ties of Nature; tho one hour
 Had given us birth, one Fortune fed our wants, 400
 One only love, and that but of each other,
 Still fill'd our minds: Could I have such a Friend
 Joyn'd in this Cause, and had but ground to fear
 Meant fowl play; may this right hand drop from me,
 If I'd not hazard all my future peace, 405
 And stabb him to the heart before you: who
 Would do less? Would'st not thou *Pierre* the same?

Pierr. You have singled me, Sir, out for this hard ques-
 tion,

As if 'twere started only for my sake!

Am I the thing you fear? Here, here's my bosom, 410
Search it with all your Swords! am I a Traytor?

Rena. No: but I fear your late commended Friend
Is little less: Come Sirs, 'tis now no time

To trifle with our safety. Where's this *Jaffeur*? 414

Spin. He left the room just now in strange disorder.

Rena. Nay, there is danger in him: I observ'd him,

During the time I took for Explanation,

He was transported from most deep attention

To a confusion which he could not smother.

His looks grew full of sadness and surprize, 420

All which betray'd a wavering Spirit in him,

That labour'd with reluctancy and sorrow;

What's requisite for safety must be done

With speedy Execution: he remains

Yet in our power: I for my own part wear 425

A Dagger.

Pierr. Well.

Rena. And I could wish it——

Pierr. Where?

Rena. Bury'd in his heart.

Pierr. Away! w'are yet all friends;
No more of this, 'twill Breed ill blood amongst us.

Spin. Let us all draw our Swords, and search the house,
Pull him from the dark hole where he sits brooding 430
O're his cold fears, and each man kill his share of him.

Pierr. Who talks of killing? who's he'll shed the blood

That's dear to me? is't you? or you? or you Sir?

What not one speak? how you stand gaping all

On your grave Oracle, your wooden God there; 435

Yet not a word: Then Sir I'll tell you a secret:

Suspition's but at best a Cowards Virtue! [To *Rena.*

Rena. A Coward—— [Handles his Sword.

Pierr. Put, put up thy Sword, old Man,
Thy hand shakes at it; come let's heal this breach,

426 wish it!

436 secret,

I am too hot: we yet may live Friends. 440

Spin. 'Till we are safe, our Friendship cannot be so.

Pierr. Again: who's that?

Spin. 'Twas I.

Theo. And I.

Revell. And I.

Eliot. And all.

Rena. Who are on my side?

Spin. Every honest Sword:

Let's die like men and not be sold like Slaves. 445

Pierr. One such word more, by Heav'n I'll to the Senate
And hang ye all, like Dogs in Clusters.

Why peep your Coward Swords half out their shells?

Why do you not all brandish them like mine?

You fear to die, and yet dare talk of Killing? 450

Rena. Go to the Senate and betray us, hasten,
Secure thy wretched life, we fear to die
Less than thou dar'st be honest.

Pierr. That's rank falsehood,
Fear'st not thou death? fy, there's a knavish itch
In that salt blood, an utter foe to smarting. 455
Had *Jaffeir's* Wife prov'd kind, he had still been true.
Foh—how that stinks?

Thou dy! thou kill my Friend! or thou, or thou,
Or thou, with that lean wither'd wretched Face!
Away! disperse all to your several Charges, 460
And meet to morrow where your honour calls you,
I'll bring that man, whose blood you so much thirst for,
And you shall see him venture for you fairly——
Hence, hence, I say. [*Ex. Renault angrily.*]

Spin. I fear we have been too blame,
And done too much. 465

Theo. 'Twas too farr urg'd against the man you lov'd.

Revell. Here, take our Swords and crush 'em with your
feet.

Spin. Forgive us, gallant Friend.

Peirr. Nay, now y' have found
 The way to melt and cast me as you will:
 I'll fetch this Friend and give him to your mercy: 470
 Nay he shall dye if you will take him from me,
 For your repose I'll quit my hearts Jewel;
 But would not have him torn away by Villains
 And spitefull villany.

Spin. No; may you both
 For ever live and fill the world with fame! 475

Peirr. Now you are too kind. Whence rose all this
 discord?

Oh what a dangerous precipice have we scap'd!
 How near a fall was all we had long been building!
 What an eternal blot had stain'd our glories,
 If one the bravest and the best of men 480
 Had fallen a Sacrifice to rash suspicion,
 Butcher'd by those whose Cause he came to cherish:
 Oh could you know him all as I have known him,
 How good he is, how just, how true, how brave,
 You wou'd not leave this place till you had seen him; 485
 Humbled your selves before him, kiss'd his feet,
 And gain'd remission for the worst of follies;

*Come but to morrow all your doubts shall end,
 And to your Loves me better recommend,
 That I've preserv'd your Fame, and sav'd my Friend.* }

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The end of the third Act.

ACT IV.

Enter Jaffier and Belvidera.

Jaff. **W**Here dost thou lead me? Every step I move,
 Methinks I tread upon some mangled Limb
 Of a rack'd Friend: Oh my dear charming ruine!
 Where are we wandring?

Belv. To eternal Honour;

481 suspicion!

490 and,

To doe a deed shall Chronicle thy name, 5
 Among the glorious Legends of those few
 That have sav'd sinking Nations: thy Renown
 Shall be the future Song of all the Virgins,
 Who by thy piety have been preserv'd
 From horrid violation: Every Street 10
 Shall be adorn'd with Statues to thy honour,
 And at thy feet this great Inscription written,

Remember him that prop'd the fall of Venice.

Jaff. Rather, Remember him, who after all
 The sacred Bonds of Oaths and holier Friendship, 15
 In fond compassion to a Womans tears
 Forgot his Manhood, Vertue, truth and Honour,
 To sacrifice the Bosom that reliev'd him.
 Why wilt thou damn me?

Belv. Oh inconstant man!

How will you promise? how will you deceive? 20
 Do, return back, re-place me in my Bondage,
 Tell all thy Friends how dangerously thou lovst me;
 And let thy Dagger doe its bloody office.
 Oh that kind Dagger, *Jaffeir*, how twill look
 Stuck through my heart, drench'd in my blood to th' hilts!
 Whilst these poor dying eyes shall with their tears 26
 No more torment thee, then thou wilt be free:
 Or if thou think'st it nobler, Let me live
 Till I am a Victim to the hatefull lust
 Of that Infernal Devil, that old Fiend 30
 That's Damn'd himself and wou'd undoe Mankind:
 Last night, my Love!

Jaff. Name, name it not again.
 It shews a beastly Image to my fancy,
 Will wake me into madness. Oh the Villain!
 That durst approach such purity as thine 35
 On terms so vile: Destruction, swift destruction
 Fall on my Coward-head, and make my Name
 The common scorn of Fools if I forgive him;

If I forgive him, if I not revenge
 With utmost rage, and most unstaying fury, 40
 Thy sufferings thou dear darling of my life, Love.

Belv. Delay no longer then, but to the Senate;
 And tell the dismalst story e'r was utter'd,
 Tell 'em what bloudshed, rapines, desolations,
 Have been prepar'd, how near's the fatal hour! 45
 Save thy poor Country, save the Reverend bloud
 Of all its Nobles, which to morrows Dawn
 Must else see shed: Save the poor tender lives
 Of all those little Infants which the Swords
 Of murtherers are whetting for this moment; 50
 Think thou already hearst their dying screams,
 Think that thou seest their sad distracted Mothers
 Kneeling before thy feet, and begging pity
 With torn dishevel'd hair and streaming eyes,
 Their naked mangled breasts besmeard with bloud, 55
 And even the Milk with which their fondled Babes
 Softly they hush'd, dropping in anguish from 'em.
 Think thou seest this, and then consult thy heart.

Jaff. Oh!

Belv. Think too, If thou lose this present minute,
 What miseries the next day brings upon thee. 60
 Imagine all the horrors of that night,
 Murther and Rapine, Waste and Desolation,
 Confusedly ranging. Think what then may prove
 My Lot! the Ravisher may then come safe,
 And midst the terrour of the publick ruine 65
 Doe a damn'd deed; perhaps too lay a Train
 May catch thy life; then where will be revenge,
 The dear revenge that's due to such a wrong?

Jaff. By all Heavens powers Prophetick truth dwells in
 thee,
 For every word thou speak'st strikes through my heart 70
 Like a new light, and shows it how 't has wander'd;
 Just what th' hast made me, take me, *Belvidera*,

56 Babes,

60 bring

61 night

66 to lay

And lead me to the place where I'm to say
 This bitter Lesson, where I must betray
 My truth, my vertue, constancy and friends: 75
 Must I betray my friends? Ah take me quickly,
 Secure me well before that thought's renew'd;
 If I relapse once more, all's lost for ever.

Belv. Hast thou a friend more dear than *Belvidera*?

Jaff. No, th'art my Soul it self; wealth, friendship,
 honour, 80

All present joys, and earnest of all future,
 Are summ'd in thee: methinks when in thy armes
 Thus leaning on thy breast, one minute's more
 Than a long thousand years of vulgar hours.
 Why was such happiness not given me pure? 85
 Why dash'd with cruel wrongs, and bitter wantings?
 Come, lead me forward now like a tame Lamb
 To Sacrifice: thus in his fatal Garlands,
 Deck'd fine and pleas'd, The wanton skips and plays,

Trots by the enticing flattering Priestess side, 90
And much transported with his little pride,
Forgets his dear Companions of the plain,
Till by Her, bound, Hee's on the Altar layn;
Yet then too hardly bleats, such pleasure's in the pain. }

Enter Officer and 6 Guards

Offic. Stand: who goes there? 95

Belv. Friends.

Jaff. Friends, *Belvidera*! hide me from my Friends,
 By Heaven I'd rather see the face of Hell,
 Than meet the man I love.

Offic. But what friends are you?

Belv. Friends to the Senate and the State of *Venice*. 100

Offic. My orders are to seize on all I find
 At this late hour, and bring 'em to the Council,
 Who now are sitting.

Jaff. Sir, you shall be obey'd.
 Hold, Brutes, stand off, none of your paws upon me.
 Now the Lot's cast, and Fate doe what thou wilt. 105
[Exeunt guarded.]

SCENE *The Senate-house,*

*Where appear sitting, the Duke of Venice, Priuli, Antonio,
 And Eight other Senators.*

Duke. Antony, Priuli, Senators of Venice,
 Speak; why are we assembled here this night?
 What have you to inform us of, concerns
 The State of *Venice*, honour, or its safety?

Priu. Could words express the story I have to tell you,
 Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears 111
 That fall from my old eyes; but there is cause,
 We all should weep; tear off these purple Robes,
 And wrap our selves in Sack-cloth, sitting down
 On the sad Earth, and cry aloud to Heaven. 115
 Heaven knows if yet there be an hour to come
 E'r *Venice* be no more!

All Sent's. How!

Priu. Nay we stand
 Upon the Very brink of gaping ruine,
 Within this City's form'd a dark Conspiracy,
 To massacre us all, our Wives and Children, 120
 Kindred and Friends, our Palaces and Temples
 To lay in Ashes: nay the hour too, fixt;
 The Swords, for ought I know, drawn even this moment,
 And the wild Waste begun: from unknown hands
 I had this warning: but if we are men 125
 Let's not be tamely butcher'd, but doe something
 That may inform the world in after Ages,
 Our Virtue was not ruin'd though we were.

A noise without. Room, room, make room for some
 Prisoners——

2 *Senat.* Let's raise the City.

129 *A noise without.] at end of previous line like a stage dir.*

Enter Officer and Guard.

Priv. Speak there, what disturbance? 130

Offic. Two Prisoners have the Guard seiz'd in the Streets,
Who say they come to inform this Reverend Senate
About the present danger.

Enter Jaffier and Belvidera guarded.

All. Give 'em entrance——
Well, who are you?

Jaff. A Villain.

Anto. Short and pithy.
The man speaks well.

Jaff. Would every man that hears me 135
Would deal so honestly, and own his title.

Duke. 'Tis rumour'd that a Plot has been contriv'd
Against this State; that you have a share in't too.
If you are a Villain, to redeem your honour,
Unfold the truth and be restor'd with Mercy. 140

Jaff. Think not that I to save my life come hither,
I know its value better; but in pity
To all those wretches whose unhappy dooms
Are fix'd and seal'd. You see me here before you,
The sworn and Covenanted foe of *Venice*. 145
But use me as my dealings may deserve
And I may prove a friend.

Duke. The Slave Capitulates,
Give him the Tortures.

Jaff. That you dare not doe,
Your fears won't let you, nor the longing Itch
To hear a story which you dread the truth of: 150
Truth which the fear of smart shall ne'r get from me.
Cowards are scar'd with threatnings. Boys are whipt
Into confessions: but a Steady mind
Acts of its self, ne'r asks the body Counsell.
Give him the Tortures! Name but such a thing 155
Again; by Heaven I'll shut these lips for ever,

150 of.

151 Truth with

155 Tortures.

Not all your Racks, your Engines or your Wheels
Shall force a groan away—that you may guess at.

Anto. A bloudy minded fellow I'll warrant;
A damn'd bloudy minded fellow. 160

Duke. Name your Conditions.
Jaff. For my self full pardon,
Besides the lives of two and twenty friends
[*Delivers a list.*

Whose names are here inroll'd: Nay, let their Crimes
Be ne'r so monstrous, I must have the Oaths
And sacred promise of this Reverend Council, 165
That in a full Assembly of the Senate
The thing I ask be ratifi'd. Swear this,
And I'll unfold the secrets of your danger.

All. Wee'l swear.
Duke. Propose the Oath.
Jaff. By all the hopes
Ye have of Peace and Happiness hereafter, 170
Swear.

All. We all swear.
Jaff. To grant me what I've ask'd,
Ye swear.

All. We swear.
Jaff. And as ye keep the Oath,
May you and your posterity be blest
Or curst for ever.

All. Else be curst for ever.
Jaff. Then here's the list, and with't the full disclose
Of all that threatens you. [*Delivers another paper.*
Now Fate thou hast caught me. 177

Anto. Why what a dreadfull Catalogue of Cut-throats is
here! I'll warrant you not one of these fellows but has a
face like a Lion. I dare not so much as reade their names
over. 181

Duke. Give orders that all diligent search be made
To seize these men, their characters are publick,

The paper intimates their Rendezvous
 To be at the house of a fam'd Grecian Curtezan 185
 Call'd *Aquilina*; see that place secur'd.

Anto. What my Nicky Nacky, Hurry Durry, Nicky
 Nacky in the Plot!—I'll make a Speech. Most noble
 Senators,

What headlong apprehension drives you on, 190
 Right noble, wise and truly solid Senators,
 To violate the Laws and right of Nations?
 The Lady is a Lady of renown.

'Tis true, she holds a house of fair Reception,
 And though I say't my self, as many more 195
 Can say as well as I——

2 *Senat.* My Lord, long Speeches
 Are frivolous here, when dangers are so near us;
 We all well know your Interest in that Lady,
 The world talks loud on't.

Anto. Verily I have done,
 I say no more.

Duke. But since he has declar'd 200
 Himself concern'd, Pray, Captain, take great caution
 To treat the fair one as becomes her Character,
 And let her Bed-chamber be search'd with decency.
 You, *Jaffeir*, must with patience bear till morning,
 To be our Prisoner.

Jaff. Would the Chains of death 205
 Had bound me fast e'r I had known this minute!
 I've done a deed will make my Story hereafter
 Quoted in competition with all ill ones:
 The History of my wickedness shall run
 Down through the low traditions of the vulgar, 210
 And Boys be taught to tell the tale of *Jaffeir*.

Duke. Captain, withdraw your Prisoner.
Jaff. Sir, if possible,
 Lead me where my own thoughts themselves may lose me,

188 Plot— 196 as I. 202 one, 204-5 You . . . our]
 as one line 206 minute, 211 be thought

Where I may doze out what I've left of life,
 Forget my self and this days guilt and falsehood. 215
 Cruel remembrance how shall I appease thee! [*Ex. guarded.*

Noise without. More Traitors; room, room, make room
 there.

Duke. How's this, Guards?

Where are our Guards? shut up the Gates, the Treason's
 Already at our Doors.

Enter Officer.

Offic. My Lords, more Traitors: 220
 Seiz'd in the very act of Consultation;
 Furnish'd with Arms and Instruments of mischief.
 Bring in the prisoners.

*Enter Peirre, Renault, Theodore, Elliot, Revillido
 and other Conspirators, in fetters, guarded.*

Peirr. You, my Lords and Fathers,
 (As you are pleas'd to call your selves) of *Venice*;
 If you sit here to guide the course of Justice, 225
 Why these disgracefull chains upon the limbs
 That have so often labour'd in your service?
 Are these the wreaths of triumphs ye bestow
 On those that bring you Conquests home and Honours?

Duke. Go on, you shall be heard, Sir. 230

Anto. And be hang'd too, I hope.

Peirr. Are these the Trophies I've deserv'd for fighting
 Your Battels with confederated Powers,
 When winds and Seas conspir'd to overthrow you, 234
 And brought the Fleets of *Spain* to your own Harbours?
 When you, great Duke, shrunk trembling in your Palace,
 And saw your Wife, th'Adriatick, plough'd
 Like a lew'd Whore by bolder Prows than yours,
 Stept not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians
 The task of honour and the way to greatness, 240

217 *Noise without.*] printed separately, above the line, and at middle
 of page 219-20 Where . . . Doors.] as one line 222 mischief,
 234 you? 235 Harbours, 238 yours 239 Venetians.

Rais'd you from your capitulating fears
 To stipulate the terms of su'd for peace,
 And this my recompence? If I am a Traitor,
 Produce my charge; or shew the wretch that's base enough
 And brave enough to tell me I am a Traitor. 245

Duke. Know you one *Jaffeir*?

[*All the conspirators murmur.*

Peirr. Yes, and know his Vertue.
 His Justice, Truth, his general Worth, and Sufferings
 From a hard father taught me first to love him.

Duke. See him brought forth.

Enter Jaffeir guarded.

Peirr. My friend too bound? nay then
 Our Fate has conquer'd us, and we must fall. 250
 Why droops the man whose welfare's so much mine
 They're but one thing? these Reverend Tyrants, *Jaffeir*,
 Call us all Traitors, art thou one, my Brother?

Jaff. To thee I am the falsest, veryest slave
 That e'r betray'd a generous trusting friend, 255
 And gave up honour to be sure of ruine.
 All our fair hopes which morning was to have crown'd
 Has this curst tongue o'rthrown.

Peirr. So, then all's over:
Venice has lost her freedom; I my life;
 No more, farewell.

Duke. Say; will you make confession 260
 Of your vile deeds and trust the Senates mercy?

Peirr. Curst be your Senate: Curst your Constitution:
 The Curse of growing factions and division
 Still vex your Councils, shake your publick safety,
 And make the Robes of Government, you wear, 265
 Hatefull to you, as these base Chains to me.

Duke. Pardon or death?

Peirr. Death, honourable death.

Renault. Death's the best thing we ask or you can give.

243 Traitor 247 Worth 249 stage dir. after l. 248 250 fall,

All Conspir. No shamefull bonds, but honourable death.

Duke. Break up the Council: Captain, guard your prisoners. 270

Jaffeir, y'are free, but these must wait for judgment.

[*Ex. all the Senators <and Belv.>*]

Peirr. Come, where's my Dungeon? lead me to my straw:

I will not be the first time I've lodg'd hard
To doe your Senate service.

Jaff. Hold one moment. 274

Peirr. Who's he disputes the Judgment of the Senate?
Presumptuous Rebel——on—— [Strikes *Jaff.*

Jaff. By Heaven you stir not.

I must be heard, I must have leave to speak:

Thou hast disgrac'd me, *Peirre*, by a vile blow:

Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?

But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me, 280

For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries;

Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,

With pity and with charity behold me;

Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance,

But as there dwells a God-like nature in thee, 285

Listen with mildness to my supplications.

Peirr. What whining Monk art thou? what holy cheat
That wou'dst encroach upon my credulous ears
And cant'st thus vilely? hence. I know thee not.

Dissemble and be nasty: leave me, Hippocrite. 290

Jaff. Not know me, *Peirre*?

Peirr. No, know thee not: what art thou?

Jaff. *Jaffeir*, thy friend, thy once lov'd, valu'd friend,
Though now deservedly scorn'd, and us'd most hardly.

Peirr. Thou *Jaffeir*! Thou my once lov'd, valu'd friend!
By Heavens thou ly'st; the man so call'd, my friend, 295
Was generous, honest, faithfull, just and valiant,
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely,
Dear to my eyes and tender to my heart:

285 thee

289 not,

291 know the

295 man,

But thou a wretched, base, false, worthless Coward,
 Poor even in Soul, and loathsome in thy aspect, 300
 All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
 Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
 Like something banefull, that my nature's chill'd at.

Jaff. I have not wrong'd thee, by these tears I have not.
 But still am honest, true, and hope too, valiant; 305
 My mind still full of thee: therefore still noble.
 Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy heart
 Detest me utterly: Oh look upon me,
 Look back and see my sad sincere submission!
 How my heart swells, as even 'twould burst my bosom; 310
 Fond of its Gaol, and labouring to be at thee!
 What shall I doe? what say to make thee hear me?

Peirr. Hast thou not wrong'd me? dar'st thou call thy
 self

Jaffeir, that once lov'd, valued friend of mine,
 And swear thou hast not wrong'd me? whence these
 chains? 315

Whence the vile death, which I may meet this moment?
 Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one?

Jaff. All's true, yet grant one thing, and I've done
 asking.

Peirr. What's that?

Jaff. To take thy life on such conditions
 The Council have propos'd: Thou and thy friends 320
 May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Peirr. Life! ask my life! confess! record my self
 A villain for the privilege to breath,
 And carry up and down this cursed City
 A discontented and repining spirit, 325
 Burthensome to it self, a few years longer,
 To lose, it may be, at last in a lewd quarrel
 For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
 No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,

And cannot part on better terms than now, 330
When onely men like thee are fit to live in't.

Jaff. By all that's just——

Peirr. Swear by some other powers,
For thou hast broke that sacred Oath too lately.

Jaff. Then by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,
Till to thy self at least, thou'rt reconcil'd, 335
However thy resentments deal with me.

Peirr. Not leave me!

Jaff. No, thou shalt not force me from thee.
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave,
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head; I'll bear it all with patience, 340
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty,
Ly at thy feet and kiss 'em though they spurn me,
Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy armes with dear forgiveness.

Peirr. Art thou not——

Jaff. What?

Peirr. A Traitor?

Jaff. Yes.

Peirr. A Villain?

Jaff. Granted.

Peirr. A Coward, a most scandalous Coward,
Spiritless, void of honour, one who has sold 347
Thy everlasting Fame, for shameless life?

Jaff. All, all, and more, much more: my faults are
Numberless.

Peirr. And wouldst thou have me live on terms like
thine? 350

Base as thou art false?

Jaff. No, 'tis to me that's granted
The safety of thy life was all I aim'd at,
In recompence for faith, and trust so broken.

Peirr. I scorn it more because preserv'd by thee.
And as when first my foolish heart took pity 355

337 thee, 351 false— | granted, 354 thee,

On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Reliev'd thy wants, and rais'd thee from thy State
Of wretchedness in which thy fate had plung'd thee,
To rank thee in my list of noble friends;
All I receiv'd in surety for thy truth, 360
Were unregarded oaths; and thus, this dagger,
Given with a worthless pledge, thou since hast stoln:
So I restore it back to thee again,
Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
Never from this curs'd hour to hold communion, 365
Friendship or interest with thee, though our years
Were to exceed those limited the world.
Take it—farewell—for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaff. Say thou wilt live then.

Peirr. For my life, dispose it
Just as thou wilt, because tis what I'm tir'd with. 370

Jaff. Oh, *Peirre!*

Peirr. No more.

Jaff. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ake with gazing.

Peirr. Leave me——Nay, then thus, thus, I throw thee
from me.

And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee. <Ex.>

Jaff. Amen. 375

He's gone, my father, friend, preserver,
And here's the portion he has left me. [*Holds the dagger up.*
This dagger, well remembred, with this dagger
I gave a solemn vow of dire importance,
Parted with this and *Belvidera* together; 380
Have a care, Mem'ry, drive that thought no farther;
No, I'll esteem it as a friend's last legacy,
Treasure it up in this wretched bosom,
Where it may grow acquainted with my heart, 384
That when they meet, they start not from each other;
So; now for thinking: A blow, call'd Traitor, Villain,
Coward, dishonourable coward, fogh!

Oh for a long sound sleep, and so forget it!
Down, busie Devil.—

Enter Belvidera.

Belv. Whither shall I fly?
Where hide me and my miseries together? 390
Where's now the Roman Constancy I boasted?
Sunk into trembling fears and desperation!
Not daring now to look up to that dear face
Which us'd to smile even on my faults, but down
Bending these miserable eyes to earth, 395
Must move in penance, and implore much Mercy.

Jaff. Mercy! kind Heaven has surely endless stores
Hoarded for thee of blessings yet untasted;
Let wretches loaded hard with guilt as I am,
Bow with the weight and groan beneath the burthen, 400
Creep with a remnant of that strength th' have left,
Before the footstool of that Heaven th' have injur'd.
'Oh *Belvidera!* I'm the wretchedst creature
E'r crawl'd on earth; now if thou hast Vertue, help me,
Take me into thy Armes, and speak the words of peace
To my divided Soul, that wars within me, 406
And raises every Sense to my confusion;
By Heav'n I am tottering on the very brink
Of Peace; and thou art all the hold I've left.

Belv. Alass! I know thy sorrows are most mighty; 410
I know th'hast cause to mourn; to mourn, my *Jaffeir*,
With endless cries, and never ceasing wailings;
Th' hast lost——

Jaff. Oh I have lost what can't be counted;
My friend too, *Belvidera*, that dear friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my health rejoyc'd in, 415
Has us'd me like a slave; shamefully us'd me;
'Twould break thy pitying heart to hear the story.
What shall I doe? resentment, indignation,

397 Mercy, 400 Bow the 404 Vertue 412 wailings,
417 story,

Love, pity, fear, and mem'ry how I've wrong'd him,
 Distract my quiet with the very thought on't, 420
 And tear my heart to pieces in my bosome.

Belv. What has he done?

Jaff. Thou'dst hate me, should I tell thee.

Belv. Why?

Jaff. Oh he has us'd me—yet by Heaven I bear it—
 He has us'd me, *Belvidera*,—but first swear
 That when I've told thee, thou'lt not loath me utterly,
 Though vilest blots and stains appear upon me; 426
 But still at least with charitable goodness,
 Be near me in the pangs of my affliction,
 Not scorn me, *Belvidera*, as he has done.

Belv. Have I then e'r been false that now I am doubted?
 Speak, whats the cause I am grown into distrust, 431
 Why thought unfit to hear my Love's complainings?

Jaff. Oh!

Belv. Tell me.

Jaff. Bear my failings, for they are many,
 Oh my dear Angel! in that friend I've lost
 All my Soul's peace; for every thought of him 435
 Strikes my Sense hard, and deads it in my brains;
 Wouldst thou believe it——

Belv. Speak.

Jaff. Before we parted,
 E'r yet his Guards had led him to his prison,
 Full of severest sorrows for his suff'rings,
 With eyes o'rflowing and a bleeding heart,
 Humbling my self almost beneath my nature, *mg*
 As at his feet I kneel'd, and su'd for mercy, *gg*
 Forgetting all our friendship, all the dearness, *e!*
 In which w' have liv'd so many years together, *nl*
 With a reproachfull hand, he dash'd a blow, 445
 He struck me, *Belvidera*, by Heaven, he struck 'e,
 Buffeted, call'd me Traitor, Villain, Coward; *rs*

419 fear and mem'ry, 423 me! | it; 424 *Belvider.* 437 it?
 441 nature; *sc*

Am I a Coward? am I a Villain? tell me:
Th'art the best Judge, and mad'st me, if I am so.
Damnation; Coward!

Belv. Oh! forgive him, *Jaffeir*.

450

And if his sufferings wound thy heart already,
What will they doe to morrow?

Jaff. Hah!

Belv. To morrow,

When thou shalt see him stretch'd in all the Agonies

Of a tormenting and a shamefull death,

His bleeding bowels, and his broken limbs,

455

Insulted o'r by a vile butchering villain;

What will thy heart doe then? Oh sure 'twill stream

Like my eyes now.

Jaff. What means thy dreadful story?

Death, and to morrow? broken limbs and bowels?

Insulted o'r by a vile butchering Villain?

460

By all my fears I shall start out to madness,

With barely guessing, if the truth's hid longer.

Belv. The faithless Senators, 'tis they've decree'd it:

They say according to our friends request,

They shall have death, and not ignoble bondage:

465

Declare their promis'd mercy all as forfeited;

False to their oaths, and deaf to intercession;

Warrants are pass'd for publick death to morrow.

Jaff. Death! doom'd to die! condemn'd unheard! un-
pleaded!

Belv. Nay, cruel'st racks and torments are preparing,

470

To force confessions from their dying pangs;

Oh do not look so terribly upon me,

How your lips shake, and all your face disorderd!

What means my Love?

Jaff. Leave me, I charge thee leave me—strong tempta-
tions

475

Wake in my heart.

Belv. For what?

462 guessing

466 forfeited,

Jaff. No more, but leave me.

Belv. Why?

Jaff. Oh! by Heaven I love thee with that fondness
I would not have thee stay a moment longer,

Near these curst hands: are they not { *Pulls the dagger*
cold upon thee? { *half out of his*

Belv. No, everlasting comfort's in thy { *bosom and puts*
armes, { *it back agen.*

To lean thus on thy breast is softer ease 481
Than downy pillows deck'd with leaves of roses.

Jaff. Alas thou thinkest not of the thorns 'tis fill'd with,
Fly e'r they gall thee: there's a lurking serpent

Ready to leap and sting thee to thy heart: 485
Art thou not terrifi'd?

Belv. No.

Jaff. Call to mind

What thou hast done, and whither thou hast brought me.

Belv. Hah!

Jaff. Where's my friend? my friend, thou smiling
mischief?

Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late, thou shouldst have
fled

When thy Guilt first had cause, for dire revenge 490

Is up and raging for my friend. He groans,

Hark how he groans, his screams are in my ears

Already; see, th' have fixt him on the wheel,

And now they tear him—Murther! perjur'd Senate! 494

Murther—Oh!—hark thee, Traitress, thou hast done this;

Thanks to thy tears and false perswading { *Fumbling for*
love. { *his Dagger.*

How her eyes speak! Oh thou bewitching creature!

Madness cannot hurt thee: Come, thou little trembler,

Creep, even into my heart, and there lie safe;

'Tis thy own Cittadel—hah—yet stand off, 500

Heaven must have Justice, and my broken vows

Will sink me else beneath its reaching mercy;

479 stage dir. against ll. 480-2 484 they call 490 revenge, 496 love,

I'll wink and then 'tis done—— { *Draws the dagger,*
Belv. What means the Lord { *offers to stab her.*

Of me, my life and love, what's in thy bosom,
 Thou graspst at so? nay, why am I thus treated? 505
 What wilt thou doe? Ah, do not kill me, *Jaffeir*,
 Pity these panting breasts, and trembling limbs,
 That us'd to clasp thee when thy looks were milder,
 That yet hang heavy on my unpurg'd Soul,
 And plunge it not into eternal darkness. 510

Jaff. No, *Belvidera*, when we parted last
 I gave this dagger with thee as in trust
 To be thy portion, If I e'r prov'd false.
 On such condition was my truth believ'd:
 But now 'tis forfeited and must be paid for. 515
 [*Offers to stab her again.*

Belv. Oh, mercy! [*Kneeling.*

Jaff. Nay, no struggling.

Belv. Now then kill me

[*Leaps upon his neck and kisses him*

While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
 Kiss thy revengefull lips and die in joys
 Greater than any I can guess hereafter.

Jaff. I am, I am a Coward; witness't, Heaven, 520
 Witness it, Earth, and every being Witness;
 'Tis but one blow yet: by immortal Love,
 I cannot longer bear a thought to { *He throws away the dag-*
 harm thee, { *ger and embraces her.*

The Seal of providence is sure upon thee.
 And thou wert born for yet unheard of wonders: 525

Oh thou wert either born to save or damn me!
 By all the power that's given thee o'r my soul,
 By thy resistless tears and conquering smiles,
 By the victorious love that still waits on thee;
 Fly to thy cruel Father: save my friend, 530
 Or all our future Quiet's lost for ever:
 Fall at his feet, cling round his reverend knees;

Speak to him with thy Eyes, and with thy tears
Melt the hard heart, and wake dead nature in him; 534
Crush him in th'Arms, and torture him with thy softness:

Nor, till thy Prayers are granted, set him free,

But conquer him, as thou hast vanquish'd me. [Ex. ambo.

The end of the fourth Act.

ACT V.

Enter Priuli solus.

Priu. **W**HY, cruel Heaven, have my unhappy days
Been lengthen'd to this sad one? Oh! dis-
honour

And deathless infamy is fall'n upon me.

Was it my fault? Am I a traitour? No.

But then, my onely child, my daughter, wedded; 5

There my best blood runs foul, and a disease

Incurable has seiz'd upon my memory,

To make it rot and stink to after ages.

Curst be the fatal minute when I got her;

Or woud that I'd been any thing but man, 10

And rais'd an issue which wou'd ne'r have wrong'd me.

The miserablest Creatures (man excepted)

Are not the less esteem'd, though their posterity

Degenerate from the vertues of their fathers;

The vilest Beasts are happy in their off-springs, 15

While onely man gets traitours, whores and villains.

Curst be the name, and some swift blow from Fate

Lay his head deep, where mine may be forgotten.

Enter Belvidera in a long mourning Veil.

Belv. He's there, my father, my inhumane father,
That, for three years, has left an onely child 20

Expos'd to all the outrages of Fate,

And cruel ruine——oh!——

Priu. What child of sorrow
Art thou that com'st thus wrapt in weeds of sadness,

533 tears,

534 thy hard | him,

v. i. 17 names,

And mov'st as if thy steps were towards a grave?

Belv. A wretch, who from the very top of happiness
Am fallen into the lowest depths of misery,
And want your pitying hand to raise me up again.

Priv. Indeed thou talk'st as thou hadst tasted sorrows;
Would I could help thee.

Belv. 'Tis greatly in your power,
The world too, speaks you charitable, and I,
Who ne'r ask'd almes before, in that dear hope
Am come a begging to you, Sir.

Priv. For what?

Belv. Oh, well regard me, is this voice a strange one?
Consider too, when beggars once pretend
A case like mine, no little will content 'em.

Priv. What wouldst thou beg for?

Belv. Pity and forgiveness; [*Throws up her Veil.*]
By the kind tender names of child and father,
Hear my complaints and take me to your love.

Priv. My daughter?

Belv. Yes, your daughter, by a mother
Virtuous and noble, faithfull to your honour,
Obedient to your will, kind to your wishes,
Dear to your armes; by all the joys she gave you,
When in her blooming years she was your treasure,
Look kindly on me; in my face behold
The lineaments of hers y'have kiss'd so often,
Pleading the cause of your poor cast-off Child.

Priv. Thou art my daughter.

Belv. Yes—And y'have oft told me
With smiles of love and chaste paternal kisses,
I'd much resemblance of my mother.

Priv. Oh!

Hadst thou inherited her matchless virtues
I'd been too bless'd.

Belv. Nay, do not call to memory
My disobedience, but let pity enter
Into your heart, and quite deface the impression;

For could you think how mine's perplext, what sadness,
 Fears and despairs distract the peace within me, 55
 Oh, you woud take me in your dear, dear Armes,
 Hover with strong compassion o'r your young one,
 To shelter me with a protecting wing,
 From the black gather'd storm, that's just, just breaking.

Priu. Don't talk thus.

Belv. Yes, I must, and you must hear too.

I have a husband.

Priu. Damn him.

Belv. Oh, do not curse him! 61

He would not speak so hard a word towards you

On any terms, how e'r he deal with me.

Priu. Hah! what means my child?

Belv. Oh there's but this short moment

'Twixt me and Fate, yet send me not with curses 65

Down to my grave, afford me one kind blessing

Before we part: just take me in your armes

And recommend me with a prayer to Heaven,

That I may dye in peace; and when I'm dead——

Priu. How my Soul's catcht?

Belv. Lay me, I beg you, lay me

By the dear ashes of my tender mother. 71

She would have pitied me, had fate yet spared her.

Priu. By Heaven, my aking heart forebodes much mis-
 chief,

Tell me thy story, for I'm still thy father.

Belv. No, I'm contented.

Priu. Speak.

Belv. No matter.

Priu. Tell me. 75

By yon blest Heaven, my heart runs o'r with fondness.

Belv. Oh!

Priu. Utter't.

Belv. Oh my husband, my dear husband

Carries a dagger in his once kind bosome

To peirce the heart of your poor *Belvidera*.

Prin. Kill thee?

Belv. Yes, kill me; when he pass'd his faith 80
And covenant against your State and Senate,
He gave me up as hostage for his truth,
With me a dagger and a dire commission,
When e'r he fail'd, to plunge it through this bosome;
I learnt the danger, chose the hour of love 85
T'attempt his heart, and bring it back to honour;
Great love prevail'd and bless'd me with success,
He came, confest, betray'd his dearest friends
For promis'd mercy; now they're doom'd to suffer,
Gall'd with remembrance of what then was sworn, 90
If they are lost, he vows t'appease the Gods
With this poor life, and make my bloud th' attonement.

Prin. Heavens!

Belv. Think you saw what pass'd at our last parting;
Think you beheld him like a raging lion, 95
Pacing the earth and tearing up his steps,
Fate in his eyes, and roaring with the pain
Of burning fury; think you saw his one hand
Fix't on my throat, while the extended other
Grasp'd a keen threatning dagger; oh 'twas thus 100
We last embrac'd, when, trembling with revenge,
He dragg'd me to the ground, and at my bosome
Presented horrid death, cried out, my friends,
Where are my friends? swore, wept, rag'd, threaten'd, lov'd,
For he yet lov'd, and that dear love preserv'd me, 105
To this last tryal of a father's pity.
I fear not death, but cannot bear a thought
That that dear hand should do th' unfriendly office;
If I was ever then your care, now hear me;
Fly to the Senate, save the promis'd lives 110
Of his dear friends, e'r mine be made the sacrifice.

Prin. Oh, my hearts comfort!

80 me, 81 covenant, 83 commission. 84 fail'd | bosome,
86 honour, 100 dagger, | thus,

Belv. Will you not, my father?
Weep not but answer me.

Priu. By Heaven, I will.
Not one of 'em but what shall be immortal.
Canst thou forgive me all my follies past? 115
I'll henceforth be indeed a father; never,
Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life,
Dear as these eyes that weep in fondness o'r thee.
Peace to thy heart. Farewel.

Belv. Go, and remember, 120
'Tis *Belvidera's* life her father pleads for. [*Ex. severally.*]

Enter Antonio.

Hum, hum, hah, Seignior *Priuli*, my Lord *Priuli*, my Lord,
my Lord, my Lord: Now, we Lords love to call one another
by our Titles. My Lord, my Lord, my Lord—Pox on
him, I am a Lord as well as he, And so let him fiddle—I'll 125
warrant him he's gone to the Senate-house, and I'll be
there too, soon enough for somebody. Odd—here's a
tickling speech about the Plot, I'll prove there's a Plot
with a Vengeance—would I had it without book; let me
see— 130

Most Reverend Senatours,
That there is a Plot, surely by this time, no man that hath
eyes or understanding in his head will presume to doubt,
'tis as plain as the light in the Cowcumber—no—hold there
—Cowcumber does not come in yet—'tis as plain as the 135
light in the Sun, or as the man in the Moon, even at noon
day; It is indeed a Pumpkin-Plot, which, just as it was
mellow, we have gathered, and now we have gathered it,
prepar'd and dress'd it, shall we throw it like a pickled
Cowcumber out at the window? no: that it is not only a 140
bloudy, horrid, execrable, damnable and audacious Plot,
but it is, as I may so say, a sawcy Plot: and we all know,
most Reverend Fathers, that what is sawce for a Goose is

sawce for a Gander: Therefore, I say, as those bloud-
 145 thirsty Ganders of the conspiracy would have destroyed
 us Geese of the Senate, let us make haste to destroy them;
 so I humbly move for hanging—hah, hurry durry—I think
 this will doe, thô I was something out, at first, about the
 Sun and the Cowcumber.

Enter Aquilina.

150 *Aquil.* Good morrow, Senatour.

Anto. Nacky, my dear Nacky, morrow, Nacky, odd I am
 very brisk, very merry, very pert, very jovial—h a a a a—
 kiss me, Nacky; how dost thou doe, my little Tory rory
 Strumpet, kiss me, I say, hussy, kiss me.

155 *Aquil.* Kiss me, Nacky! hang you, Sir Coxcomb, hang
 you, Sir.

Anto. Hayty tayty, is it so indeed, with all my heart,
 faith—*Hey then up go we*, faith—*hey then up go we*, dum
 dum derum dump. [Sings.]

160 *Aquil.* Seignior.

Anto. Madona.

Aquil. Do you intend to die in your bed?—

Anto. About threescore years hence much may be done,
 my dear.

165 *Aquil.* You'll be hang'd, Seignior.

Anto. Hang'd, sweet heart! prithee be quiet, hang'd
 quoth-a, that's a merry conceit, with all my heart; why
 thou jok'st, Nacky, thou art given to joking, I'll swear;
 well, I protest, Nacky, nay, I must protest, and will protest
 170 that I love joking dearly, man. And I love thee for joking,
 and I'll kiss thee for joking, and towse thee for joking, and
 odd, I have a devilish mind to take thee aside about that
 business for joking too, odd I have, and *Hey then up go we*,
 dum dum derum dump. [Sings.]

175 *Aquil.* See you this, Sir? [Draws a dagger.]

Anto. O Laud, a dagger! Oh Laud! it is naturally my
 aversion, I cannot endure the sight on't, hide it, for

146 them,	153 Tory,	155 Nacky, Sir,	158 we. dum
162 bed—?	163 hence,	166 heart,	167 heart,

Heavens sake, I cannot look that way till it be gone—hide it, hide it, oh, oh, hide it!

Aquil. Yes, in your heart, I'll hide it. 180

Anto. My heart! what, hide a dagger in my heart's blood!

Aquil. Yes, in thy heart, thy throat, thou pamper'd Devil;

Thou hast help'd to spoil my peace, and I'll have vengeance
On thy curst life, for all the bloody Senate, 185

The perjur'd faithless Senate: Where's my Lord,

My happiness, my love, my God, my Hero,

Doom'd by thy accursed tongue, amongst the rest,

T' a shamefull wrack? By all the rage that's in me

I'll be whole years in murdering thee. 190

Anto. Why, Nacky, Wherefore so passionate? what have I done? what's the matter, my dear Nacky? am not I thy Love, thy Happiness, thy Lord, thy Hero, thy Senatour, and every thing in the world, Nacky?

Aquil. Thou! thinkst thou, thou art fit to meet my joys; 195
To bear the eager clasps of my embraces?

Give me my *Peirre*, or——

Anto. Why, he's to be hang'd, little Nacky, Trust up for Treason, and so forth, Child.

Aquil. Thou ly'st, stop down thy throat that hellish sentence, 200

Or 'tis thy last: swear that my Love shall live,

Or thou art dead.

Anto. Ah h h h.

Aquil. Swear to recall his doom,
Swear at my feet, and tremble at my fury.

Anto. I do; now if she would but kick a little bit, one kick now Ah h h h. 205

Aquil. Swear, or——

Anto. I doe, by these dear fragrant foots and little toes,
sweet as, e e e e my Nacky Nacky Nacky.

181 My heart;

198 trust begins new line

185 cust

204 do,

191 wherefore begins new line

207 and begins new line

Aquil. How!

210 *Anto.* Nothing but untie thy shoe-string a little faith
and troth, that's all, that's all, as I hope to live, Nacky,
that's all.

Aquil. Nay, then——

Anto. Hold, hold, thy Love, thy Lord, thy Hero
Shall be preserv'd and safe.

Aquil. Or may this Poniard

Rust in thy heart.

Anto. With all my soul.

215 *Aquil.* Farewell—— [*Ex. Aquil.*]

Anto. Adieu. Why what a bloody-minded, inveterate,
termagant Strumpet have I been plagu'd with! oh h h yet
more! nay then I die, I die—I am dead already.

[*Stretches himself out.*]

Enter Jaffeur.

Jaff. Final destruction seize on all the world:

220 Bend down, ye Heavens, and shutting round this earth,
Crush the Vile Globe into its first confusion;
Scorch it, with Elemental flames, to one curst Cindar,
And all us little creepers in't, call'd men,
Burn, burn to nothing: but let *Venice* burn
225 Hotter than all the rest: Here kindle Hell
Ne'r to extinguish, and let souls hereafter
Groan here, in all those pains which mine feels now.

Enter Belvidera.

Belv. My Life—— [*Meeting him.*]

Jaff. My Plague—— [*Turning from her.*]

Belv. Nay then I see my ruine,

If I must die!

Jaff. No, Death's this day too busie,

230 Thy Father's ill timed Mercy came too late,
I thank thee for thy labours thô and him too,
But all my poor betray'd unhappy friends
Have Summons to prepare for Fate's black hour;

211 that's [*after troth.*] begins new line
217 termagant,

230 time'd

216 bloody-minded

And yet I live.

Belv. Then be the next my doom.
 I see thou hast pass'd my sentence in thy heart, 235
 And I'll no longer weep or plead against it,
 But with the humblest, most obedient patience
 Meet thy dear hands, and kiss 'em when they wound me;
 Indeed I am willing, but I beg thee doe it
 With some remorse, and where thou giv'st the blow, 240
 View me with eyes of a relenting love,
 And shew me pity, for 'twill sweeten Justice.

Jaff. Shew pity to thee?

Belv. Yes, and when thy hands,
 Charg'd with my fate, come trembling to the deed,
 As thou hast done a thousand thousand dear times, 245
 To this poor breast, when kinder rage has brought thee,
 When our sting'd hearts have leap'd to meet each other,
 And melting kisses seal'd our lips together,
 When joyes have left me gasping in thy armes,
 So let my death come now, and I'll not shrink from't. 250

Jaff. Nay, *Belvidera*, do not fear my cruelty,
 Nor let the thoughts of death perplex thy fancy,
 But answer me to what I shall demand,
 With a firm temper and unshaken spirit.

Belv. I will when I've done weeping——

Jaff. Fie, no more on't—— 255
 How long is't since the miserable day
 We wedded first——

Belv. Oh h h.

Jaff. Nay, keep in thy tears,
 Lest they unman me too.

Belv. Heaven knows I cannot;
 The words you utter sound so very sadly, 259
 These streams will follow - - -

Jaff. Come, I'll kiss 'em dry then.

Belv. But, was't a miserable day?

Jaff. A curs'd one.

Belv. I thought it otherwise, and you've oft sworn,
In the transporting hours of warmest love
When sure you spoke the truth, you've sworn you bless'd it.

Jaff. Twas a rash oath.

Belv. Then why am I not curs'd too? 265

Jaff. No, *Belvidera*; by th' eternal truth,
I doat with too much fondness.

Belv. Still so kind?

Still then do you love me?

Jaff. Nature, in her workings,
Inclines not with more ardour to Creation,
Than I doe now towards thee; man ne'r was bless'd, 270
Since the first pair first met, as I have been.

Belv. Then sure you will not curse me.

Jaff. No, I'll bless thee.
I came on purpose, *Belvidera*, to bless thee.
'Tis now, I think, three years w'have liv'd together.

Belv. And may no fatal minute ever part us, 275
Till, reverend grown, for age and love, we go
Down to one Grave, as our last bed, together,
There sleep in peace till an eternal morning.

Jaff. When will that be? [*Sighing.*]

Belv. I hope long Ages hence.

Jaff. Have I not hitherto (I beg thee tell me 280
Thy very fears) us'd thee with tender'st love?
Did e'r my Soul rise up in wrath against thee?
Did I e'r frown when *Belvidera* smil'd,
Or, by the least unfriendly word, betray
A bating passion? have I ever wrong'd thee? 285

Belv. No.

Jaff. Has my heart, or have my eyes e'r wandred
To any other woman?

Belv. Never, never——

I were the worst of false ones should I accuse thee.
I own I've been too happy, bless'd above
My Sexes Charter.

Jaff. Did I not say I came 290
To bless thee?

Belv. Yes.

Jaff. Then hear me, bounteous Heaven,
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing.
With a continual giving hand, let peace,
Honour and safety always hover round her, 295
Feed her with plenty, let her eyes ne'r see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning,
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts, and prop her virtue,
To bear the loss of one that too much lov'd, 300
And comfort her with patience in our parting.

Belv. How, parting, parting!

Jaff. Yes, for ever parting,
I have sworn, *Belvidera*; by yon Heaven,
That best can tell how much I lose to leave thee,
We part this hour for ever.

Belv. Oh, call back 305
Your cruel blessings, stay with me and curse me!

Jaff. No, 'Tis resolv'd.

Belv. Then hear me too, just Heaven,
Pour down your curses on this wretched head
With never-ceasing Vengeance, let despair,
Danger or infamy, nay all surround me; 310
Starve me with wantings, let my eyes ne'r see
A sight of comfort, nor my heart know peace,
But dash my days with sorrow, nights with horrors
Wild as my own thoughts now, and let loose fury
To make me mad enough for what I lose, 315
If I must lose him; If I must! I will not.
Oh turn and hear me!

Jaff. Now hold, heart, or never.

Belv. By all the tender days we have liv'd together,
By all our charming nights, and joyes that crown'd 'em,

Pity my sad condition, speak, but speak. 320

Jaff. Oh h h.

Belv. By these armes that now cling round thy neck,
By this dear kiss and by ten thousand more,
By these poor streaming eyes——

Jaff. Murther! unhold me:
By th'immortal destiny that doom'd me [*Draws his Dagger.*
To this curs'd minute, I'll not live one longer. 325
Resolve to let me go or see me fall——

Belv. Hold, Sir, be patient [*Passing-bell towles.*

Jaff. Hark, the dismal Bell
Towles out for death, I must attend its call too,
For my poor friend, my dying *Peirre* expects me,
He sent a message to require I'd see him 330
Before he dy'd, and take his last forgiveness.
Farewell for ever.

Belv. Leave thy dagger with me. { *Going out*
Bequeath me something—Not one kiss at { *looks back*
parting? { *at her.*

Oh my poor heart, when wilt thou break?

Jaff. Yet stay,
We have a Child, as yet a tender Infant. 335
Be a kind mother to him when I am gone,
Breed him in vertue and the paths of Honour,
But let him never know his father's story;
I charge thee guard him from the wrongs my Fate
May doe his future fortune or his name. 340

Now——nearer yet— [*Approaching each other.*

Oh that my armes were rivetted
Thus round thee ever! But my friends, my oath!
This and no more. [*Kisses her.*

Belv. Another, sure another,
For that poor little one you've ta'n care of, 345
I'll giv't him truly.

Jaff. So, now farewell.

325 longer, 327 stage dir. after Bell 332 stage dir. against
ll. 333-4. 335 yet,

Belv.

For ever?

Jaff. Heaven knows, for ever; all good Angels guard thee. <Ex.>

Belv. All ill ones sure had charge of me this moment.

Curst be my days, and doubly curst my nights,
Which I must now mourn out in widdow'd tears; 350
Blasted be every herb and fruit and tree,
Curst be the rain that falls upon the earth,
And may the general Curse reach man and beast;
Oh give me daggers, fire or water,
How I could bleed, how burn, how drown the waves 355
Huzzing and booming round my sinking head,
Till I descended to the peacefull bottome!
Oh there's all quiet, here all rage and fury,
The Air's too thin, and pierces my weak brain,
I long for thick substantial sleep: Hell, Hell, 360
Burst from the Centre, rage and roar aloud,
If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am.

Enter Priuli and Servants.

Who's there?

Priu. Run, seize and bring her safely home,
[They seize her.]

Guard her as you would life: Alas poor creature! 364

Belv. What? to my husband then conduct me quickly,
Are all things ready? shall we dye most gloriously?
Say not a word of this to my old father,
Murmuring streams, soft shades, and springing flowers,
Lutes, Laurells, Seas of Milk, and ships of Amber. [Ex.]

Scene opening discovers a Scaffold and a Wheel prepar'd for the executing of Peirre, then enter Officers, Peirre and Guards, a Friar, executioner and a great Rabble.

Offic. Room room there—stand all by, make room for the prisoner. 370

Peirr. My friend not come yet?

Father. Why are you so obstinate?

347 knows

348 moment,

363 *Stage dir. after there?*

Peirr. Why you so troublesome, that a poor wretch
Cannot dye in peace?

But you, like Ravens will be croaking round him—— 374

Fath. Yet, Heaven——

Peirr. I tell thee Heaven and I are friends,
I ne'r broke Peace with't yet, by cruel murthers,
Rapine, or perjury, or vile deceiving,
But liv'd in moral Justice towards all men,
Nor am a foe to the most strong believers:
How e'r my own short-sighted Faith confine me. 380

Fath. But an all-seeing Judge——

Peirr. You say my conscience
Must be mine accuser: I have search'd that Conscience,
And find no records there of crimes that scare me.

Fath. 'Tis strange you should want faith. ,

Peirr. You want to lead
My Reason blindfold, like a hamper'd Lion, 385
Check'd of its nobler vigour; then, when baited
Down to obedient tameness, make it couch,
And shew strange tricks which you call signs of Faith.
So silly Souls are gull'd and you get money.
Away, no more: Captain, I would hereafter 390
This fellow write no lyes of my conversion,
Because he has crept upon my troubled hours.

Enter Jaffeir.

Jaff. Hold: Eyes, be dry;
Heart, strengthen me to bear
This hideous sight, and humble me to take 395
The last forgiveness of a dying friend,
Betray'd by my vile falsehood, to his ruine.
Oh *Peirre*!

Peirr. Yet nearer.

Jaff. Crawling on my knees,
And prostrate on the earth, let me approach thee:
How shall I look up to thy injur'd face, 400

372-3 Why . . . peace?] as one line
395 me, take 399 thee,

386 vigour | baited,

That always us'd to smile, with friendship, on me?
 It darts an air of so much manly virtue,
 That I, methinks, look little in thy sight,
 And stripes are fitter for me than embraces.

Peirr. Dear to my Armes, though thou hast undone my
 fame, 405

I cannot forget to love thee: prithee, *Jaffeir*,
 Forgive that filthy blow my passion dealt thee;
 I am now preparing for the land of peace,
 And fain would have the charitable wishes
 Of all good men, like thee, to bless my journey. 410

Jaff. Good! I am the vilest creature, worse then e'r
 Suffer'd the shamefull Fate thou art going to taste of.
 Why was I sent for to be us'd thus kindly?
 Call, call me villain, as I am, describe
 The foul complexion of my hatefull deeds, 415
 Lead me to the Rack, and stretch me in thy stead,
 I've crimes enough to give it its full load,
 And doe it credit: Thou wilt but spoil the use on't,
 And honest men hereafter bear its figure
 About 'em, as a charm from treacherous friendship. 420

Offic. The time grows short, your friends are dead already.

Jaff. Dead!

Peirr. Yes, dead, *Jaffeir*, they've all dy'd like men too,
 Worthy their Character.

Jaff. And what must I doe?

Peirr. Oh, *Jaffeir*!

Jaff. Speak aloud thy burthen'd Soul, 425
 And tell thy troubles to thy tortur'd friend.

Peirr. Friend! Could'st thou yet be a Friend, a generous
 friend,

I might hope Comfort from thy noble sorrows.
 Heav'n knows I want a Friend.

Jaff. And I a kind one,
 That would not thus scorn my repenting Vertue, 430
 Or think, when he is to dye, my thoughts are idle.

Peirr. No! live, I charge thee, *Jaffeir.*

Jaff. Yes, I will live,
But it shall be to see thy fall reveng'd
At such a rate, as *Venice* long shall groan for.

Peirr. Wilt thou?

Jaff. I will, by Heav'n.

Peirr. Then still thou'rt noble,
And I forgive thee, oh—yet—shall I trust thee? 436

Jaff. No: I've been false already.

Peirr. Dost thou love me?

Jaff. Rip up my heart, and satisfie thy doubtings.

Peirr. Curse on this weakness. [*He weeps.*]

Jaff. Tears! Amazement! Tears!
I never saw thee melted thus before; 440

And know there's something lab'ring in thy bosom
That must have vent: Though I'm a Villain, tell me.

Peirr. Seest thou that Engine? [*Pointing to the Wheel.*]

Jaff. Why?

Peirr. Is't fit a Souldier, who has liv'd with Honour, 445
Fought Nations Quarrels, and bin Crown'd with Conquest,
Be expos'd a common Carcass on a Wheel?

Jaff. Hah!

Peirr. Speak! is't fitting?

Jaff. Fitting?

Peirr. Yes, Is't fitting?

Jaff. What's to be done?

Peirr. I'd have thee undertake
Something that's Noble, to preserve my Memory 450
From the disgrace that's ready to attain it.

Offic. The day grows late, Sir.

Peirr. I'll make haste! oh *Jaffeir*,
Though thou'st betray'd me, doe me some way Justice.

Jaff. No more of that: Thy wishes shall be satisfi'd,
I have a Wife, and she shall bleed, my Child too 455
Yield up his little Throat, and all t'ap- { *Going away* *Peir.*
pease thee— { *holds him.*

Peirr. No——this——no more! [*He whispers* *Jaffeir.*]

Jaff. Hah! is't then so?

Peirr. Most certainly.

Jaff. I'll do't.

Peirr. Remember.

Offic. Sir.

Peirr. Come, now I'm ready. { *He and Jaf-*
 Captain, you should be a Gentleman of { *feir ascend*
 honour, { *the Scaffold.*

Keep off the Rabble, that I may have room 460

To entertain my Fate, and dye with Decency.

Come! [*Takes off his Gown. Executioner prepares to bind him.*

Fath. Son!

Peirr. Hence, Tempter.

Offic. Stand off, Priest.

Peirr. I thank you, Sir.

You'll think on't. [*To Jaffair.*

Jaff. 'Twon't grow stale before to morrow.

Peirr. Now, *Jaffair!* now I am going. Now;—

[*Executioner having bound him.*

Jaff. Have at thee,

Thou honest heart, then——here—— [*Stabs him.*

And this is well too. [*Then stabs himself.*

Fath. Damnable Deed!

Peirr. Now thou hast indeed been faithful. 467

This was done Nobly——We have deceiv'd the Senate.

Jaff. Bravely.

Peirr. Ha ha ha——oh oh—— [*Dies.*

Jaff. Now, ye curs'd Rulers,

Thus of the blood y'have shed I make Libation, 47

And sprinkl't mingling: May it rest upon you,

And all your Race: Be henceforth Peace a stranger

Within your Walls; let Plagues and Famine waste

Your Generations——oh poor *Belvidera!*

Sir, I have a Wife, bear this in safety to her, 475

A Token that with my dying breath I blest her,

And the dear little Infant left behind me.

I am sick—I'm quiet— [Jaff. *dyes.*

Offic. Bear this news to the Senate,
And guard their Bodies till there's farther order:

Heav'n grant I dye so well— [Scene shuts upon them.

Soft Musick. Enter Belvidera distracted, led by two of her
Women, Priuli and Servants.

Priu. Strengthen her heart with Patience, pitying Heav'n.

Belv. Come come come come come. Nay, come to bed!
Prithee my Love. The Winds! hark how they whistle!

And the Rain beats: oh how the weather shrinks me!

You are angry now, who cares? pish, no indeed. 485

Choose then, I say you shall not go, you shall not;

Whip your ill nature; get you gone then! oh,

[Jaffeur's Ghost rises.

Are you return'd? See, Father, here he's comē agen,

Am I to blame to love him! oh thou dear one.

[Ghost sinks.

Why do you fly me? are you angry still then? 490

Jaffeur! where art thou? Father, why do you doe thus?

Stand off, don't hide him from me. He's here somewhere.

Stand off I say! what gone? remember't, Tyrant!

I may revenge my self for this trick one day.

Enter Officer and others.

I'll do't—I'll do't. *Renault's* a nasty fellow.

Hang him, hang him, hang him.

Priu. News, what news? [*Offic. whispers* Priuli.

Offic. Most sad, Sir. 496

Jaffeur upon the Scaffold, to prevent

A shamefull death, stab'd *Peirre*, and next himself:

Both fell together.

Priu. Daughter.

Belv. Hah, look there!

{ *The Ghosts of Jaff.
and Peirr. rise to-
gether both bloody.*

My Husband bloody, and his friend too! Murther! 500

Who has done this? speak to me thou sad Vision,

[Ghosts sink.

On these poor trembling Knees I beg it. Vanisht—
Here they went down; Oh I'll dig, dig the Den up.
You shan't delude me thus. Hoa, *Jaffeur, Jaffeur*,
Peep up and give me but a look. I have him! 505
I've got him, Father: Oh now how I'll smuggle him!
My Love! my Dear! my Blessing! help me, help me!
They have hold on me, and drag me to the bottom.
Nay—now they pull so hard—farewell— [*She dyes.*
Maid. She's dead.

Breathless and dead.

Priv. Then guard me from the sight on't: 510
Lead me into some place that's fit for mourning;
Where the free Air, Light and the chearfull Sun
May never enter: Hang it round with Black;
Set up one Taper that may last a day
As long as I've to live: And there all leave me. 515

*Sparing no Tears when you this Tale relate,
But bid all Cruel Fathers dread my Fate.*

[*Ex. omnes. Curtain falls.*

FINIS

502 it, 504 *Jaffeur, Jaffeur.* 517 Curtain falls, *Ex. omnes (stage dir.)*

EPILOGUE

THE Text is done, and now for Application,
And when that's ended pass your Approbation.

*Though the Conspiracy's prevented here,
 Methinks I see another hatching there;
 And there's a certain Faction fain would sway, } 5
 If they had strength enough, and damn this Play,
 But this the Author bad me boldly say:
 If any take his plainness in ill part,
 He's glad on't from the bottome of his heart;
 Poets in honour of the Truth shou'd write, } 10
 With the same Spirit brave men for it fight;
 And though against him causeless hatreds rise,
 And dayly where he goes of late, he spies
 The scowles of sullen and revengefull eyes; }
 'Tis what he knows with much contempt to bear, } 15
 And serves a cause too good to let him fear:
 He fears no poison from an incens'd Drabb,
 No Ruffian's five-foot-sword, nor Rascal's stab;
 Nor any other snares of mischief laid,
 Not a Rose-alley Cudgel-Ambuscade, } 20
 From any private cause where malice reigns,
 Or general Pique all Block-heads have to brains:
 Nothing shall daunt his Pen when Truth does call,
 No not the *Picture-mangler at Guild-hall.
 The Rebel-Tribe, of which that Vermin's one, }
 Have now set forward and their course begun; }
 And while that Prince's figure they deface,
 As they before had massacred his Name,
 Durst their base fears but look him in the face,
 They'd use his Person as they've us'd his Fame; } 30
 A face, in which such lineaments they reade
 Of that great Martyr's, whose rich bloud they shed,
 That their rebellious hate they still retain,*

**The Rascal that
 cut the Duke of
 York's Picture.*

Epilogue

289

*And in his Son would murther Him again:**With indignation then, let each brave heart*

35

*Rouse and unite to take his injur'd part ;**Till Royal Love and Goodness call him home,**And Songs of Triumph meet him as he come ;**Till Heaven his Honour and our Peace restore,**And Villains never wrong his Vertue more.*

40

35 heart,

T H E
A T H E I S T :
O R,
The Second Part
O F T H E
Souldiers Fortune.

Acted at the
Duke's Theatre.

Written by T H O. O T W A R.

——— *Hic noster Autores habet ;
Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potius, quam istorum obscuram diligentiam.
Dehinc ut quiescant porro moneo, & desinant
Maledicere, malefacta ne noscant sua. Terence.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Bentley, and J. Tonson, in Russel-street in Covent-
Garden, and the Judges Head in Chancery-Lane, near
Fleetstreet. MDC LXXXIV.

TO THE
LORD ELANDE,
Eldest Son to the Right Honourable the
Marquiss of Hallifax.

My Lord,

IT was not without a great deal of debate with my self, that I could resolve to make this Present to Your Lordship : For though Epistles Dedicatory be lately grown so Epidemical, that either sooner or later, no man of Quality (whom the least Author has the least pretence to be troublesome to) can escape them ; yet methought Your Lordship should be as much above the common Perplexities that attend Your Quality, as You are above the common 10 Level of it, as well in the most Exalted Degrees of a Noble Generous Spirit, as in a piercing Apprehension, good Understanding, and daily ripening Judgment, all sweetned by an obliging Affability and Condescension ; of which I have often, in the 15 Honour of Your Conversation, had particular cause to be proud ; and for which therefore, a more than ordinary reason, now, to be Grateful.

And it is upon that pretence, I here presume to shelter this Trifle under Your Protection ; for indeed, it has great need of such Protection : having at its first coming into the World met with many Enemies, and very industrious ones too ; but this way I was sure it must live : *Would He but once vouchsafe to espouse its Defence, whose Generosity 25 will overthrow the ignoblest Envy; whose good Nature*

Dedication 26 *Nature,*

cannot but confound the most inveterate Malice; and whose Wit must baffle the sauciest Ignorance.

My Lord, It would but argue me of the meanest
30 Impertinence and Formality, to pretend here an
Harangue of those Praises You deserve: For he
who tells the World whose Son You are, has said
enough to those who do not know You; and the
happy few, whom You have pick'd and chosen for
35 Your Conversation, cannot but every hour You are
pleased to bestow upon them, be sensible of more
than I could tell them in a Volume; Your Lordship
being the best Panegyrick upon Your self; the Son
of that Great Father of his Country, who when all
40 manner of Confusion, Ruin, and Destruction, was
breaking in upon us, like the Guardian Angel of
these Kingdoms, stood up; and with the Tongue
of an Angel too, confounded the Subtleties of that
Infernal Serpent, who would have debauched us
45 from our Obedience, and turned our *Eden* into a
Wilderness. Certainly His Name must be for ever
Honourable, Precious His Memory, and Happy
His Generation, who durst exert his Loyalty, when
it was grown almost a reproach to have any, and
50 stem a torrent of Faction, popular Fury, and
fermenting Rebellion, to the Preserving of the best
of Kings in his Throne, and the happiest of People
in their Liberties.

May he live long to compleat the Reparations he
55 has made in our Defence; still by the strength of
his Judgment, to foresee those Evils that may yet
threaten us, and by the Power of his Wisdom to
prevent them; to root out the Footing and Founda-
tions of the Kings open (nay, and bosome) Enemies:

As a watchful, bold, and sincere Counsellor to his 60
Master ; to be a driver of Treacherous, Grinning,
Self-ended Knaves, Insinuating Spies, and useless
unprofitable Fools from his Service : A Patron and
Promoter of Honesty, Merit, and Ability, which
else too often, by neglect, are corrupted to their 65
Contraries.

In fine, to continue (as he is) a kind Indulgent
Father to Your Lordship, so much every way his
Son, and fit to Inherit his Honours, as in the strong
and shining Virtues of Your Mind, the fixt and 70
steady disposition of Your Loyalty, the goodness
and obliging temper of Your Nature, is apparent
by which only I must ever humbly confess, and
no presumptive Merit of my own, I have been in-
couraged to take this Opportunity of telling the 75
World how much I desire to be thought

Your Lordships

Humble Servant to be Commanded,

Tho. Otway.

PROLOGUE.

THough Plays and Prologues ne'er did more abound,
Ne'er were good Prologues harder to be found.
To me the Cause seems eas'ly understood:
For there are Poets prove not very good,
Who, like base Sign-Post Dawbers, wanting Skill, 5
Steal from Great Masters Hands, and Copy ill.
Thus, if by chance, before a Noble Feast
Of Gen'rous Wit, to whet and fit your Taste,
Some poignant Satyr in a Prologue rise,
And growing Vices handsomly chastise; 10
Each Poetaster thence presumes on Rules,
And ever after calls ye downright Fools.
These Marks describe him.—
Writing by rote; Small Wit, or none to spare;
Jangle and Chime's his Study, Toil, and Care: 15
He always in One Line upbraids the Age;
And a good Reason why; it Rymes to Stage.
With Wit and Pit he keeps a hideous pother;
Sure to be damn'd by One, for want of T'other:
But if, by chance, he get the French Word Raillery, 20
Lord, how he fegues the Vizor-Masques with Gallery!
'Tis said, Astrologers strange Wonders find
To come, in two great Planets lately joyn'd.
From our Two Houses joyning, most will hold,
Vast Deluges of Dulness were foretold. 25
Poor Holborn-Ballads now being born away
By Tides of duller Madrigals than they;
Jockeys and Jennyes set to Northern Airs,
While Lowsie Thespis chaunts at Country Fairs
Politick Ditties, full of Sage Debate, 30
And Merry Catches, how to Rule the State.
Vicars neglect their Flocks, to turn Translators,
And Barley-water Whey-fac'd Beau's write Satyrs;
Though none can guess to which most Praise belongs,
To the Learn'd Versions, Scandals, or the Songs. 35

*For all things now by Contraries succeed ;
Of Wit or Vertue there's no longer need :
Beauty submits to him who loudliest rails ;
She fears the sawcie Fop, and he prevails.
Who for his best Preferment would devise, 40
Let him renounce all Honesty, and rise.
Villains and Parasites Success will gain ;
But in the Court of Wit, shall Dulness Reign ?
No: Let th' angry 'Squire give his Iambicks o're,
Twirl Crevat-strings, but write Lampoons no more ; 45
Rhymesters get Wit, e'er they pretend to shew it,
Nor think a Game at Cramboe makes a Poet :
Else is our Author hopeless of Success,
But then his Study shall be next time less :
He'll find out Ways to your Applause, more easie ; 50
That is, write worse and worse, till he can please ye.*

THE ACTORS NAMES.

Father to Beaugard.	Mr. <i>Leigh</i> .
Beaugard.	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
Courtine.	Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
Daredevil.	Mr. <i>Underhill</i> .
Theodoret.	Mr. <i>Wilshire</i> .
Gratian.	Mr. <i>Perin</i> .
Porcia.	Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
Lucretia.	Mrs. <i>Butler</i> .
Sylvia, Courtine's <i>Wife</i> .	Mrs. <i>Currer</i> .
Mrs. Furnish, <i>an Exchange-woman</i> .	Mrs. <i>Osborn</i> .
Phillis, Porcia's <i>Woman</i> .	Mrs. <i>Percival</i> .
Chloris, Lucretia's <i>Woman</i> .	Mrs. <i>Norris</i> .
Rosard, Gratian's <i>Man</i> .	Mr. <i>Saunders</i> .
Plunder, Beaugard's <i>Man</i> .	Mr. <i>Richards</i> .
<i>Six Ruffians</i> .	
<i>Footmen</i> .	
<i>Dwarf</i> .	
<i>A Page</i> .	

THE
A T H E I S T :
Or, The Second Part of the
S O L D I E R ' S F O R T U N E .

THE FIRST ACT.

Beaugard and his Father.

Beaug. SIR, I say, and say again, No Matrimony; I'll not be noos'd. Why, I beseech you, Sir, tell me Plainly and fairly, What have I done, that I deserve to be married!

Fath. Why, Sauce-box, I, your old Father, was married 5 before you were born.

Beaug. Ay, Sir; and I thank you, the next thing you did, was, you begot me; the Consequence of which was as follows: As soon as I was born, you sent me to Nurse, where I suckt two years at the dirty Dugs of a foul- 10 feeding Witch, that liv'd in a thatch't Sty upon the neighb'ring Common; as soon as I was big enough, that you might be rid of me, you sent me to a Place call'd a School, to be slash't and box't by a thick-fisted Blockhead, that could not read himself; where I learnt no Letters, nor got 15 no Meat, but such as the old *Succubus* his Wife bought at a stinking Price, so over-run with Vermin, that it us'd to crawl home after her.

Fath. Sirrah, it was the more nourishing, and made such young, idle Whoresons as you fat, fat, you Rogue. I re- 20 member the young Dog at twelve years old had a broad, shining, pufft, Bacon-face, like a Cherubim; and now he won't marry.

Beaug. My next Removal was home again; and then you did not know what to do with me farther, till after 25 a Twelve-months Deliberation, out of abundance of

Fatherly Affection and Care of your Posterity, you very civilly and fairly turn'd me out of your Doors

Fath. The impudent, termagant, unruly Varlet rebell'd
30 with too much Plenty, and took up Arms against my Concubine. Turn'd you out of my Doors!

Beaug. Yes, turn'd me out of Doors, Sir.

Fath. Had I not reason, Master Hector?

Beaug. As I had then, so have I now too, Sir, more
35 Manners than to dispute the pleasure of a Father.

Fath. Nay, the Rogue has Breeding, that's the truth on't; the Dog would be a very pretty Fellow, if I could but perswade him to marry.

Beaug. Turn'd out of Doors as I was, you may remember, Sir, you gave me not a Shilling; my Industry and my
40 Vertue was all I had to trust to.

Fath. Bless us all! Industry and Vertue, quoth a! Nay, I have a very vertuous Son and Heir of him, that's the truth on't.

45 *Beaug.* Till at last a good Uncle, who now, Peace be with his Soul, sleeps with his Fathers, bestow'd a Portion of Two hundred pounds upon me, with which I took Shipping, and set Sail for the Coast of Fortune.

Fath. That is to say, You went to the Wars, to learn
50 the Liberal Arts of Murder, Whoredom, Burning, Ravishing, and a few other necessary Accomplishments for a young Gentleman to set up a Livelihood withal, in this Civil Government, where, Heav'n be prais'd, none of those Vertues need grow rusty.

55 *Beaug.* Sir, I hope I have brought you no Dishonour home with me.

Fath. Nay, the *Scanderbeg*-Monkey has not behav'd himself unhandsomly, that's the truth of the Bus'ness; but the Varlet won't marry: the Dog has got Two thousand
60 pound a year left him by an old curmudgeonly moldy Uncle, and I can't perswade him to marry.

Beaug. Sir, that curmudgeonly moldy Uncle you speak of, was your Elder Brother, and never married in all his

Life: He, dying, bequeaths me Two thousand pound a year: You, Sir, the younger Brother, and my honoured Father, 65 have been married, and are not able, for ought I can perceive, to leave me a bent Ninepence. So, Sir, I wish you a great deal of Health, Long life, and merry as it has been hitherto; but for Marriage, it has thriven so very ill with my Family already, that I am resolved to have nothing to 70 do with it.

Fath. Here's a Rogue! Here's a Villain! Why, Sirrah, you have lost all Grace; you have no Duty left; you are a Rebel: I shall see you hang'd, Sirrah. Come, come, let me examine you a little, while I think on't: What Religion 75 are you of?—hah?—

Beaug. Sir, I hope you took care, after I was born, to see me Christen'd.

Fath. Oh Lord! Christen'd! Here's an Atheistical Rogue, thinks he has Religion enough, if he can but call himself a 80 Christian!

Beaug. Why, Sir, would you have me disown my Baptism?

Fath. No, Sirrah: but I would have you own what sort of Christian you are though. 85

Beaug. What sort, Sir?

Fath. Ay, Sir; what sort, Sir.

Beaug. Why, of the honestest sort.

Fath. As if there were not Knaves of all sorts!

Beaug. Why then, Sir, if that will satisfie you, I am of 90 your sort.

Fath. And that, for ought you know, may be of no sort at all.

Beaug. But, Sir, to make short of the matter, I am of the Religion of my Country, hate Persecution and Penance, 95 love Conformity, which is going to Church once a Month, well enough; resolve to make this transitory Life as pleasant and delightful as I can; and for some sober Reasons best known to my self, resolve never to marry.

100 *Fath.* Look me in the Face; stand still, and look me in the Face. So; you won't marry?—

Beaug. No, Sir.

Fath. Oh Lord!

Beaug. But I'll do something that shall be more for
105 your good, and perhaps may please you as well. Knowing Fortune of late has not been altogether so good-natur'd as she might have been, and that your Revenues are something anticipated, be pleas'd, Sir, to go home as well satisfi'd as you can, and my Servant shall not fail to meet
110 you at your Lodgings, with a Hundred smiling Smock-fac't *Guinea's*, within this half-hour: Now who the Devil would marry?

Fath. No Body that has half an ounce of Brains in his Noddle: The ungodly good-natur'd Rogue is in the right
115 on't; damnably, damnably in the right on't.

Beaug. So, here's your Father for you now!

Fath. But look you *Jack* now, little *Jack*, Two thousand pounds a year! Why thou wilt be a damnable rich Rogue now, if thou dost not marry; though I know thou wilt live
120 bravely and deliciously, eat and drink nobly, have always half a dozen honest, jolly, true-spirited, spritely Friends about thee, and so forth, hah! Then for Marriage, to speak the truth on't, it is at the best but a chargeable, vexatious, uneasie sort of Life; it ruin'd me, *Jack*, utterly ruin'd thy
125 poor old Father, *Jack*. Thou wilt be sure to remember the Hundred pound, *Jackie-boy*, hah?

Beaug. Most punctually, Sir.

Fath. Thou shalt always, ever now and then, that is, lend thy old Father a Hundred pound, or so, upon a good
130 occasion, *Jack*, after this manner, in a Friendly way: You must make much of your old Daddy, *Jack*: But if thou hast no mind to't, the truth on't is, I would never have thee marry.

Beaug. Not marry, Sir?

135 *Fath.* No.

Beaug. No?

Fath. No. A Hundred Pound, *Jack*, is a pretty little round Sum.

Beaug. I'll not fail of sending it.

Fath. Then, *Jack*, it will do as well to let thy Man come ¹⁴⁰ to me to *Harry the Eighth's Head* in the Back Street, behind my Lodgings: There's a Cup of smart Racy Canary, *Jack*, will make an old Fellow's Heart as light as a Feather. Ah, little *Jackie*-rogue, it Glorifies through the Glass, and the Nits dance about in't like Attoms in the Sun-shine, you ¹⁴⁵ young Dog.

Beaug. Do you intend to Dine there, Sir?

Fath. Ay, Man; I have two or three bonny old *Tilbury* Roysterers, with delicate red Faces, and bald Crowns, that have obliged me to meet 'em there; they helpt me to spend ¹⁵⁰ my Estate when I was young, and the Rogues are grateful, and do not forsake me now I am grown poorish and old.
—Almost Twelve a clock, *Jack*.

Beaug. I'll be sure to remember, Sir.

Fath. And thou wilt never marry! 155

Beaug. Never, I hope, Sir.

Fath. Ah, you wicked-hearted Rogue, I know what you will do then, that will be worse, though, I think, not much worse neither. Would I were a young Fellow again, but to keep him Company for one Week or a Fortnight. A ¹⁶⁰ hundred *Guinea's*! e e e! Db'uy *Jack*. You'l remember? See thee agen to morrow, *Jack*.—Poor *Jack*! Dainty Canary—and a delicate Black-ey'd Wench at the Bar! Db'uy *Jack*. 〈Exit.〉

Beaug. Adieu, Father.—*Fourbine.* 165

Fourb. Did your Honour call?

Beaug. Take a hundred *Guinea's* out of the Cabinet, and carry 'em after the Old Gentleman to his Place of Rendezvous. This Father of mine (Heav'n be thanked) is a very ungodly Father: He was in his Youth just such another ¹⁷⁰ wicked Fellow as his Son *John* here; but he had no Estate, there I have the better of him: for out of meer Opinion

of my Good-husbandry, my Uncle thought fit to disinherit the extravagant Old Gentleman, and leave all to me. Then
175 he was married, there I had the better of him again; yet he married a Fortune of Ten thousand pound, and before I was Seven years old, had broke my Mothers Heart, and spent three parts of her Portion: Afterwards he was pleas'd to retain a certain Familiar Domestick, call'd a House-
180 keeper, which I one day, to shew my Breeding, call'd Whore, and was fairly turn'd a starving for it. Now he has no way to squeeze me out of Contribution, but by taking up his Fatherly Authority, and offering to put the Penal Law call'd Marriage in execution. I must e'en get
185 him a Governour, and send him with a Pension into the Country: Ay, it must be so; For, Wedlock, I deny thee; Father, I'll supply thee; and, Pleasure, I will have thee. Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh, Sir, the most fortunate Tidings!

190 *Beaug.* What's the matter?

Serv. Captain *Courtine*, your old Acquaintance, Friend, and Comrade, is just arriv'd out of the Country, and desires to see you, Sir.

Beaug. Courtine! Wait on him up, you Dog, with
195 Reverence and Honour.

Enter Courtine.

Court. Dear *Beaugard!*

Beaug. Ah, Friend!—from the very tenderest part of my Heart I was just now wishing for thee. Why thou lookst as like a Married-man already, with as grave a
200 Fatherly Famelick Countenance, as ever I saw.

Court. Ay, *Beaugard*, I am married, that's my Comfort: But you, I-hear, have had worse Luck of late; an old Uncle dropt into the Grave, and Two thousand pound a year into your Pocket, *Beaugard.*

205 *Beaug.* A small Conveniency, *Ned*, to make my Happiness hereafter a little more of a piece than it has been

hitherto, in the Enjoyment of such hearty, sincere, honest Friends, and good-natur'd Fellows, as thou art.

Court. Sincere, honest Friends! Have a care there, *Beaugard*.—I am, since I saw thee, in a few words, grown an errant Raskal; and for Good-nature, it is the very thing I have solemnly forsworn: no, I am married, *Jack*, in the Devil's name, I am married.

Beaug. Married! That is, thou call'st a Woman thou likest by the name of Wife: Wife and t'other thing begin with a Letter. Thou liest with her when thy Appetite calls thee, keepest the Children thou begettest of her Body; allowest her Meat, Drink, and Garments, fit for her Quality, and thy Fortune; and when she grows heavy upon thy Hands, what a Pox, 'tis but a Separate-maintenance, kiss and part, and there is an end of the Bus'ness.

Court. Alas, *Beaugard*, thou art utterly mistaken; Heav'n knows it is quite on the contrary: For I am forced to call a Woman I do not like, by the name of Wife; and lie with her, for the most part, with no Appetite at all; must keep the Children that, for ought I know, any Body else may beget of her Body; and for Food and Rayment, by her good will she would have them both Fresh three times a day: Then for Kiss and part, I may kiss and kiss my Heart out, but the Devil a bit shall I ever get rid of her.

Beaug. Alas, poor Husband! But art thou really in this miserable Condition?

Court. Ten times worse, if possible: By the vertue of Matrimony, and long Cohabitation, we are grown so really One Flesh, that I have no more Inclination to hers, than to eat a piece of my own. Then her Ladiship is so Jealous, that she does me the Honour to make me Stalion-general to the whole Parish, from the Parson's Importance in Paragon, to the Cobler's scolding Wife, that drinks Brandy, and smoaks loathsom Tobacco. In short, *Jack*, she has so order'd the Bus'ness, that I am half weary of the World, wish all Mankind hang'd, and have not laugh'd these Six months.

220 a' Pox,

Beaug. Ha, ha, ha!

Court. Why, thou canst laugh, I see, though.

245 *Beaug.* Ay, *Ned*, I have Two thousand pound *per Annum*, *Ned*, old Rents, and well Tenanted; have no Wife, nor ever will have any, *Ned*; resolve to make my Days of Mortality all Joyful, and Nights Pleasurable, with some dear, lovesom, young, beautiful, kind, generous She, that
250 every Night shall bring me all the Joys of a New Bride, and none of the Vexations of a worn-out, insipid, troublesom, jealous Wife, Wife, *Ned*.

Court. But where lies this Treasure? Where is there such a Jewel to be found?

255 *Beaug.* Ah, Rogue! Do you despise your own Manna indeed, and long after Quails? Why, thou unconscionable Hobnail, thou Country Cowlstaff, thou absolute Piece of thy own dry'd Dirt, wouldst thou have the Impudence, with that hideous Beard, and grisly Countenance, to make
260 thy Appearance before the Footstool of a *Bona Roba* that I delight in? For shame get off that *Smithfield* Horse-coursers Equipage; Appear once more like *Courtine* the Gay, the Witty, and Unbounded, with Joy in thy Face, and Love in thy Blood, Money in thy Pockets, and good
265 Cloaths on thy Back; and then I'll try to give thee a *Recipe* that may purge away those foul Humours Matrimony has bred in thee, and fit thee to relish the Sins of thy Youth again. Bless us! What a Beard's there? It puts me in mind of the Blazing Star.

270 *Court.* Beard, *Beaugard*! Why, I wear it on purpose, Man; I have wish't it a Furze-bush a thousand times, when I have been kissing my——

Beaug. Whom?——

Court. Wife.——Let me never live to bury her, if the
275 word Wife does not stick in my Throat.

Beaug. Then this Peruque! Why, it makes thee shew like the Sign of a Head looking out at a Barbers Window.

Court. No more, no more; all shall be rectified: For, to deal with thee as honestly as a Fellow in my damn'd Con-

dition can do, e'er I resolv'd absolutely to hang my self, 280
I thought there might be some Remedy left; and that was
this dear Town, and thy dear Friendship: So that, in short,
I am very fairly run away; pretended a short Journey to
visit a Friend, but came to *London*; and, if it be possible,
will not see Country, Wife, nor Children agen these seven 285
years. Therefore, prethee, for my better Encouragement,
tell me a little what Sins are stirring in this Noble Metro-
polis, that I may know my Bus'ness the better, and fall to
it as fast as I can.

Beaug. Why, 'faith, *Ned*, considering the Plot, the Dan- 290
ger of the Times, and some other Obstructions of Trade
and Commerce, Iniquity in the general has not lost much
Ground. There's Cheating and Hypocrisie still in the
City; Riot and Murder in the Suburbs; Grinning, Ly-
ing, Fawning, Flattery, and False-promising at Court; 295
Assignations at *Covent-garden* Church; Cuckolds, Whores,
Pimps, Panders, Bawds, and their Diseases, all over the
Town.

Court. But what Choice Spirits, what Extraordinary
Rascals may a Man oblige his Curiosity withal? 300

Beaug. I'll tell thee: In the first place, we are over-run
with a Race of Vermin they call Wits, a Generation of
Insects that are always making a Noise, and buzzing about
your Ears, concerning Poets, Plays, Lampoons, Libels,
Songs, Tunes, Soft Scenes, Love, Ladies, Peruques, and 305
Crevat-strings, *French* Conquests, Duels, Religion, Snuff-
boxes, Points, Garnitures, Mill'd Stockings, *Foubert's*
Academy, Politicks, Parliament-Speeches, and every thing
else which they do not understand, or would have the
World think they did. 310

Court. And are all these Wits?

Beaug. Yes, and be hang'd to 'em, these are the Wits.

Court. I never knew one of these Wits in *my* Life, that
did not deserve to be Pillory'd; twenty to one if half of
'em can read, and yet they will venture at Learning as 315
familiarily, as if they had been bred in the *Vatican*. One

of 'em told me one day, he thought *Plutarch* well done would make the best *English* Heroick Poem in the World. Besides, they will rail, cavil, censure, and, what is worst
320 of all, make Jests; the dull Rogues will Jest, though they do it as awkerdly as a Tarpawlin would ride the Great Horse. I hate a pert, dull, Jestling Rogue from the bottom of my Heart.

Beaug. But above all, the most abominable is your
325 Witty Squire, your young Heir that is very Witty; who having newly been discharg'd from the Discretion of a Governour, and come to keep his own Money, gets into a Cabal of Coxcombs of the Third Form, who will be sure to cry him up for a Fine Person, that he may think all
330 them so.

Court. Oh, your Asses know one anothers Nature exactly, and are always ready to nabble, because it is the certain way to be nabbed again: But above all the rest, what think you of the Atheist?

335 *Beaug.* By this good Light, thou hast prevented me: I have one for thee of that Kind, the most unimitable Varlet, and the most insufferable Stinkard living; one that has Doubts enow to turn to all Religions, and yet would fain pretend to be of none: In short, a Cheat, that would
340 have you of opinion that he believes neither Heav'n nor Hell, and yet never feels so much as an Ague-fit, but he's afraid of being damn'd.

Court. That must be a very Noble Champion, and certainly an Original.

345 *Beaug.* The Villain has less Sincerity than a Bawd, less Courage than a Hector, less Good-nature than a Hangman, and less Charity than a Phanatique; talks of Religion and Church-Worship as familiarly as a little Courtier does of the Maids of Honour; and swears the King deserves to
350 be Chan'd out of the City, for suffering Zealous Fools to build *Pauls* again, when it would make so proper a Place for a Citadel.

Court. A very worthy Member of a Christian Commonwealth, that is the truth on't.

Beaug. I am intimately acquainted with him. 355

Court. I honour you for't, with all my Heart, Sir.

Beaug. After all, the Rogue has some other little tiny Vices, that are not very ungrateful.

Court. Very probable.

Beaug. He makes a very good odd Man at *Ballum- 360*
rancum, or so; that is, when the rest of the Company is coupled, will take care to see there's good Attendance paid; and when we have a mind to make a *Ballum* of it indeed, there is no Lewdness so scandalous that he will not be very proud to have the Honour to be put upon. 365

Court. A very necessary Instrument of Damnation, truly.

Beaug. Besides, to give the Devil his due, he is seldom Impertinent; but, barring his Darling-Topick, Blasphemy, a Companion pleasant enough. Shall I recommend him to thy Service? I'll enter into Bonds of Five hundred pounds, 370
that he teaches thee as good a way to get rid of that Whip and a Bell, call'd thy Wife, as thy Heart would wish for.

Court. And that is no small Temptation, I assure you.

Enter Boy, with a Letter.

Boy. Sir!

Beaug. My Child! 375

Court. A Pimp, for a *Guiny*, he speaks so gently to him.

Beaug. Tell her, she has undone me, she has chosen the only way to enslave me utterly; tell her, my Soul, my Life, my future Happiness, and present Fortune, are only what she'll make 'em. 380

Boy. At Seven, Sir.

Beaug. Most infallibly.

Court. Ay, ay, 'tis so: Now what a damn'd Country-Itch have I, to dive into the Secret! *Beaugard, Beaugard,* are all things in a readiness? the Husband out of the way, 385
the Family dispos'd of? Come, come, come, no trifling; be free-hearted and friendly.

Beaug. You are married, *Ned*, you are married; that's all I have to say: you are married.

390 *Court.* Let a Man do a foolish thing once in his Lifetime, and he shall always hear of it.—Married, quoth 'a! Prethee be patient: I was married about a Twelvemonth ago, but that's past and forgotten. Come, come, communicate, communicate, if thou art a Friend, communi-

395 cate.
Beaug. Not a Tittle. I have Conscience, *Ned*, Conscience; tho I must confess 'tis not altogether so Gentleman-like a Companion: But what a Scandal would it be upon a Man of my sober Demeanour and Character, to
400 have the unmerciful Tongue of thy Legitimate Spouse roaring against me, for Debauching her Natural Husband!

Court. It has been otherwise, Sir.

Beaug. Ay, ay, the time has been, *Courtine*, when thou wert in possession of thy Natural Freedom, and mightest
405 be trusted with a Secret of this dear nature; when I might have open'd this Billet, and shew'd thee this bewitching Name at the bottom: But wo and alas! O Matrimony, Matrimony! what a Blot art thou in an honest Fellows Scutcheon!

410 *Court.* No more to be said; I'll into the Country again, like any discontented Statesman, get drunk every Night with an adjacent Schoolmaster, beat my Wife to a down-right Housekeeper, get all my Maid-servants every Year with Bastards, till I can command a *Seraglio* five Miles
415 round my own Palace, and be beholden to no Man of Two thousand pound a year for a Whore, when I want one.

Beaug. Good words, *Ned*, good words, let me advise you; none of your Mariage-qualities of Scolding and Railing, now you are got out of the turbulent Element. Come
420 hither, come; but first let us capitulate: Will you promise me, upon your Conjugal Credit, to be very governable, and very civil?

Court. As any made Spaniel, or hang me up for a Cur.

Beaug. Then this Note, this very Billet, *Ned*, comes

from a Woman, who, when I was strowling very pensively 425
last *Sunday* to Church, watch't her Opportunity, and
poach'd me up for the Service of Satan.

Court. Is she very handsom, *Beaugard*?

Beaug. These Country Squires, when they get up to
Town, are as termagant after a Wench, as a ty'd-up hungry 430
Cur, got loose from Kennel, is after Crusts. Very handsom,
said you? Let me see: No, not very handsom neither; but
she'll pass, *Ned*, she'll pass.

Court. Young?

Beaug. About Eighteen. 435

Court. Oh Lord!

Beaug. Her Complexion fair, with a glowing Blush
always ready in her Cheeks, that looks as Nature were
watching every Opportunity to seize and run away with
her. 440

Court. Oh the Devil, the Devil! This is intolerable.

Beaug. Her Eyes black, sparkling, spritful, hot, and
piercing.

Court. The very Description of her shoots me through
my Liver. 445

Beaug. Her Hair of a delicate light Amber-brown, curl-
ing in huge Rings, and of a great Quantity.

Court. So.

Beaug. Her Forehead large, Majestick, and generous.

Court. Very well. 450

Beaug. Her Nose neat, and well-fashioned.

Court. Good.

Beaug. With a delicious, little, pretty, smiling Mouth.

Court. Oh!

Beaug. Plump, red, blub Lips. 455

Court. Ah h——

Beaug. Teeth whiter than so many little Pearls; a be-
witching Neck, and tempting, rising, swelling Breasts.

Court. Ah h h h h——

Beaug. Then such a Proportion, such a Shape, such a 460
Waste——

Court. Hold: Go no lower, if thou lov'st me.

Beaug. But, by your leave, Friend, I hope to go something lower, if she loves me.

465 *Court.* But art thou certain, *Beaugard*, she is all this thou hast told me? So fair, so tempting, so lovely, so bewitching?

Beaug. No; for, you must know, I never saw her Face in my Life: But I love my own Pleasure so well, that I'll
470 imagine all this, and ten times more, if it be possible.

Court. Where lives she?

Beaug. That I know not neither; but my Orders are to meet her fairly and squarely this Evening by Seven, at a certain Civil Persons Shop in the Upper Walk, at the
475 New Exchange, where she promises to be very good natur'd, and let me know more of her Mind.

Court. I'll e'en go home, like a miserable Blockhead as I am, to my Lodging, and sleep.

Beaug. No, *Ned*: Thou knowest my good Chances have
480 always been luckie to thee: Who can tell but this Lady-errant that has seis'd upon my Person, may have a stragling Companion, or so, not unworthy my Friend's.

Court. 'Tis impossible.

Beaug. Not at all; for, to deal heartily with thee in this
485 Business, tho I never saw her Face, or know who she is, yet thus far I am satisfied, she is a Woman very witty, very well bred, of a pleasant Conversation, with a generous Disposition, and, what is better than all, if I am not extremely misinform'd, of Noble Quality, and damnably
490 Rich. Such a one cannot want good, pretty, little, Under-sinners, *Ned*, that a Man may fool away an Hour or two withal very comfortably.

Court. Why then I'll be a Man again. Wife, avaunt, and come not near my Memory; Impotence attends the very
495 Thoughts of thee. At Seven, you say, this Evening?

Beaug. Precisely.

Court. And shall I go along with thee, for a small Venture in this Love-Voyage?

Beaug. With all my Heart.

Court. But how shall we dispose of the burdensom Time, 500
till the happy Minute smile upon us?

Beaug. With Love's best Friend, and our own honest
old Acquaintance, edifying *Champagn, Ned*; and for good
Company, tho it be a Rarity, I'll carry thee to dine with
the best I can meet with, where we'll warm our Blood and 505
Thoughts with generous Glasses, and free-hearted Con-
verse, till we forget the World, and think of nothing but
Immortal Beauties, and Eternal Loving.

Court. Then here I strike the League with thee: And now
Methinks w'are both upon the Wing together, 510
Bound for new Realms of Joy, and Lands of Pleasure;
Where Men were never yet enslav'd by Wiving, }
But all their Cares are handsomly contriving }
T'improve the Noble Arts of Perfect living. }

End of the First Act.

THE SECOND ACT.

Courtine and Beaugard. (*The Exchange Woman*)

Court. **B**Ut was that thy Father?

Beaug. Yes, that civil, sober, old Gentleman,
Courtine, is my Father: And, to tell thee the truth, as
Wicked and as Poor as ever his Son was. I sent him a
Cordial of a hundred *Guinea's* this Morning, which he will 5
be sure to lose all before to morrow Morning, and not have
a Shilling to help himself.

Court. Methoughts, as I look'd into the Room, he rattled
the Box with a great deal of Grace, and swore half a dozen
Rappers very youthfully. 10

Beaug. Prithee no more on't, tis an irreverent Theme;
and next to Atheism, I hate making merry with the
Frailties of my Father.

Court. But then as to the Lady, *Beaugard*.

Beaug. 'Tis near the Hour appointed, and that's the 15

Shop we meet at; the Mistress of it, *Courtine*, is a hearty Well-wisher to the Mathematicks, and her Influence, I hope, may have no ill Effect o're my Adventure.

Court. Methinks this Place looks as it were made for
 20 Loving: The Lights on each hand of the Walk look stately; and then the Rusling of Silk Petticoats, the Din and the Chatter of the pretty little party-colour'd Parrots, that hop and flutter from one side to t'other, puts every Sense upon its proper Office, and sets the Wheels of Nature finely
 25 moving.

Beaug. Would the Lady of my Motion would make haste, and be punctual; the Wheels of my Nature move so fast else, that the Weight will be down before she comes.

Woman. Gloves or Ribbands, Sir? Very good Gloves or
 30 Ribbands, Choice of fine Essences. Captain *Beaugard*, shall I sell you nothing to day?

Beaug. Truly, Mistress *Furnish*, I am come to lay out a Heart at your Shop this Evening, if my pretty Merchant-Adventurer don't fail to meet me here.

35 *Wom.* What she that spoil'd your Devotion o' *Sunday* last, Captain?

Beaug. Dost thou know her, my little *Furnish*?

Wom. There is a certain Lady in the World, Sir, that has done me the Honour to let me see her at my poor Shop
 40 sometimes.

Enter Porcia masqu'd, and stands behind Beaugard.

Beaug. And is she very lovely?

Wom. What think you, Sir?

Beaug. Faith, charitably enough.

Wom. I'll swear she is obliged to you.

45 *Beaug.* And I would very fain be obliged to her too, if 'twere possible. Will she be here to night?

Porcia. Yes marry will she, Captain.

Beaug. Are you there indeed, my little *Picaroon*? What, attaque a Man of War of my Burden in the Stern, Pirate!

50 *Porcia.* Lord, how like a Soldier you are pleas'd to ex-

press your self now! I warrant you, to carry on the Metaphor, you have forty more merry things to say to me upon this Occasion; as, plying your Chase-guns, laying your self athwart my Harser, boarding me upon the Forecastle, clapping all under Hatches, carrying of the Prize to the next Port of Security, and there rummaging and rifling her. Alas, poor Captain!

Court. Poor, Madam! He has Two thousand a year, and nothing but an old Father to provide for.

Porcia. Sir, is this fine, sober, brown-bearded Gentleman to be your Steward, he understands your Affairs so well already?

Beaug. The truth on't is, Madam, he does wait for an Office under me, and may in time, if he behave himself handsomly, come to Preferment. 65

Court. This I have got by my Beard already. If she should but know me now.

Beaug. Well, Madam, are your Commands ready? May I know the Task I am to undertake, before I lay claim to the Happiness of seeing that handsom, homely, fair, black, young, ancient, tempting or frightful Face, which you conceal so maliciously? For hang me, as I have deserved long ago, if I know what to make of this extraordinary Proceeding of yours.

Porcia. In the first place, Captain, this Face of mine, be it what it will, if you behave your self as you should do, shall never put you out of Countenance.

Beaug. In troth, and that's said kindly.

Porcia. For I am young, Captain.

Beaug. I am glad on't with all my Heart. 80

Porcia. And, if the World speaks truth, not very ugly.

Beaug. So much the better still.

Porcia. Next, I'm no Hypocrite.

Beaug. Hah!

Porcia. But love my Pleasures, and will hold my Liberty.

Beaug. Noble.

Porcia. I am rich too.

Beaug. Better and better.

90 *Porcia.* But what's worst of all——

Beaug. Out with't.

Porcia. I doubt I am sillily in Love.

Court. With whom, dear Miracle?

Porcia. Not with a Married-man, sweet Monsieur
95 *Courtine.*

Court. Confound her, but she knows me.—Why, good Madam——

Beaug. Nay, Friend, no ruffling; keep your Articles, and keep your Distance.

100 *Porcia.* Have you then made your Escape, Sir, from your dear Wife, the Lady-Tyrant of your Enchanted Castle in the Country, to run a wandring after new Adventures here? Oh all the Windmills about *London*, beware!

Court. Ay, and the Watermills too, Madam. In the
105 Devil's name, what will become of me!

Porcia. For the *Quixot* of the Country is abroad; Murder by his Side, Enterprises in his Head, and Horrour in his Face.

Court. Oh Lord!

110 *Beaug.* Do you know this Friend of mine then, Madam?

Porcia. I have heard of such a Hero, that was very famous about two years since, for selling himself to a Plantation, the Country, for Five thousand pound: Was not that the Price, Sir?

115 *Court.* Your Ladship is pleas'd to be very free, Madam; that's all.

Porcia. So were you at that time, Sir, or you had ne'er parted with your dear Liberty on such reasonable Terms surely. Bless us! Had you but lookt about you a little,
120 what a Market might have been made of that tall, proper, promising Person of yours! that——

Court. Hell confound thee, heartily, heartily.

Porcia. That Face, which now, o're-grown with ruful Beard, looks as you had stole it from the Retinue of a

Russian Embassie! Fough! I fancy all Fellows that are ¹²⁵
married smell of Train-oyl and Garlick.

Beaug. And yet, twenty to one, that is a stinking Con-
dition you'll have a design to seduce some poor doating
Monster or another into, one day.

Porcia. Never, by that Badge of Slavery, his Beard ¹³⁰
there.

Beaug. How that dear Protestation has charm'd me!

Court. O' my Conscience I my self could be half recon-
cil'd to her again too.

Porcia. In short, to give you one infallible Argument, ¹³⁵
that I never will marry, I have been married already, that
is, sold: for being the Daughter of a very rich Merchant,
who dying left me the onely Heiress of an immense For-
tune, it was my ill luck to fall into the Hands of Guardians,
that, to speak properly, were Raskals; for in a short time ¹⁴⁰
they conspired amongst themselves, and for base Bribes,
betray'd, sold, and married me to a——Husband, that's all.

Beaug. In troth, and that's enough of all conscience:
But where is this Husband?

Porcia. Heav'n be thanked, dead and buried, Captian. ¹⁴⁵

Beaug. Amen, with all my Heart.

Court. A Widow, by my Manhood, a downright Bawdy
Widow.

Porcia. What would your Cream-pot in the Country
give for that Title, think you? ¹⁵⁰

Court. Not more than I would, that thy Husband were
alive agen, to revenge my Quarrel on thee.

Beaug. And what's to be done, thou dear One?

Porcia. Look upon me as a Lady in distress, Captain;
and by the Honour of a Soldier consider on some way for ¹⁵⁵
my Deliverance.

Beaug. From what? Where is the Danger?

Porcia. Every way it threatens me: For into the very
Hands my ill Fortune threw me before, has it betray'd me
again, Friend. ¹⁶⁰

Beaug. Hah!

Porcia. The Principal is an Uncle, old, jealous, tyrannical, and covetous.

Beaug. Hell confound him for it.

165 *Porcia.* My Fortune lying most in his Hands, obliged me upon my Widowhood to give up my self again there too, where he has secured and confin'd me with more Tyranny, than if I had been a Pris'ner for Murder; guards me Day and Night with ill-lookt Rogues, that wear long,
170 broad, terrible Swords, and stand Centinel up and down the House with Musquetoons and Blunderbusses.

Court. So, here's like to be some Mischief going forward, that's one Comfort.

Porcia. Murder and Marriage are the two dreadful
175 things I seem to be threatned with: Now guess what pity it is that ever either of those Mischiefs should fall upon me.

Beaug. By the gallant Spirit that's in thee, I'll fairly be Gibetted first.

Porcia. No need of that, Captain, neither: for, to shew
180 you I deserve your Protection, I have had the Courage to break Gaol, run away, and make my Escape hither, purely to keep my Word with you. Deal like a Man of Honour by me; and when the Storm that will follow is a little blown over, here's a white Hand upon't, I'll not be ungrateful.

185 *Beaug.* And in token I believe thee, I'll kiss it most Religiously.

Court. Why the Devil did I marry? Madam, one word with you: Have you never a married Lady of your Acquaintance, that's as good-natur'd as you, and would fain
190 be a Widow as you are, too?

Porcia. Why do you ask, Sir?

Court. Because I would cut her Husband's Throat, and make her one for my own proper use.

Porcia. I'll ask your own Lady, Sir, that Question next
195 time I see her, if you please.

Court. Why, dost thou know her then?

Porcia. Yes.

Court. Then I may chance shortly to have a fine time on't: I have made a pretty Evenings Work of this, Heav'ns be prais'd. 200

Enter two Men disguis'd.

1 *Man.* Run away lewdly! Damnation!

2 *Man.* Look!

1 *Man.* By Heav'n, it must be she.

2 *Man.* The Men are well Arm'd.

1 *Man.* No matter; we must carry her, or all's lost else. 205

2 *Man.* I'll not shrink from you.

1 *Man.* That's well said. Sir, if you please, a Word with you.

Beaug. With me, Sir?

1 *Man.* Yes. 210

Beaug. *Courtine*, be civil a little.

1 *Man.* Sir, it is my Misfortune to be concerned for the Honour of a Lady that has not been altogether so careful of it her self as she ought to have been.

Beaug. I am sorry for't, Sir. 215

1 *Man.* You being a Gentleman whose Character I have had an advantageous Account of, I would make it my Petition to you, if she be of your Acquaintance, not to engage your self in any thing that may give me occasion to be your Enemy. 220

Beaug. Sir, I should be highly glad of any brave Man's Friendship, and should be troubled if I appear concern'd in any thing that may hazard the loss of yours.

1 *Man.* That Lady, Sir, you talkt withal's—

Beaug. My Mistress, Sir. 225

1 *Man.* Mistress!

Beaug. Yes, Mistress, Sir: I love her, doat on her, am damnably in love with her; she is under my Protection too, and when ever there's occasion, as far as this sinful Body of mine will bear me out in it, I'll defend her. 230

1 *Man.* Do you know her?

Beaug. Not so well as I would do, Sir.

204 Arm'd?

1 *Man*. What's her Name?

Beaug. A Secret.

235 1 *Man*. She must along with me, Sir.

Beaug. No, that must not be, Sir.

2 *Man*. This Lady, Sir——

Court. You lie, Sir—Hah!—*Beaugard!* [*Draw, and fight. Porcia runs away squeaking. Courtine disarms his Adversary, and comes up to Beaugard.*]

Beaug. Stand fast, *Ned*.

240 *Court*. Hold thy dead-doing Hand,
Thou Son of Slaughter.

1 *Man*. Sir, there may come a time——

Beaug. When you'll learn Manners.

1 *Man*. And teach 'em you too.

245 *Court*. We are well known.

1 *Man*. And shall not be forgotten.

Come, Friend. [*Exeunt two Men.*]

Beaug. Confound 'em! This must be a Brother, a Kinsman, or a Rival, he ply'd me so warmly.

250 *Court*. 'Tis a hard case, that a Man cannot hold Civil Correspondence with a good-natur'd Female, but presently some hot-headed Fellow of the Family or other runs horn-mad with Jealousie, and fancies his Blood smarts as often as the Womans itches.

255 *Beaug*. This Heroick Person's Sister, Kinswoman, his Mistress, or whate'er she be, is like to get much Reputation by his Hectoring and Quarrelling for her; and he as much Honour, by being beaten for her.

Court. Nay, when Cuckolds or Brothers fight for the
260 Reputation of a back-sliding Wife or Sister, it is a very pretty Undertaking, doubtless. As for example; I am a Cuckold now.

Beaug. All in good time, *Ned*; do not be too hasty.

Court. And being much troubled in Spirit, meeting with
265 the Spark that has done me the Honour, with a great deal of respect I make my Address,—as thus,—*Most Noble Sir, you have done me the Favour to lie with my Wife.*

Beaug. Very well.

Court. All I beg of you, is, that you would do your best endeavour to run me through the Guts to morrow morning, 270 and it will be the greatest Satisfaction in the World.

Beaug. Which the good-natur'd Whoremaster does very decently; so down falls the Cuckold at *Barn-elms*, and rises again next day at *Holborn* in a Ballad. But all this while, what is become of the Widow, *Ned*? 275

Court. Faith she has e'en done very wisely, I think; as soon as she had set us together by the Ears, she very fairly ran for't.

Beaug. A very noble Account of our first Evenings Enterprise! But a Pox on't, take Courage; and since we 280 have lost this Quarry, let us e'en beat about a little, and see what other Game we can meet with.

Enter Lucrece Masqu'd.

Lucr. Sir, Sir! Captain!

Court. With you again, *Beaugard*. Agare ho!

Beaug. With me, my Mistress? 285

Lucr. Yes, with you, my Master.

Court. I wonder when, o' the Devil's name, it will come to my turn.

Lucr. Being a particular Friend of yours, Captain, I am come to tell you, the World begins to talk very scandalously of you, Captain. 290

Beaug. Look thee, Sweetheart, the World's an Ass, and Common Fame a Common Strumpet: so long as such pretty good-natur'd Creatures as thou seemest to be, think but well of me, let the World be hang'd, as it was once 295 drown'd, if it will.

Lucr. I must let you know too, Captain, that your Love-Intrigues are not so closely managed, but that they will shortly grow the Subject of all the Satyr and Contempt in Town: Your holding Conversation with a draggle-tail'd 300 Masque, in the Church-Cloysters, on *Sunday*; your meeting with the very Scandal here again, this Evening; suffering

your self to be impos'd upon, and Jilted by her; and at last running the hazard of a damnable Beating, by a couple
305 of plausible Hectors, that made you believe your Mistress had Honour enough to be concern'd for.

Beaug. Really, my little Wolf in a Sheeps Fleece, this sounds like very good Doctrine; but what Use must I make of it, Child?

310 *Lucr.* Methinks, Captain, that should not be so hard to find out; my setting upon you in a Masque my self, and railing at the last Woman that did so before me, might easily inform you, I have a certain Design of trying whose Heart's hardest, yours or mine.

315 *Court.* Then, my little Mischief, you should not enter the Lists upon unequal Terms, with that Black Armour upon your Face, that makes you look as dreadfully as the Black Knight in a Romance

Lucr. Good Captain, what's that sober Gentleman's
320 name? For certainly I have seen him before now.

Beaug. His name in the Flesh, my pretty one, is *Courtine*; a very honest Fellow, good-natur'd, and wicked enough for thy purpose of all conscience.

Lucr. *Courtine*! Bless us for ever! What, the Man that's
325 married!

Court. The Man that's married! Yes, the Man that's married. 'Sdeath, though I be weary on't, I am not ashamed of my Condition. Why the Devil didst thou tell her my name? I shall never thrive with any Woman that
330 knows me. The Man that's married! 'Zounes, I am as scandalous as the Man that's to be hang'd.

Lucr. But you'll ne'er be thought so handsom. To make few words with you, Sir, I am one that mean you fairer play than such an inconstant, fickle, false-hearted Wanderer as you deserve.
335

Beaug. Then why dost thou conceal thy self? Those whose Designs are fair and noble, scorn to hide their Faces: Therefore give me leave to tell thee, Lady, if thou think'st to make use of me only to create some Jealousie in another

Woman, I am no Instrument to be that way manag'd; no, 340
I am constant, I—but if thou lov'st me——

Lucr. Have you any more Doubts that trouble you?

Beaug. None, by this sweet Body of thine.

Lucr. Know then, Sir, it has been my Misfortune to
watch you, haunt you, and dog you these six Months; 345
being, to my eternal torment, jealous of that ravenous
Kite your Widow, your Widow, Captain: nay, since I have
confest my Weakness, know from this hour I'll defeat all
her Ambushes, all the false Baits she lays to ensnare your
Heart, till I obtain the Victory of it my self, much more 350
my due, in that I'm not beneath her in Beauty, Birth, or
Fortune, or indeed any thing but her years, Captain;
therefore if you have that Merit the World reports of you,
make the best use of this present Advice; and so farewell,
till you hear from me further. *[Exit Lucrece. 355]*

Beaug. Now may I do by my Mistresses as the Boys do
by their Farthings, hustle 'em in a Hat together, and go to
Heads or Tails for 'em.—Hah! Let me never see day
again, if yonder be not coming towards us the very Rascal
I told thee of this Morning, our *faux* Atheist; now will I 360
shew thee as notable a Spirit as ever past upon the ignorant
World for a fine Person, and a Philosopher.

Enter Daredevil.

What, *Daredevil*, a good Evening to thee: Why, where hast
thou been, old Blasphemy, these Forty Hours? I shall
never be converted from Christianity, if thou dost not 365
mind thy Bus'ness better.

Dared. Been, quoth a! I have been where I have half
lost my honest Senses, Man: Would any body that knows
me, believe it? Let me be buried alive, if the Rogues of
the Parish I live in have not Indicted me for a Papist. 370

Beaug. The Devil! a Papist!

Dared. Pox on 'em, a Papist! When the impudent
Villains know, as well as I do, that I have no Religion at all.

Court. No Religion, Sir? Are you of no Religion?

362 *Euter (stage dir.)*

375 *Dared.* Is he an honest Fellow, *Beaugard*?

Beaug. Oh, a very honest Fellow; thou mayst trust him with thy Damnation, I'll warrant thee: Answer him, answer him.

Dared. I never go to Church, Sir.

380 *Court.* But what Religion are you of?

Dared. Of the Religion of the *Inner-Temple*, the Common-Law Religion; I believe in the Law, trust in the Law, enjoy what I have by the Law: For if such a Religious Gentleman as you are get Fifty pounds into my Debt, I
385 may go to Church and pray till my Heart akes, but the Law must make you pay me at last.

Court. 'Tis certainly the fear of Hell, and hopes of Happiness, that makes People live in Honesty, Peace, and Union one towards another.

390 *Dared.* Fear of Hell! Hark thee, *Beaugard*; this Companion of thine, as I apprehend, is but a sort of a shallow Monster. Fear of Hell! No, Sir, 'tis fear of Hanging. Who would not steal, or do murder, every time his Fingers itch't at it, were it not for fear of the Gallows? Do not you,
395 with all your Religion, swear almost as often as you speak? break and prophane the Sabbath? lie with your Neighbours Wives? and covet their Estates, if they be better than your own? Yet those things are forbid by Religion, as well as Stealing and Cutting of Throats are. No, had
400 every Commandment but a Gibbet belonging to it, I should not have had Four Kings Evidences to day swore impudently I was a Papist, when I was never at Mass yet since I was born, nor indeed at any other Worship these Twenty years.

405 *Court.* Why then, Sir, between Man and Man, you are really of no Religion?

Dared. May be I am, Sir; may be I am not, Sir: When you come to know me better, twenty to one but you'll be better satisfied.

410 *Court.* Does your Honour think there may be a Devil?

Dared. I never saw him, Sir.

Court. Have you a mind to see him?

Dared. I'd go Fifty miles barefoot to see but a Fiend that belong'd to his Family.

Beaug. That's a damn'd Lie, to my Knowledge: For I⁴¹⁵ saw the Rogue so scar'd, that his Hair stood upright, but at the sight of a poor Black Water-Spaniel, that met him in the dark once.

Court. What think you of Conscience?

Dared. I do not think of it at all, Sir; it never troubles me. ⁴²⁰

Court. Did you ever do a Murder?

Dared. I won't tell you.

Court. Thou art the honestest Fellow for it; I love a friendly Rogue, that can keep such a Secret at my Heart.

Dared. Do you? ⁴²⁵

Court. Ay.

Beaug. So, that's well said; now we'll to work with him presently. Dost thou hear, *Daredevil*, this honest Friend of mine is something troubled in Spirit, and wants a little of thy Ghostly Advice in a Point of Difficulty. ⁴³⁰

Dared. Well, and what is't? I shall be civil, and do him all the good I can.

Beaug. In few words, he's married; plagu'd, troubled, and Hag-ridden by the eternally-tormenting Witchcraft of a vexatious, jealous Familiar, call'd a Wife. ⁴³⁵

Dared. A Wife! That ever any Fellow that has but two Grains of Brains in his Scull, should give himself the trouble to complain of a Wife, so long as there is Arsenick in the World!

Beaug. Nay, it is a meer shame, a scandalous shame, ⁴⁴⁰ when it is so cheap too

Court. Would you have me poison her?

Dared. Poison her! Ay, what would you with her else, if you are weary of her?

Court. But if I should be call'd to a terrible account for ⁴⁴⁵ such a thing hereafter!

Dared. Hereafter!—Cross my Hand with a piece of

Silver,—that is to say,—give me Three pence,—Three pence, my Dearest——

450 *Court.* Well, and what then?

Dared. Why, for that considerable Sum I'll be security for thee, and bear thee harmless for Hereafter; that's all.

Beaug. 'Faith, and cheap enough of all Conscience.

Court. This is the honestest Acquaintance I ever met
455 withal, *Beaugard.*

Beaug. Oh, a very honest Fellow, very honest.

Court. Prethee then, *Daredevil*, if that be thy Title, since we have so happily met this Evening, let us grow more intimate, and eat and drink together.

460 *Dared.* Faith and troth, with all my Heart: Pox on me, Boy, but I love Drinking mightily; and to tell ye the truth on't, I am never so well satisfied in my out-of-the-way Principles, as when I am drunk, very drunk. Drunkenness is a great Quietter of the Mind, a great Soother of the Spirit.

465 *Beaug.* And shall we be very free, my little Atheistical disbelieving Dog? Wilt thou open thy Heart, and speak very frankly of Matters that shall be nameless?

Dared. Much may be done; I seldom hide my Talent, I am no Niggard of my Parts that way.

470 *Beaug.* To tell thee a Secret, then, *Daredevil*, we two are this Night, for some weighty Considerations, to give a Treat to the People of the *Duke's Theatre*, after the Play's done, upon their Stage; we are to have the Musick too, and the Ladies, 'tis hoped, will not deny us the Favour of
475 their fair Company. Now, my dear Iniquity, shall we not, thinkest thou, if we give our Minds to it, pass an Evening pleasantly enough?

Dared. Rot me, with all my Heart: I love the Project of Treating upon the Stage extremely too. But will there,
480 will there be none of the Poets there? Some of the Poets are pretty Fellows, very pretty Fellows; they are most of 'em my Disciples in their Hearts, and now and then stand up for the Truth manfully.

Beaug. Much may happen: But in the next place, after

Supper we have resolv'd to storm a certain Enchanted 485
 Castle, where I apprehend a fair Lady newly enter'd into
 League with an honest Friend of thine, call'd my self, is
 kept a Pris'ner, by an old, ill-natur'd, snarling Dog in a
 Manger, her Guardian. Thou wilt make one at it, wilt
 thou not, my little *Daredevil*? 490

Dared. Dam' me, we'll burn the House.

Court. Dam' me, Sir? Do you know what you say? You
 believe no such thing.

Dared. Words of course, Child, meer Words of course:
 We use a hundred of 'em in Conversation, which are indeed 495
 but in the nature of Expletives, and signifie nothing: as,
Dam' me, Sir; Rot me, Sir; Confound me, Sir; which pur-
 port no more than *So, Sir; And, Sir;* or *Then, Sir,* at the
 worst: For my part, I always speak what I think; no Man
 can help thinking what he does think: So if I speak not 500
 well, the fault's not mine.

Beaug. Distinguish't like a Learned School-Divine.

Court. When meet we at the Play-house then?

Dared. Before the Clock strike Nine.

Beaug. Where we'll have Musick, Women, Mirth. 505

Dared. And very much good Wine.

End of the Second Act.

THE THIRD ACT.

Beaugard, Courtine, *and* Daredevil.

Beaug. **I**S not this Living now? Who that knew the
 Sweets of Liberty, the uncontroll'd Delights the
 Free-man tastes of, Lord of his own Hours, King of his
 own Pleasures, just as Nature meant him first;
 Courted each Minute by all his Appetites, 5
 Which he indulges, like a bounteous Master,
 That's still supply'd with various full Enjoyments;
 And no intruding Cares make one Thought bitter.

495 Conversation,

Dared. Very well this; this is all but very well.

10 *Court.* Nay, not one Rub, to interrupt the Course
Of a long, rolling, gay, and wanton Life.
Methinks the Image of it is like a Laune
In a rich flow'ry Vale, its Measure long,
Beauteous its Prospect, and at the End
15 A shady peaceful Glade; where, when the pleasant Race is
over,

We glide away, and are at rest for ever.

Beaug. Who, that knew this, would let himself be a
Slave

To the vile Customs that the World's debauched in?

Who'd interrupt his needful Hours of Rest, to rise and
20 yawn in a Shop upon *Cornhill*? Or, what's as bad, make a
sneaking Figure in a Great Man's Chamber, at his Rising
in a Morning? Who would play the Rogue, Cheat, Lie,
Flatter, Bribe, or Pimp, to raise an Estate for a Blockhead
of his own begetting, as he thinks, that shall waste it as
25 scandalously as his Father got it? Or who, *Courtine*, would
marry, to beget such a Blockhead?

Court. No body but such a Blockhead as my self, *Beau-
gard*, that's certain; but I will, if possible atone for that
Sin of mine in the future Course of my Life, and grow as
30 zealous a Libertine as thou wouldst wish thy Friend to be.

Dared. These are Rogues that pretend to be of a Religion
now! Well, all that I say is, Honest Atheism for my
Money.

Beaug. No, grant me while I live the easie Being I am
35 at present possess of; a kind, fair Shee, to cool my Blood,
and pamper my Imagination withal; an honest Friend or
two, like thee, *Courtine*, that I dare trust my Thoughts
to; generous Wine, Health, Liberty, and no Dishonour;
and when I ask more of Fortune, let her e'en make a Beg-
40 gar of me. What sayst thou to this, *Daredevil*? Is not this
coming as near thy Doctrine as a young Sinner can con-
veniently?

Dared. Nay, I have very great Hopes of you, that's my Comfort.

Court. But why did we part with the Women so soon? 45

Beaug. Oh, *Courtine*, Reputation, Reputation! I am a young Spark, and must stand upon my Credit, Friend; the Rogues that cheat all the Week, and go to Church in clean Bands o' *Sunday*, will advance no necessary Sums upon my Revenues else, when there may be an Occasion: 50 Besides, I have a Father in Town, a grave, sober, serious old Gentleman, call'd a Father.

Dared. One that will Drink, Rant, Whore, and Game, and is as full of Religion as his Worshipful Son here.

Beaug. Hah!—

55

Enter Father.

Fath. Very well, very noble, truly, Son! This is the Care you are pleased to take of my Family! Sit up all Night, Drink, Whore, spend your Estate, and give your Soul to the Devil! A very fine—Hickup—This *Aquamirabilis* and the Old Hock does not agree with my Stomach. 60

Beaug. *Daredevil*, stick to me now, and help me out at a dead lift, or I am lost for ever.—Sir, I hope my being here, has not done you, nor any Friend of yours, an Injury.

Fath. Injury! No, Sir, 'tis no Injury for you to take your swill in Plenty and Voluptuousness—Hickup—while 65 your poor Father, Sirrah, must be contented to drink paltry Sack, with dry-bon'd, old, batter'd Rogues, and be thankful. You must have your fine, jolly, young Fellows, and bonny, buxom, brawny-bum'd Whores, you Dog, to revel with, and be hang'd to you, must you? Sirrah, you 70 Rogue, I ha' lost all my Money.

Beaug. I am sorry for it, Sir.

Fath. Sorry for it, Sir!—Hickup—Is that all?

Dared. If thou art very poor, old Fellow, take a swinging Dose of *Opium*, and sleep upon't; 'tis the best thing in 75 the World for old Gentlemen that have no Money. Or wilt thou be good Company? wilt thou sit down and crack a Bottle, old Boy? Hah?

Fath. Heh! crack a Bottle!

80 *Dared.* Ay, crack a Bottle: What sayst thou to that comfortable Proposition?

Court. Come, Sir, here's your good Health, and to your better Fortune.

Fath. A very honest Fellow, *Jack*: These are very honest
85 Fellows. What is your name, Friend?

Dared. My name is *Daredevil*, Friend; of the ancient Family of the *Daredevils* in the North, that have not had a Church in their Parish, Chaplain in their House, Prayers Publick or Private, or Graces at Meals, since the Conquest.

90 *Fath.* Sir, I have heard much of your Family; it is a very ancient Honourable Family: and I am glad to find my Son has made choice of such Noble Acquaintance.—Sir, my Service to you.—I protest, a Cup of pretty Clarret, very pretty Clarret.

95 *Court.* And he has top't it off as prettily, I'll say that for him.

Fath. *Jack*, I ha' lost all my Money, *Jack*.

Beaug. Have you been robb'd, Sir?

Fath. Robb'd, Sir! No, Mr. Saucy-face, I ha' not been
100 robb'd, Sir: but I ha' been nickt, Sir, and that's as bad, Sir. You are a worthy Person, and I'll make you my Judge.

Dared. Come along then.

Fath. The Main was Seven, and the Chance Four; I had
105 just Thirty pound upon it, and my last Stake: The Caster threw, nothing came of it; I chang'd his Dice; he threw again, to as little purpose as before.

Dared. Very strange, truly.

Fath. I chang'd his Dice again, he threw again: So he
110 threw, and I chang'd; and I chang'd, and he threw, for at least half an Hour; till at last—Do you mark me?—the Dice powd'ring out of the Box—

Dared. That's plain.

Fath. One of 'em trips against the Foot of a Candlestick,
115 and up comes two Deuces, two Deuces, Sir, do you hear?

And so I lost my Money. No, Sir, I was not robb'd, Sir; but I lost it upon two Deuces: and that was so hard Fortune, that I'll hold you, or any Man living, Fifty pound to Ten, that he does not throw two Deuces before Seven again.

120

Dared. Two Deuces afore Seven! Two Deuces are not to be thrown, Sir, not to be thrown.

Beaug. I am glad to hear you are so rich, Sir.

Fath. Rich, quoth 'a! Prethee be quiet, I am not worth a Shilling, Man. But, Sir, here you are a Lord at large, 125 enjoy your Drink and your Drabs, sit up all Night in the fulness of Iniquity, with worthy Esquire *Daredevil* of the North here, with a Pox to you; whilst I must be kept without a Shilling in my Pocket.—But, Sir,—

Beaug. Sir, I sent you a Hundred pound yesterday 130 Morning.

Fath. Well, Sirrah, and I have had ill Luck, and lost it all: What then?

Beaug. Sir, to avoid Dispute, shall I make one Proposition to you?

135

Fath. Heh! With all my Heart. Look you, *Jackie-boy*, I am not against thy taking thy moderate Diversions, so long as I see thou keepest good Company, neither. But —sneak what Ready-money thou hast into my Hand, and send me the rest of t'other Hundred to my Lodging. 140

Beaug. Do you think it reasonable, that as often as two Deuces are thrown before Seven, I must advance a Hundred pound to make the Devil's Bones rattle, Sir?

Fath. Sirrah, you are a Rebel; and I could find in my Heart to cut your Throat. Sir, have you e'er a Father? 145

Dared. No, Sir.

Fath. No, Sir?

Dared. No, Sir; I broke his Heart long ago, before I came to be at years of Discretion; I hate all Fathers, and always did.

150

Fath. Oh Lord! Hearn you, Sir, What's that Fellow's Profession?

Court. Oh, an Atheist, Sir; he believes neither God nor the Devil.

155 *Fath.* 'Sbud, I'll brustle up to him: Are you an Atheist, Fellow? hoh?

Dared. Yes, Sir, I am an Atheist.

Fath. And what think you will become of you when you die? hoh?

160 *Dared.* I shall be buried six Foot under Ground, to prevent stinking, and there grow rotten.

Fath. Oh Lord!

Dared. If I chance to be hang'd, being a lusty Sinewy Fellow, the Corporation of *Barber-Chirurgeons*, may be, will
165 beg me for an Anatomy, to set up in their Hall. I don't take much care of my self while I am living; and when I am dead, whatever happens to me will never trouble me.

Fath. No more to be said; my Son's in a very hopeful way to be damn'd, that's one Comfort. Impudent Rogue!
170 You keep Company with the Devil's Resident! You converse with Foreign Ministers, and deny your Father a little dirty Money! Fogh, Poltroon!

Beaug. This is very hard, Sir: But if Ten *Guinea's* will do you any Service——

175 *Fath.* Ten *Guinea's*? Let me see; Ten *Guinea's* are a pretty little pidling Sum, that's the truth on't: But what will it do, *Jackie-boy*? Serve, may be, to play at Tick-tack in an Afternoon, three Hits up for a Piece, or so; but when will that recover my Hundred agen? Ten *Guinea's*! Pox
180 o' thy Ten *Guinea's*.——Well, let me see the Ten *Guinea's* though,——let me see 'em a little.——*Jackie-boy, Jackie, Jack,*——You ha' drunk damnable hard to night, you rogue; you are a drunken Dog, I believe——Han't you had a Whore too, *Jackie*?——e e e——You'll get the Pox, Sirrah,
185 and then——But if thou dost, I know a very able Fellow, an old Acquaintance of mine——Ten *Guinea's, Jackie!*

Beaug. There they are, Sir; and long may they last you.

Fath. Make 'em Twenty, *Jackie-rogue*;——you Plump-

164 be, beg

181 *Jackie-boy,*

cheekt, Merry-ey'd Rogue, make 'em Twenty,—Make 'em Fifteen then,—*Jackie-boy, Jackie, Jack,*—Do 190
faith.

Beaug. Upon my Duty, you have stript me, Sir.

Fath. Then do you hear, Friend, you Atheist, that are so free of your Soul? let us see if you dare venture a little of your Money now—Come. [*Draws out a Box and Dice.* 195
Seven's the Main: I'll hold you Ten pounds to Two, two Deuces does not come before Seven.

Beaug. At him, *Daredevil*; Beggar him once more, and then we shall be rid of him.

Dared. Done, Sir, done; down with your Money. 200

Fath. Here, you Blasphemous Dog.—Dost thou love Hazard?

Dared. Dearly, from the bottom of my Heart, Sir.

Fath. I love thee the better for't: Come along.—
Seven.— 205

Dared. Right.

Fath. Seven. [*Throws two Deuces*

Dared. Two Deuces!—You ha' lost, Sir.

Fath. Dam' me, Sir, lay your Hand upon my Money!

Dared. Dam' me, Sir, 'tis my Money; I won it fairly. 210

Beaug. Now, *Courtine*, now—

Court. Now look to't, Atheist.

Fath. Son of a Whore, you lie. Thus to my Hat I sweep the yellow Scoundrels, and draw my Sword in witness th'are my own. 215

Dared. Nay then I'll—

Court. Hold, Sirs, no drawing Swords, no Quarrelling.

Dared. I am glad on't, with all my Heart; for though I am not much afraid of the Devil, I hate a drawn Sword mortally. 220

Beaug. Good Sir—

Fath. Stand off.—Dogs, Atheists win my Money!—
Rascal,—Good morrow. <Exit.>

Beaug. Till next time two Deuces come before Seven,

225 and then I am sure to see or hear from you again infallibly.

Court. How dost thou intend to dispose of this wild, extravagant, old Father of thine, *Beaugard*?

Beaug. I hope to find him run so far in Debt within this Fortnight, that to avoid the Calamity, he shall be forced
230 to compound with me for his Freedom, and be contented with a comfortable Annuity in the Country; that's all my hopes of him.

Court. Which he'll sell in one Quarter of a Year, and return to old *London* again, for t'other Game at Hazard.

235 *Beaug.* No, like a wise Guardian, I'll take care of the contrary, lay it too far out of his reach, and tie it too fast for him. Why how now, *Daredevil*? What in the dumps? 'Tis an unruly old Gentleman, but yet he has some Religion in him, *Daredevil*.

240 *Dared.* Yes, Pox on him, to cheat me of my Money. 'Tis well he was your Father, Sir.

Court. Why?

Dared. Had he been my own, by these Hilts I would have saw'd his old Windpipe asunder upon the Spot. Rob
245 me of my Right!

Court. Does he love Fighting so well then? I thought most of your Atheists had not much car'd for that impertinent Exercise.

Dared. 'Tis a little impertinent, that I'll grant you, for
250 honest Fellows to fall out, squabble, and cut one anothers Throats, to spoil good Company: But when my Honour's injur'd——

Beaug. Then, I know, thou art implacable. But for a foolish trifling Sum of Money——

255 *Dared.* Trash, trash, Dunghil, and Filthiness! I give it away to my Wenches and my Servants; we part with it to every Body, upon all Occasions. He that values Money, deserves néver to have the Benefit of it.

Beaug. A very noble Fragment of Philosophy. But,
260 *Courtine*, the Morning is new risen again, and I have receiv'd Intelligence this Night, by a certain Minister I

keep for such Offices, where my poor distressed Widow is held in Durance: If thou thinkest there may be any Hopes for thee upon the Coast I am bound for, let us embarque together, and good Luck attend us. 265

Court. No, I have other Projects o' foot: Marriage has crackt my Credit so, that no body that knows my Condition cares to deal with me: Therefore I am resolv'd to set out for New Discoveries, and try how I can thrive where my Name's a Stranger. 270

Beaug. What, this Morning!

Court. This very Morning: Fortified with *Burdeaux*, as I am, will I issue forth; and let all stragling Wives, Widows, and Virgins have a care of their Cargo's.

Beaug. Nobly resolv'd, and good Fortune guide thee. 275
Thou, *Daredevil*, wilt not part with me; thou art more a Friend than to leave thy Disciple, when there is good substantial Sinning like to go forward. May be we may do a Murder before we part; something that is very wicked we'll not fail of. 280

Dared. With all my Heart; let us fire a House or two, poison a Constable and all his Watch, ravish six Cinderwomen, and kill a Beadle.

Beaug. Shall we do all this?

Dared. Do't! I'll do't my self. 285

Beaug. Thou art the very Spirit of Iniquity.

Enter Footman.

Footm. Sir, Captain *Beaugard*.

Beaug. With me, Friend?

Footm. Sir, there is a Masqu'd Lady, in a Chair, at the Corner of the Street, desires a Word with you instantly. 290

Beaug. Tell her, I'm her Vassal, and will wait on her this Moment. *Courtine*, good morrow.

Court. Gone, already?

Beaug. Trading comes in, Friend, and I must mind my Calling, that's all. *Allons, Daredevil.* 295

Dared. Friend, farewell to thee; if either of us are run

through the Lungs, or shot in the Head, before we meet again, let us hear from one another out of the Lower World, how matters go there, and what Entertainment
300 they give us.

Court. You shall find me a very civil Correspondent, Sir.

Dared. Farewell.

Court. The same good Wish to you, Sir. Now will I out into the middle of the Street, play at Blind-mans-buff by
305 my self, turn three times round, and catch who I can.

Scene changes to the Street. Enter Beaugard and Daredevil.

Beaug. This should be the Place, and yet I see no Chair.

Dared. Then let us fall to Mischief.

Beaug. Prethee a little Patience, tho it be a Vertue, dear Temptation.

Enter another Footman.

310 *Footm.* Sir, is your name Captain *Beaugard*?

Beaug. Yes, my dear *Mercury*, I am the happy Man.

Footm. Then, Sir, this Letter is for you.

Beaug. Stay till I read it, Friend.

Footm. Sir, it requires no Answer.

315 *Beaug.* What Jilts Trick now!—*Sir*,—*to meet us with your Swords in your Hands this Morning, behind the Corner House of*— By my Stars, a Challenge from the termagant Sparks that fell upon us last Night. Why, what a deal of Love and Honour have I upon my Hands now?

320 *Daredevil*, thou canst fight?

Dared. Why, is there any occasion?

Beaug. Only a Challenge, *Daredevil*, that's all: See, there's a Breakfast for thee, if thou hast any Stomach to't.

Dared. Idle Rogues, Rascals, Hectors! Never mind 'em;
325 hang 'em, these are some hungry Varlets that want Dinners; let us break the next Windows, and never think on't.

Enter six Ruffians.

1 *Ruff.* These are our Quarry; be sure we seise 'em both. Is the Coach ready?

2 *Ruff.* At the next Corner.

330

1 *Ruff.* Fall on then. Sir, you are our Prisoner.

Beaug. Villains! Rogues! Thieves! Murder! Thieves!
Rascals, you'll not murder me?

1 *Ruff.* Nay, Sir, no noise, no struggling, as you tender
your Safety.

335

Beaug. Daredevil, Dog, Coward, draw thy Sword and
rescue me.

Dared. I am terrified, amaz'd; some Judgment for my
Sins is fallen upon me; alas, I am in Bonds too! Have
mercy on my Soul, and don't slay me, Gentlemen.

340

Beaug. Damnation! Blinded! Rascals, Villains, Ruffians!
Murder!

Dared. Oh *Daredevil, Daredevil*, what will become of
thee!

⟨*Exit all.*⟩

Enter Theodore and Gratian.

Theod. This Generosity makes good thy Character,
That thou art the bravest Man, and truest Friend.
How shall I deserve this from thee?

345

Grat. I should be unjust, both to my self, and the dear
Mem'ry of thy Noble Brother, whose Friendship was so
dear to me, should my true Sword be idle in thy Cause.
Besides, the Love which I profess to *Porcia*, tells me a
Rival must not tamely carry her.

350

Theod. She is thy Right: My dying Brother, her soon-
forgotten Husband,
But thy remember'd Friend, with his last Breath thus told
me;

I have a Friend, *Gratian*, the Man my Heart
Has cherisht most; we from our Youth were Rivals
For my dear *Porcia*: tell him, if I die,
I left her to him, as the dearest Legacy
I could bequeath: Bid him be tender of her,
For she'll deserve it from him.—Would she did.

355

360

Grat. Heav'n knows, it is my Curse, spite of her Scorn,
to love her even to Madness; nor shall this Man of War,

this *French*-bred Hero, win her with nothing but his Cap and Feather: I wonder he's not come yet.

365 *Theod.* I have heard the Man is Gallant; but in honesty,
As thou art my Friend, I wish thou wouldst hear good
Counsel.

Grat. Thine must be Noble.

Theod. I'd have thee think no more of this proud
Woman.

Grat. I wish 'twere possible.

370 *Theod.* Their Sex is one gross Cheat; their only Study
How to deceive, betray, and ruine Man:
They have it by Tradition from their Mothers,
Which they improve each day, and grow more exquisite.
Their Painting, Patching, all their Chamber-arts,
375 And Publick Affectations, are but Tricks
To draw fond Men into that Snare, their Love.

Grat. Would this could cure mine.

Theod. When w'are caught fast, 'tis then they shew their
Natures,

Grow haughty, proud, to vex the Wretch th'ave conquer'd;
380 Tho the same Hour they glance abroad for new ones.
Let but a Woman know y'are once her Slave,
Give her once Testimony that you love her,
She'll always be thy Torment, Jilt, design,
And practice Ends upon thy honest Nature,
385 So strong is their Antipathy to Truth.

Grat. But let a Fool——

Theod. Oh give 'em but a Fool,
A senseless, noisie, gay, bold, bristling Blockhead,
A Rascal with a Feather, and Cravat-string,
390 No Brains in's Head; a vain, pert, empty Rogue,
That can prune, dance, lisp, or lie very much,
Th'are lost for ever: They'll give all they have
To Fools, or for 'em.——

Grat. But, my Friend, this granted,

395 Grant *Porcia* this, and more, as she's the Relict
Of thy dear Brother, and my valu'd Friend,

The Injury she brings upon thy Honour
Must not be slighted; and that's my Cause now.

Theod. There thou o'recom'st me: Still our Men of
Mettle

Delay their Time; the Day grows late; let's walk 400
Down by yon' Wall; may be they have mist the Place:
Besides, I fancy Company is coming this way, and we may
be prevented.

Methinks I would not lose so fine a Morning, and do
nothing.

Grat. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sylvia and Lucrece.

Sylv. Oh *Lucrece*, 'twas the Pangs of Jealousie, curst 405
Jealousie, that brought me hither.

Lucr. Where lodg'd you then last Night?

Sylv. Here, in this House, my Cousin *Porcia's* House:
I met her late last Night, just as I alighted, harrast with
my Journey, and the Cause of it: Had she not took pity 410
of me, Heav'n knows how my Perplexities would have
disposed me!

Lucr. What, in this House?

Sylv. Here, in this very House.

Lucr. I'm glad I know it; I'll take such care, it shall not 415
be long a Secret.

Sylv. The Garden opening thus upon the Fields, invited
me to take the Morning-air here; for Sleep's a Guest that
stays but little with me. Why sighest thou, *Lucrece*?

Lucr. I'm thinking why my Cousin *Porcia* should chuse 420
this Residence.

Sylv. 'Tis for a Lover, *Lucrece*; *Beaugard* courts her, a
Friend and lewd Companion of my false Husband's.

Lucr. I know him but too well.

Sylv. Why, dost thou love him? 425

Lucr. So much, that I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep
in peace, for the tormenting Thoughts of him.

Sylv. By Heav'ns, I pity thee. Oh have a care of Mar-

riage, *Lucrece*, Marriage; 'twill be thy Bane, and ruine thee
 430 for ever. Marriage spoils Faces; How I look with Marriage!

Lucr. I see no change.

Sylv. No change! I have not slept six Nights in peace
 since the curst Day I wedded.

Lucr. Will then a Husband spoil ones Sleep so sadly?

435 *Sylv.* A Husband's, *Lucrece*, like his Wedding-Clothes,
 Worn gay a Week, but then he throws 'em off,
 And with 'em too the Lover: Then his Days
 Grow gay abroad, and his Nights dull at home:
 He lies whole Months by thy poor longing Side
 440 Heavy and useless, comes faint and loth to Bed,
 Turns him about, grunts, snores: and that's a Husband.

Lucr. Is *Courtine* such a one?

Sylv. 'Tis pain to tell thee the Life I lead with him.

He's colder to me, than Adamant to Fire; but let him
 445 loose amongst my Kitchen-Furniture, my Maids, never
 was seen so termagant a Towzer: He loves a nasty, foul-
 fed, fulsom Drab, and scorns the tender Joys my Arms
 invite him to. To be despis'd at that rate, so dishonour'd,
 makes me even curse the Chance that made me Woman:
 450 Would I had been any Creature else.—See yonder,
 yonder he comes: Thy Masque, thy Masque, dear *Lucrece*.

Lucr. Farewel; I'll away, and leave ye fairly both
 together. [Exit *Lucr.*

Enter Courtine.

Court. What, fly thy ground, faint Soldier! How, an-
 455 other! Nay then 'twas nobly done, two to one had been
 odds else: Had it not pretty one?

Sylv. Why, who are you, Sir?

Court. E'en a wandring Knight, that have forsaken my
 Castle in the Country, and am come up to Town for Pre-
 460 ferment truly.

Sylv. And one would think so proper, lusty, a well-made
 Fellow as you are should not be long out of Employment

Court. Dost thou know me, my Dearest?

Sylv. No.

Court. Then I am sure thou canst have no Exception ⁴⁶⁵
against me.

Sylv. But suppose I had a mind to a little farther Acquaintance with you; what then, Sir?

Court. Why, then thou may'st reasonably suppose that I'll make no evil Use of thy good Inclinations; Faith there ⁴⁷⁰
are very pretty Gardens hereabouts, let us commit a Trespass for once, break into one of 'em, and roll a Camo-mile-walk together this Morning.

Sylv. Oh Lord, Sir!

Court. She's coming already. ⁴⁷⁵

Sylv. If I should let you make advantage of my Weakness now, you would be false afterwards, forsake me, and break my heart.

Court. Pretty fool! What innocent scruples she makes!

Sylv. Have you no other Mistress already? have you no ⁴⁸⁰
Engagements that will return hereafter upon your heart to my prejudice?

Court. Shall I swear?

Sylv. But han't you truly?

Court. If I have, may that blew Mountain over our ⁴⁸⁵
heads there, fall down and crush me like a pelted Toad.

Sylv. To shew you then that I deserve your Faith——

Court. What wilt thou shew me?

Sylv. A Face which I am not asham'd of, though you'l
perhaps be scandaliz'd when you see it. ⁴⁹⁰

Court. The Devil take me if I am though, so it prove
not very horrible indeed.

Sylv. What think you then, Sir, is it such a one as you
lookt for?

Court. My own Wife! ⁴⁹⁵

Sylv. Yes, thy unhappy Wife,
Thou false, deceitful, perjur'd, shameless Wretch:
Have I deserv'd this from thee?

Court. Pox confound her.—

[*Takes out a Book and falls to reading.*]

500 *Sylv.* Is this the recompense of all my love?

Did I bestow my Fortune on thy Wants,
Humble my self to be thy *Dove-like* Wife?
And is this all I'm worth?—

Court. Wealth is a great [Reads.]

505 Provocative to am'rous heat;

For what is worth in any thing,
But so much Money as 'twill bring?

Hudibras, Part the 2d. *Canto* the First.

Sylv. Patience direct me! have I wrought my Nature

510 To utmost sufferance, and most low contentment,

Set my poor heart to cares! have I been blest
With Children by thee, to be left with scorn,
Cast off, neglected, and abandon'd vilely?

Speak, is not this hard usage?—

515 *Court.* Umph!

Sylv. Umph! what's Umph!

Court. Umph, that's I, Child; Umph is I, I, I, my Dear.

Sylv. Death! death and torments! Cut my wretched
Throat, don't treat me thus: By Heaven I'll bear't no
520 longer.

Court. No more.

Sylv. I have done, Sir.

Court. What do you at *London*?

Sylv. Is it a fault to follow what I'm fond of?

525 *Court.* Can't I enjoy my pleasures, take my freedoms,
but you must come, and spoil the high season'd dish with
your insipid whining senseless Jealousie?

Sylv. Prethee forgive me.—

Court. Where did you lodge last Night?

530 *Sylv.* Here with a Kinswoman,

May be you know her not, her name is *Porcia*.

Court. Death! *Beaugard's* Widow! now I am finely fitted.

504 stage dir. after l. 505
don! 524 fond of!

505 heat

513 abandon'd

523 Lon-

What at this House?

Sylv. This very House, that Door
Opens into the Garden, let us walk there, 535
Won't you go with me *Courtine*?

Court. No.

Sylv. Prethee do, Love.
Don't be thus cruel to me.

Court. Then promise one thing, 540
And may be my good nature shall be wrought upon.

Sylv. I'll grant thee any thing ; speak, try m'Obedience.

Court. Then promise me, that during our abode
In this sweet Town, which I love very dearly,
That let me ramble, steer what course I will, 545
Keep what late hours, and as I please employ 'em,
That you'll be still, an humble, civil Doxy,
And pry into no secret to disturb me.

Sylv. Well, 'tis all granted.

Court. On then, I'll be dutiful. 550

Sylv. Enter you first.

Court. No.—

Sylv. Oh, then you'll forsake me ;
You seek but opportunity again to leave me.

Court. Well, since I am trapt thus, 555
Like a poor Beast that wanted better pasture,
There is no Replevin, and I must to Pound. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Theodoret, Gratian, and Lucrèce.

Theod. What in this House?

Lucr. Here in this very House,
My Cousin *Sylvia*, *Courtine's* Jealous Wife, 560
Coming to Town, Lodg'd with her here last Night.

Theod. No more, I guess the cause w'are disappointed.
Do thou go *Gratian*, Muster what Friends 'tis possible ;
I'll try my Interest too ; we'll storm your Fortress,
Enchanted Lady, though your Gyant guard it. 565

*Scene changes to the inside of a very fair House,
adorned with rich Furniture and Lights.*

Enter Ruff<ians> with Beaug<ard> and Dared<evil>.

Beaug. Dogs! Rascals! Villains! how do you intend to deal with us?

1 Ruff. Much better than your language has deserv'd, Sir. *[They unblind 'em.*

570 *Beaug.* Sirs for this noble usage, had I a Sword or Pistol about me, I would reward ye most amply.

[They all bow and withdraw.

A Plague of your Civility! where the Devil are we?

Dared. Where are we quotha! why, we are in a Palace Man, prithee look about thee a little.

575 *Beaug.* By Heav'n here's a Paradise; hark *Daredevil!* Musick too!

Dared. I'll be hang'd if 'tis not a bawdy Dancing-School, some better Whores than ordinary designing a private *Ballum rancum*, have pitcht upon our two proper persons for the
580 bus'ness; we are like to have a swinging time on't, *Beaugard.*

Beaug. A plague o' your Cowardise! you were whining and praying just now, and be hang'd to you.

Dared. I praying! prithee be quiet Man, I never pray'd in my life, nor ever will pray: Praying quotha! that's a
585 merry jest with all my Heart.

Beaug. Impudent *Poltroon!* he said two dozen of *Pater-Nosters* within this half hour, and every jolt the Coach gave was afraid the Devil would have torn him to pieces.

Dared. Odd I like this contrivance very well: Look,
590 *Beaugard*, what comes yonder? 'sheart two Devils in Petticoats, how my Guts shrink together!

Enter two Black Women.

Beaug. 'Heyday! Lady *Blackamores!* nay then we are certainly enchanted. What are you two, Maids of Honour to the Queen of *Pomonkey?* and is this one of her Palaces?
595 Not a Word!—

569 *Query ? unbind (stage dir.)*

591 *Black (stage dir.)*

Dared. How I long now to be familiar with one of those Sooty-fac'd Harlots! I would beget a chopping Black Son of a Whore upon her, in defiance to the Prince of Darkness.

Enter a Dwarf.

Beaug. What another too of the same Complexion? this must be her Majesties Page. 600

Dared. A Pimp, I'll warrant him; he's so very little, pert, and dapper, the Rogue looks as if he could insinuate himself through a Key-hole.

Dwarf. Welcome thou best-lov'd Man of the fair World.

Beaug. Well, Sir, and what's the Service you have in 605 order to Command me?

Dwarf. My Orders are to lead you to repose in a Rich Bed prepared for Rest and Love.

Dared. I said it was a Pimp, what a smooth-tongu'd little Rascal 'tis? 610

Beaug. A very pretty sort of an Amusement this: But prithee young *Domine*, why to Bed? 'tis but now Day, and the Sun newly risen; for I have not been a Bed all Night, my little Monster; I know how the time goes, Child.

Dwarf. Such are the Orders of the Power I serve. 615
For you are come a long unmeasurable Journey.

Dared. Hah!

Dwarf. Drawn by wing'd Horses through the untract Air.

Beaug. A Pox upon thee for a little black lying well- 620
instructed Rascal, but since it is the Custom of the place, and my last Night's Fatigue requires it, I'll accept of the offer, and dispense with an hour or two of sleep to fit me for better exercise when I wake again.

[Sits down in the Chair to be undrest.

Dared. Drawn by Wing'd Horses through the Air, said 625
he! if this should be true now, what would become of us! Methought indeed the Coach whew'd it away a little faster than ordinary.

[While Beaug. is undressing the two Black Women dance.

622 Night Fatigue

Beaug. A very notable Entertainment truly, and your
630 little Black Lady-ships have tript it most featly.—

[The Wo<men> advance towards him.]

What, and must you take charge of me now!—With all my heart. *Daredevil* farewell to thee; but that I am in hopes of a better, I'de invite thee for a Bedfellow.

[Women lead in Beaug.]

Dared. Bedfellow, quotha! would I were a Bed with any
635 Bedfellow that I was sure had but flesh and bones about him.

Dwarf. Come, Sir, you are my charge.

Dared. I hope your little Impship will be civil to me: pray, Sir, what place is this?

640 *Dwarf.* A Chrystal Castle built by Enchantment in a Land unknown to any but the fair one that Commands it: The Spirits of the Air keep guard about it, and all obey her Charms.

Dared. Oh Lord! and what Religion is the Lady of?

645 *Dwarf.* That's a secret, you'll know more hereafter.

Dared. Lead on then: Now in the lower World whence I come lately, were this but known,

*How would the fate in Ballad be lamented,
Of Daredevil the Atheist that's Enchanted.*

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

Enter Gratian and Theodoret.

Grat. **T**Hese are your Men of Honour now: I never knew a blustering, roaring, swashing Spark, that, at the bottom, was good for any thing.

Theod. Your faux Braves always put on a shew of more
5 Courage than ordinary; as your beggarly half-Gentlemen always wear tawdry finer Cloaths than their Fortune will afford 'em.

Grat. But, to lye conceal'd in private in the House with her!

Theod. Dam' her, she's a Prostitute; has given her self 10 already to his Arms.

Grat. Yet, I'll warrant you, she has an excuse for that too, if it be so; as, Alas! you know, Woman is but a weak Vessel.

Theod. A Pox o' the weakness of her Vessel! Dam' her! 15 Would my Sword were in her Throat! But will our Friends be ready?

Grat. Most punctually. It was an odd old Fellow, that, which we met with. Was he certainly *Beaugard's* Father?

Theod. No body can swear that, for his Mother was a 20 Woman; but that merry conceited old Gentleman has the honour of it: he has the Title, but whose was the Property, that I dare not determine.

Grat. I hope he'll be as good as his word with us.

Theod. It will not be amiss if it prove so. See, here he 25 comes too.

Enter Father and Fourbine.

Fath. You lie, you Dog; you *Scanderbeg* Varlet, you lie. Do not I know that he sate up all Night with a Consort of Whore-masters and Harlots; and have you the impudence to tell me he is not at home? Do not I know, you 30 Villain, that, after a Debauch, he will out-snore a *Fleet-street*-Constable and all his Watch, for six hours; and dare you tell me, he is not at home, you Caterpillar?

Fourb. Upon the word of a true *Valet de Chambre*, Sir, I deal sincerely and honestly with you. 35

Fath. No more to be said: But, Sirrah, do you take notice in his behalf, and tell him, he shall pay for this; pay for it, do you hear you Mongril? Fob me off with ten stinking Guinnies, when I had lost a hundred! Fiends and Furies, I'll not bear it. Good morrow my little Thunder- 40 bolts! What say you, my tiny brace of Blunderbusses? can I be serviceable? shall we about the business while it is practicable? hah?—

(*Ex. Fourb.*)

Theod. Have you considered of it throughly, Sir?

45 *Fath.* Trouble thy head no farther; I'll do't, my Darling.

Theod. Have you considered, Sir, that she is your Son's Mistress?

Fath. So much the better still; I'll swinge her the stout-lie, for alienating his Affections from his natural Father.

50 *Grat.* But suppose you should meet him too there in her defence, Sir?

Fath. Still better and better, and better for that very reason; for I would swinge him too with much fatherly Discipline, and teach him the duty which a Son, with a
55 great deal of Money, owes an honest old Daddy, that has none.

Theod. Very piously resolved, this; that's the truth on't. But, Sir, I would have you satisfied, into the bargain, that this will be no trifling matter. No Boys Play, old *Tilbury*.

60 *Fath.* Boys Play, Sir? Sir, I can fight, Sir: though I am an old fellow, I have a Fox by my side here, that will snarl upon occasion. Boys Play! I don't understand your Boys Play, Sir——

Theod. I would not have you take my plainness ill, Sir:
65 I only hinted it, to deal with you according to an old fashion of sincerity which I profess, Sir. I hope you are not offended at it.

Fath. Then, to rectifie all mistakes, let us fairly have a Breakfast, *hoc Momento*. I have a sort of gnawing
70 Courage, that when it is provok'd, always gives me a Stomack to a savoury Bit, and a cheerful Bottle. I hate to be run through the Guts, with nothing in 'em to keep the Wind out.

Grat. Very well propos'd, I think; for we have more
75 Friends to meet us at a Tavern hard by here, where we intend to wish our Enterprise well in a bonny Bottle or two, and then about it as cheerfully as we can.

Fath. Very well said, that: This is a pretty fellow, I'll warrant him. Now, if my Rebel be run through the Midriff

in this business, I am the next Heir at Law, and the two thousand Pounds a year is my own, *declaro*. Come along my little Spit-fires.

Nous allons.

Braves trippons.

Sans sçavoir où Nous allons.

85

Six Bumpers in a hand to him that drills the first Whore-Master through the small Guts.

Grat. We'll pledge it heartily, Sir.

Fath. You are both my honest Boys, my best Children: march along then, bravely and boldly.—I must borrow 90 Money of these Fellows before I part with 'em. *Nous allons, Braves trippons.* [Exeunt.

Enter Courtine.

Court. Oh the unconscionable Importunity of an unsavoury, phlegmatick, cold, insipid Wife! By this good day, she has kiss'd me till I am downright sick; I have had so 95 much of her, that I shall have no stomach to the Sex again this fortnight.

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. My Dearest, pray my Dearest, don't thus leave me: by this kind kiss I beg it.

Court. Oh, the Devil!

100

Sylv. Look kindly on me; speak to me.—

Court. Plague intollerable!—

Sylv. Indeed, my Dear, I love you with such fondness! Pray speak.

Court. I cannot.

105

Sylv. Why? an't you well?

Court. Oh, there's a sudden faintness comes o'er my Spirits! Oh, I'm very sick! Leave me, if thou lov'st me, stand off, and give me Air; I die else. Oh h!—

Sylv. I'll kiss thee then to life again.

110

Court. Stand off, I say; I'll not be stifled! Murder! Help! Murder! Help!

Sylv. Ill natur'd Tyrant!

Court. Good natur'd Devil! Kiss, i'th' Devil's name!—

115 *Sylv.* Come near me, Husband.

Court. Come not near me, Wife. How am I tortur'd!—

Sylv. You must be kind; indeed, my dear, you must.

Court. Indeed, my Dear, by your good leave, I sha' not, —Damnation!

120 *Sylv.* You long to be rid of me again.

Court. That I do most mightily; but how to bring it about, if I know, I am a Rascal. Oh! Oh!

Sylv. What's the matter, Dearee?

Court. Oh, I am sick again of the sudden! Give me the
125 Chair there: Oh! my Heart beats, and my Head swims! Oh! oh!

Sylv. Alas, I fear y'are very sick indeed! if my poor Lovee should die, what would become of me!

Court. A Plague o' your whining! Would I were well out
130 of the House once!

Sylv. Shall I fetch thee some Cordial, my dearest Love, my Joy? Speak to me; shall I?—

Court. Ay if thou wilt, my Jewel. *<Exit Sylv.>* Jewel quotha!—what a plagu's this: Hush, is she gone?—Now
135 for a convenient Balcone to venture the breaking of a Neck at.—

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, Sir, a word with you.

Court. With me, Sweetheart; thy business?

Page. A Lady, Sir, that dog'd you hither this Morning—

140 *Court.* A Lady!—

Page. Yes, a Lady, Sir.

Court. Hist: Get you in, you little Monkey; skip, sculk, or you'll spoil all else.—Here's the blessed comfort of a Wife again now:—Oh, oh!— *<Exit Page.>*

114 Devils! Kiss,

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. How is't, my Blessing? Here, take this: Heaven 145
guard thee!

Court. From thy confounded troublesome Company, if
it be possible. [Drinks.]

Sylv. How is't, my Dearee?

Court. If I had a little more on't, Dearee. 150

Sylv. I'll see what's left, my Joy.

Court. Do, prithee do, my Joy then. Joy in the Devil's
name. [Ex. Sylv.]

Hist, Sirrah *Page*, come hither.

Enter Page.

Page. Is your Lady gone, Sir? 155

Court. Yes: But what News of the other Lady, my
trusty *Mercury*?

Page. She's now below, Sir; and desires to see you.

Court. Is she young? handsom?

Page. I can't tell that, Sir; but she's rare and fine. 160

Court. Are her Cloaths rich?

Page. Oh Sir, all Gold and Silver; with a deep Point
Thingum Thangum over her Shoulders: and then she
smells as sweet as my Ladies Dressing-Box.

Court. Fly little Spright, and tell her, I'm impatient: tell 165
her, I'll wait on her within a moment: tell her——

Page. But Sir——

Court. Be gone, be gone, you Knave, or you'll be caught
else. Oh! [Exit Page.]

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. Here's all that's left, my Heart. 170

Court. I am sorry for it, it is very comfortable. [Drinks.]
Oh, oh, oh!

Sylv. What ails my Life?

Court. Oh, I have a horrid tremor upon my Heart! 'tis
the old Palpitation I us'd to be troubl'd with, return'd 175
again. Oh, if I were but——

146 thee!

Sylv. Where, Love?

Court. Oh! but in a condition to go abroad, there is an able Fellow of my Acquaintance, that always us'd to
180 relieve me in this extremity.

Sylv. Where does he live? I'll take a Coach my self, and go to him.

Court. The Devil take me if I know.—Oh! 'tis a vast way off.—Oh! now it kills me again.

185 *Sylv.* I shall not think it so, when it is my duty.

Court. That's but too kind, my Sweetest; though, if I had but one Bottle of his *Elixir*—

Sylv. How is it call'd?

Court. *Specimen Vitæ.*

190 *Sylv.* *Specimen Vitæ?*

Court. Ay, *Specimen Vitæ*: 'tis a damn'd hard name, but it is very good.

Sylv. Where is't he lives then? Prithee let me go thither.

Court. Oh, 'tis a horrid way off! Besides, it would trouble
195 me now, in this condition, to be so long without thee.

Sylv. Prithee let me go.

Court. Why, 'tis as far as *Grubb-street* Child, as *Grubb-street*.

Sylv. I'll be back again instantly.

200 *Court.* I had rather, indeed, thou shouldst go thy self, than send a Messenger, because the business will be done more carefully.

Sylv. How's the Direction then?

Court. In *Grubb-street* Child, at the Sign of the *Sun* and
205 *Phoenix*, I think it is, there lives a Chymist; ask for him, and in my name desire a Bottle of his *Specimen Vitæ*. Oh!

Sylv. *Specimen Vitæ?*

Court. Ay, *Specimen Vitæ*—I'll try in the mean time if I can walk about the Room, and divert the terrour of
210 my Fits.

Sylv. Heavens bless my dearest Deeree.

Court. Thank you, my only Joy.—Would in the

187 *Elixir*.—

197—8 Child, as *Grubb-street*?

Devil's Name she were gone once, and had her Guts full of that Quack's *Specimen Vitæ*.

Sylv. You'll be careful of your self, Child? 215

Court. As careful as I can, Child.

Sylv. Gud b'w'y *Courtee*.

Court. B'w'y my *Sylvee*.—Oh, oh! [Exit *Sylvia*.

Enter Page.

Is she gone?

Page. Yes, Sir. 220

Court. Where's the Lady?

Page. Here; just entring up the back Stairs.

[*Lady appears at the Door.*

Court. Madam, this Honour done your worthless Servant——

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. Oh, my dear Heart, I had forgot my Wages. Pray 225
Courtee, kiss me before I go.

Court. Confound her, Come again! Oh, my Love! I have made hard shift to crawl to the Door here.

Sylv. Who's that behind you?

Court. Nothing but a Page, come to know if I wanted 230
any thing. A Plague of her Hawks eyes!——

Sylv. Gud b'w'y my dearest Love.

Court. Gud b'w'y my Joy.

Sylv. Nay, give me another. B'w'y *Courtee*.

Court. B'w'y *Sylvee*.—So, is she gone again?—The 235
Devil take me, if thou interruptest me any more.

[*Locks the Door after her.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. Is that your Lady, Sir?

Court. Yes; but I hope you'll not think the worse of me, pretty One, for keeping a Wife Company now and then, for want of better. 240

Lady. Can you be so kind, Sir, not to forget me? Do you remember me still, Captain?

Court. Remember thee, Child! Is it possible for that

Face to be ever blotted out of my Memory!—Though, the
 245 Devil eat me, if ever I saw it before, to the best of my
 knowledge.

Lady. Where is your Lady gone Sir?

Court. To *Grubb-street*, Jewel, for some *Specimen Vitæ*.

Lady. *Specimen Vitæ*, Sir! Oh dear, what's that?

250 *Court.* Oh, come but quietly into the next Room, and
 I will shew thee what *Specimen vitæ* is presently.

Lady. You may, perhaps think strange of this freedom
 I take with you, Sir.

Court. Not in the least, Child; it shews thy Generosity.
 255 —I love her now, for understanding her business, and
 coming close to the matter quickly.

Lady. But, Sir, presuming on your *Quondam* Favours
 to me, I am come to beg your Advice in a matter of Law,
 which I am at present involv'd in: and if you please—

260 *Court.* To retire a little in private?—Oh, thou couldst
 not have pick'd out such another Man for thy purpose: I
 am, may be, the best Lawyer in the World for Chamber-
 practice. And if I do not find out the Merits of thy Cause
 as soon as—

265 *Lady.* Really, you are so good natur'd—

Court. *Grubb-street* and *Specimen Vitæ*, quotha! He that
 has the Palpitation of the Heart, and an Armful of this
 won't cure him, let him die upon a Dung-hill, and be
 buried in a Ditch, I say.—This is the rarest Adventure.

[*Exeunt Courtine and the Lady.*]

The S C E N E changes to a Bed-Chamber.

Enter Beaugard in, as Dressing himself.

270 *Beaug.* Heigho! Heigho! Boy, Imp, where art thou?

Dwarf. Here: Your pleasure? What's your pleasure,
 Sir?

Beaug. What is't o' Clock, Boy?

Dwarf. Sir, in your World, by Computation, I guess it
 275 may be Afternoon.

Beaug. A very pretty little Rascal, this; and a very extraordinary way of Proceeding, I am treated withal here: I have been abed, 'tis true, but the Devil a wink of sound Rest came near my Senses all the while; but broken Slumbers, Dreams, Starts, and sprawling from one side to the 280 other, in hopes the fair Unknown that keeps this Castle might have been so good natur'd to have given a Stranger a Visit. This can be no less than some Romantick design of the little Fairy, that threatned she would cheat the Widow of me:—Now will I, for once, if she does attempt 285 me, put on that monstrous Vertue, called Self-denial, and be damnably constant.—What, Musick again! This is a merry Region, I'll say that for it, where ever it be. Boy!

Dwarf. Did you call, Sir?

Beaug. My Cloaths, Monster; my Vestments: I hate a 290 *Dis-habillee* mortally: I long to be rigg'd, that I may be fit for Action, if Occasion should present it self.

[Dwarf dresses him.]

A SONG.

I.

*Welcom Mortal to this place,
Where smiling Fate did send thee :
Snatch thy happy Minutes, as they pass ; 295
Who knows how few attend thee !*

2.

*Floods of Joy about thee roul,
And flow in endless measure.
Dip thy Wishes deep, and fill thy Soul
With Draughts of every Pleasure. 300*

3.

*Feast thy Heart with Love's Desire,
Thy Eyes with Beauties Charms :
With Imaginations fan the Fire,
Then stifle it in thy Arms.*

288 be,

303 Fire.

4.

305 *For, since Life's a slippery Guest,*
 Whose Flight can't be prevented ;
Treat it, whilst it stays here, with the best,
 And then 'twill go contented.

310 *Come you that attend on our Goddesses Will,
And sprinkle the Ground
With Perfumes around ;
Shew him your Duty, and shew us your Skill.*

Enter four Black Women, that dance to the same Measure of the Song, and sprinkle Sweets.

Circle him with Charms,
And raise in his Heart
Such Alarms,
As Cupid ne'er wrought by the Pow'r of his Dart.

[*They dance round him.*]

Fill all his Veins with a tender desire,
And then shew a Beauty to set 'em a fire ;
Till kind panting Breasts to his Wound she apply,
Then on those white Pillows of Love let him die.

[The Dance ends.]

Beaug. Faith, and with all my heart; for I am weary of the lingering Disease, and long to taste my Mortality most mightily. Hah! A Banquet too, usher'd in by a couple of *Cupids!* Pretty innocent { *Two Cupids run in*
325 Contrivance! Well, here's no fear of { *a Table furnish'd.*
starving, that's one comfort. Now, my dear Musicians, would ye be but as good as your word, and shew me the Beauty you have so prepared me for!—But then, my Widow! my Dear, Generous, Noble-hearted Widow! She
330 that loves Liberty as I do. She that defies Matrimony as I do too. Shall I turn Recreant, and be false to her? Ah *Dardevill, Dardevill!* How I want thee to help me out in this Case of Conscience a little!

Enter Dardevill.

Dard. *Beaugard*, Where art thou?

Beaug. Ah dear Damnation! I was just now heartily 335
wishing for thee.

Dard. Such News! Such Tidings! Such a Discovery!

Beaug. Hah! What's the matter, Man?—

Dard. Only six and fifty Virgins apiece for us, that's
all; pretty little blushing opening Buds, you Rogue, that 340
never had so much as a blast of Masculine Breath upon
them yet.—What's here? A Banquet ready? Nay,
then I am satisfied. Never were Heroes so enchanted as
we are.

Beaug. But where are the Virgins, *Dardevill*? the 345
Virgins!

Dard. There's only one of 'em, Child; only one;—but
such a one, my Souldier.—

Beaug. Is there but one then?

Dard. That's no matter, Man; I'll be contented till thou 350
hast done with her: I hate a new Conveniency that was
never practised upon; 'tis like a new Shooe that was never
worn, wrings and hurts ones Foot basely and scurvily. I
love my ease, I.

Beaug. But is she very Lovely? 355

Dard. Such a Swinger, you Dog! she'll make thy Heart
bound like a Tennis Ball, at the sight of her: with a
Majestick stately Shape and Motion.

Beaug. Well.

Dard. A Lovely, Angelical, Commanding Face. 360

Beaug. By Heavens.

Dard. With two Triumphant, Rolling, Murdering Eyes,
that swear at you ev'ry time you look upon her.

Beaug. Stand off, stand off, I say; she's mine this
Minute. But then again, my Widow!— 365

<Enter Lady.>

Hah!—Mask'd too; when the Devil shall I see a Woman
with her own natural Face again? Madam—

Lady. Be pleas'd, Sir, to repose your self a little; there is a small Account, Sir, to be adjusted betwixt you and
370 *I.* Where are my Servants? Who is it waits there?

[Several Men Vizarded, and Arm'd, appear at the Doors.

Beaug. What the Devil can be the meaning of this now?
I am not to be murdered, I hope, after all this Ceremony
and Preparation.

Dard. Murder'd, in the Devil's Name? Here is great fear
375 of being murder'd, truly.

Lady. Come Sir, sit down Sir.

Beaug. Madam, I'll obey you.

Lady. I doubt not, Sir, but, since your coming hither,
You are much surpris'd, and wonder at your Treatment.
380 *Dard.* So, now the Fardle's opened, we shall see what is
in it.

Beaug. Madam, 't has been so very highly generous——

Lady. That you are prepar'd with Complements to pay
me for it.

385 *But, Sir, such Coyn's Adulterate and Base:*

I must have honest Dealing from your Heart.

Dard. Swear to her, swear to her a little, Man; pour
out a Bushel of Oaths upon her instantly: Swear, swear,
if thou wilt do any good upon her.

390 *Lady.* I know my Rival.

Beaug. Ay, 'tis so, just so, just as I thought, my poor
widow will run a damnable hazard of losing this sweet
Person of mine, if I do not take abundance of care in the
business. Here are Rogues on each hand, with Blunder-
395 busses too: I shall be ravish'd.

Lady. She, by her Arts,
And the good fortune to have first attempted it,
I know, 's possess'd already of your Heart.
But know too, I'm a Woman loath Refusal,
400 Scornful Refusal——

Dard. Swear to her, I tell thee: That ever a Fellow
should lose all this time for an insignificant Oath or two!

Lady. Or, if my Fortune,
Which is not despicable, prove too weak
An Argument to tell you I deserve you; 405
Yet I have this to boast, I ne'er conceal'd my self,
Either for Shame or Ends; but rather chose
To run the Risque of being deny'd your Love,
Than win it by base Artifice and Practices.
What think you, Sir?— 410

Beaug. Hah!—
That, Madam, I'm most miserable,
Unless—

Lady. Your Widow *Porcia*, Sir, your Widow.

Beaug. Madam, I must confess— 415

Lady. Well:

Beaug. That I love her, and will for ever.—

Lady. Déath! Do you confess it too?

See you not here your self within my power,
And dare you still confess you love that Creature? 420
Thus far I've kept my Word, I've cross'd her Stratagems.
You are here my Pris'ner, and by what is past,
You ought to think me capable of more.

Dard. If this Fellow would but swear a little, all this
might be rectifi'd. Madam, to my own knowledge— 425

Beaug. Fool, stand off.

I'm sensible that you are the loveliest Creature
My Eyes e'er gaz'd on; but—

Lady. But what?—

Beaug. I'm sure 430

You'd your self scorn, nor think me worth your Heart,
Could I be faithless, could I be unconstant.
Pity me, fair One; yet, methinks this Hand—

Lady. Should send a Dagger to thy ungrateful Heart.
By Heav'n, I'll never bear it— 435

Beaug. Madam!

Dard. Madam,

Could you but throw some favour on your Servant.

Lady. By all the fury in a Woman's Heart,

440 I'll be reveng'd on this. Make ready, Slaves,
To do your Office——

Dard. Madam——

Beaug. Look you, Madam, your Ladyship may do your pleasure; you may command half a dozen of Bullets
445 through my *Pericranium*, if you have a mind to have your Beauty spoke well of by the Criticks of *Holborn*, that once a Month swarm at their Windows to spy handsom Faces: Upon that consideration you may murder a poor constant Monster if you please, Madam.

450 *Lady.* Still am I scorn'd then.

Beaug. Would you kill me barbarously?
Sure those sweet Eyes could not see such a Sight.

Lady. No, take your Life, and with't this satisfaction;
Porcia scorns you, as much as you do me:
455 And, till thou suest upon thy humble Knees
To me for Pity, *Porcia* shall despise thee.

Beaug. Madam, I swear!

Lady. No more.

Beaug. By all those Beauties.

460 *Lady.* Be gone, for ever fly this. Ah h!—— [*Squeaks.*

Enter Courtin.

Court. Death, Damnation, Devils! How came I hither?
Beaugard!

Beaug. Friend *Courtine*! Speak Man: What's the matter?

Court. Damnation! Jilted, chous'd, betrayed!——

Enter Woman.

465 *Wom.* A Midwife! Run for a Midwife, run for some good Woman. Oh Madam, an Accident.

Beaug. A Midwife!

Lady. Heavens! a Midwife! [*Exit Lady.*

Court. Yes, Friend, a Midwife. I am sweetly manag'd,
470 I—I thought I had been in private here, in this House, with a civil Person of good Reputation, and it proves a damn'd trappanning Strumpet. Just in the middle of all

our good Understanding together, she fetches a great Shreik, and roars out for a Midwife: The Drab is full gone with Bastard, and swears I am the Father of it. 475

Beaug. A very great happiness, take my Word for't, Friend; Children bring a great Honour with them, *Courtine*: It may grow up to be a Comfort to thee in thy old Age, Man.

Dar. Oh, Your Olive Branches are unspeakable Bless- 480 ings, the Gift of Heaven. I love to see Posterity go forward, and Families increase, with all my heart.

Court. Let me be hang'd and quarter'd, Gentlemen, if ever I set Eyes on the Harlot in my life before. My sweet Wife, with a Pox to her, brought me hither. 485

Beaug. Why, Is thy Wife in *London*?

Court. Yes, Hell confound her! she has hunted me full Cry up to T'own; seiz'd upon me this Morning, and brought me hither, where it seems she lay all the last night.

Dard. Why then, for ought I know, we may be still 490 enchanted. <Exit.>

Beaug. I am glad to hear that, with all my heart. Is she in the House?

Court. No; I was forced to counterfeit sickness, 'till I was e'en sick indeed, to get rid of her, upon pretence of 495 going to my Physitian, in the Devil's name, that this confounded Bulker, with her Guts full of Bastard, and I might console together for half an hour; and I am sweetly fitted with a Concubine, that's the truth on't.

Beaug. This comes of your Whoring, *Courtine*; if you 500 had kept me company, and liv'd vertuously, none of this had happened to you now. But you must be wandering: No reasonable iniquity will serve your turn.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I'll swear, Captain *Courtine*, you are the happiest Gentleman! Yonder's the finest chop- 505 ping Boy for you. Why, it will be able to carry a Musquet

in your Company within this Fortnight. And then, I am so obliged to you for bringing the Lady to lye in at my House, that if your Wife will do me the honour, I'll take
510 it for a favour to stand for Godmother with her.

Court. And, Madam, to return your Complement, I wish with all my heart you were pregnant with a Litter of nine such chopping Boys, upon condition that I were bound to be Godfather to the whole Kennel.—Confound your
515 being witty, with a Plague to you. [*Aside.*]

Beaug. That's something course though, Friend, to a Lady that's so civil to you.

Enter several Maids of the Family, one with the Child.

1 *Maid.* See Jenny, Yon's the Man; that, that's the Father.

520 2 *Maid.* I'll swear it is a proper person.

3 *Maid.* Oh Sir, Heavens bless you, you're the happiest Man! Here is my young Master, as like you as if you had bore it your self.

1 *Maid.* What a pretty little Nose it has!

525 2 *Maid.* And just its Father's Eyes for all the World.

1 *Maid.* It would never grieve a Body to have a Child by such a handsom Gentleman.

Court. Ye Whores! ye Drabs! ye fulsom, stinking Whores! Clusters of Poxes on ye, and no Hospitals pity
530 ye!—Confound ye, leave me.

Beaug. Fye upon it, *Courtine*; fye for shame: give something to the Nurse, Man; that's but civil.

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. A Bastard! Death, a Bastard! Under my Nose too! Where's the vile hateful Monster?

535 *Beaug.* Have patience, Lady.—

Sylv. False, loathsom Traytor.

Court. Now my Joy's compleated.

Sylv. Let me come at him, let me go.—

Court. Hold her fast, Friend, if thou lovest me.

Sylv. Thou Devil!—Thou treach'rous, faithless, per- 540
jur'd Wretch! Thou Husband! Look in my Face.

Court. Well.—

Sylv. Did I e'er deserve this?
Degenerate Brute! Thou, only in Falshood, Man.
Thou rampant Goat abroad, and Drone at home. 545

Court. (*Sings*) *Like a Dog with a Bottle, &c.*

Sylv. Thou perfect Yoke-fellow! Thou heavy Ox,
That want'st a Goad to make thee know thy strength!
Death, Fiends and Torments! I could dig those Eyes out!
I'll bear't no longer: *Bedlam! Bedlam!* { *Court. sings, and* 550
Bedlam! { *dances a Jigg.*

Sylv. No more! I'll stay no more to be his Triumph.
Be warn'd by me, ye Virgins that are blest
With your first native Freedom; let no Oaths
Of perjur'd Mankind woove ye to your Ruin.
But when a creeping, fawning, weeping Crocodile 555
Moans at your feet, remember then my Fall:
And when for pity most his Tears implore,
Like me, your Vertue to your Hearts recall;
Resolve to scorn, and never see him more. [*Exit Sylvia.*

Court. With all my heart, thou dear, dear Wife and 560
Plague.

Beaug. Methinks a very pitiful Case, this, Madam.

Lady. If your Widow were but here, Sir, now, she might
fairly see what she is like to trust to.

[*Here the Sham Scene.*

Enter a Woman and Dardevil.

Woman. Oh Madam, Madam! What will become of us 565
all?

Lady. Become of us, Woman! Prithee, what's the
matter? are we in danger?

Dard. Only your Brother in Law, Madam, and his
Friend, with about a dozen Armed Men more, Madam; 570
that's all the matter, Madam.

Lady. My Brother in Law!

Dard. Yes, your Brother in Law, Lady, if your Name be *Porcia* : such a one they ask for.

575 *Beaug.* *Porcia* !

Court. Yes, *Porcia* : I could have told you she was *Porcia* before.

Porcia. 'Tis but too true, Sir ; my unhappy Name is *Porcia*.

580 *Beaug.* *Porcia*, my Widow ! my dear lovely Widow !
What an ill natur'd trick was this Concealment !

Porcia. Though, Sir, you never saw my Face before,
If now you think it worth your least Regard,
Protect me ; for I dread my Brother's Fury,
585 Ev'n worse than Matrimony. Here, Sir, I yield my self
Up yours for ever.

Beaug. And shall I claim thee ?

Porcia. From this Hour, for ever.

Beaug. And, by this happy Hour, I'll keep thee mine
then.

590 Secure thy self in the next private Closet.

Peace to thy Heart, poor Widow. [Exit Porcia.]
Give us but Arms!—

Dard. Those I've provided for you.

I found our Swords in a certain private Corner that shall
595 be nameless, where I was proposing some civil Familiarities
to the Lady Governess of the Family, just as the Blusterers
entred.

Beaug. Are they in the House, then ?

Dard. Yes, and have bound the Servants too ; the
600 hungry Rogues were all surpris'd at Dinner ; you'll hear
more of them presently, I'll warrant you.

Court. Stand to your Arms, *Beaugard* ; the Enemy's
upon us.

Dard. We have had a Succession of very pretty Adven-
605 tures here ; first we are enchanted, then we are fiddled to
sleep, then we are fiddled up again : Then here's a Dis-
covery of a very fair Lady followed by another, of a
bouncing brown Bastard ; and when we might have thought

all Fortunes Tricks had been over, we are in a very fair way at last of having our Throats cut: But I'll secure one 610 life that shall be my care.— [Is stealing off.]

Beaug. Dog, stay and fight, or, by Heaven, I'll rip your Heart out.

Dard. Well then, if I must fight I must: What a Pox, I have two good Seconds o' my side; and that has sav'd 615 many a Cowards Credit before now. [Noise within.]

Theod. Break open the Door there, force the Passage, down with it.

Enter Theodoret, Gratian and Father.

Beaug. Well Gentlemen, what farther? What means this Violence here? 620

Theod. I hope, Sir, that's no Secret, when you see who we are.

Fath. We come, Sir, to demand a Lady, Sir; one *Porcia*.

Beaug. How's that, my Father! 625

Fath. Father me no Fathers: I am none of thy Father, Fellow; but I am these Gentlemens Friend here.—Now, Atheist, will I murder thee.

Dard. Oh Law'd!

Fath. *Jack, Jack, Jack!* Come hither *Jack*; a word 630 with thee, *Jack*: Give me a hundred Pieces now, and I'll be o' thy side *Jack*; and help thee to beat off these impudent Fellows. Gentlemen, I cannot but own to you that this is my Son.—

Beaug. Sir, were you nick'd to your Shirt, I would not 635 part with a single Shilling, Sir.

Fath. Though, if he were my Son ten thousand times, in such a Cause as yours, I'd draw my Sword against him.

[Draws.]

Beaug. You may remember, Gentlemen, a Challenge.

Grat. Which you forgot, Sir. 640

Court. Hah! A Challenge, *Beaugard*?

Beaug. I'll tell thee more hereafter. To shew you I ha'

not forgot it, the Lady you thus persecute is now under my Protection, and with my Sword I'll keep her so.

[*Draws.*

645 *Court.* If we don't, may my Wife get the better of me, and wear mine for a Bodkin.

Theod. Come on then, Sir.

Beaug. For the Lady.

Grat. For my Honour.

650 *Court.* And for my Friend, Sir.

Dard. Old Brimstone-Beard, { *Fight. The rest of Theo-*
have at thee. { *dore's Party fall in.*

Court. Base Traytors! Odds!

Beaug. Confound 'em, thrust.

[*Beaugard and Courtine driven off.*

655 *Dard.* Oh, I am slain! My Maw runs out: What will become of me! Oh! [Gratian and Dardevil fall.

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. Secure that Passage now:—How fares my Friend?

Grat. I'm wounded: send for a Chyrurgion quickly, for
660 I bleed much.

Theod. Look to your Master, Sirrah; and you, Fellow, be careful of this Beast here.

Dard. Oh, a Parson! a Parson! dear Sir, a Parson! Some pious good Divine, if you have any Charity.

Enter Father with Porcia.

665 *Fath.* Here, here she is: I ha' got her for you; let me alone for ferreting a Female's Quarters out.

Theod. I'd have you, Sir, take care for your Security: There's mischief done, Sir.

Fath. The more mischief the better; thou shalt find me
670 no Flincher, Boy: here, here; make sure of her.

Porcia. Inhumane Tyrant! Why am I abus'd thus? Help! Murder! Help!

Theod. None of your Tricks; no Cries, no Shrieks for Succour:

By Hell, here's that shall silence you for ever.
 Thou Woman! Thou young, itching, wanton Devil! 675
 Fly to base Cells of Lust! Give up thy Vertue,
 Disgrace thy Name, and triumph ev'n in Infamy.
 On what a tott'ring Point his Honour stands,
 That trusts the Treasure in such lavish hands.

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

Enter Lucrece in Man's Cloaths, and Chloris.

Lucr. FROM this gay minute farewell Love and Doating:
 I have shook the lazy, stretching, wishing Folly
 out of my Blood, and now my wandring Heart is at home
 again. Let me see; I have a hundred and a hundred times
 wish'd my self a Man; and now, in outward appearance, 5
 I am a very Fellow; nay, a very pretty Fellow: for, me-
 thinks Foppery, Impertinence, Self-conceit, and other
 Masculine Qualities grow upon me strangely.—Oh,
 Mischief, Mischief, Mischief! thou art a very sweet Em-
 ployment:—But Opportunity! Bewitching, Lovely, Omni- 10
 potent Opportunity! How shall I come at thee? *Chloris!*—
Chloris. Madam.

Lucr. Give me my Sword.

Chlor. Here Madam: Bless us, What will your Ladyship
 do with your self in this Equipage! 15

Lucr. Ladyship, Huzzy! take notice from this important
 Moment, I am no more your Mistress; but that Imperial
 Creature, your Master: and therefore know too, I will have
 my Foeminine Habiliments burnt instantly, and an Opera-
 tor sent for to make me a Beard grow. I will learn to Ride, 20
 Fence, Vault, and make Fortifications in Dirt & Pyes: Nay,
 if the humour hold, I'll go Voluntier into *Germany* against
 the *Turk*.

Chlor. But what will be the end of all this, Madam?

Lucr. Why, if I go into the War, I shall have the 25

privilege, when I return home, to talk of Marches, Battels and Sieges, which I never was at, nor understand any more than the Fools I tell my story to. If I stay at home, with the privilege of good Cloaths, Pertness and much Simplicity, will I set up for a Spark, grow familiar at *White-Hall*, and impudent with some great Man there or another; run in Debt with a high Hand, be terrible in eating Houses, and noisy all over the Town.

Chlor. A very hopeful Resolution.

35 *Lucr.* As thus: When I and another Spark meet; Dam me, *Jack*, says I, What Times are there stirring? What ready to be had? What Caravans have you met with, or what Loose lately managed? You Rogue, you look very high upon the Huckle.

40 *Chlor.* Well Madam; But what will all this Gibberish signifie?

Lucr. Signifie, you Fool! why what it signifies already; Wit, Courage, Martial Discipline, Interest at Court, Pre-
tence to Preferment, Free Quarters in my Lodgings, and
45 Free Booty in every Cuckold's Shop, who shall trust me against his palpable knowledge, that I'm not worth a Groat; and never have the Impudence to hope to be paid.

Chlor. And must your Honour have a Mistress too?

Lucr. Yes Huzzy, and you shall be serviceable to me in
50 the matter: I'll have a Doxy this very Night; I have singled her out already; *Courtin's* Wife, that jealous, raging, insatiable Help-meet of the Captains shall be my *Dulcinea del Toboso*. She's in Love with me already, that's my comfort: as I passed through the Hall just now, she
55 coming into the House to pay a Visit to the Widow *Porcia*, (who, by the way, is as wicked as my self, and my great Councillor in this noble Project) we met: I, you must know, bow'd very respectfully; she taking me for a Stranger, Curt'sy'd as low; and viewing me strictly leer'd at me, as
60 if that Minute she took Aim at my Heart, and designed me for her Quarry.

Chlor. But, Madam, she knows, and must discover you.

Lucr. Thou art a fool: she never saw me till yesterday in her life-time, then too disguised: So that if I do not practise on her frailty, and by that means find a way to 65 revenge my self on that Vizard-monger *Beaugard*, may I be condemn'd to wear Breeches as long as I live, and never know more than the present use I make of them.

Chlor. Hist Madam, she's returning.

Enter Sylvia.

Lucr. Hush then: now my Cause is coming on, and have 70 at her.

Sylv. Sweet-heart, pray oblige me so far to shew me the way to the Gardens; I come to pay a Visit to Madam *Porcia*, and am informed she's gone there for the Air.— A very handsom Youth—— [Aside. 75

Chlor. Madam, this young Gentleman here is come hither on the same kind Errand with your Ladyship, and waits till her Return.

Lucr. But, Madam, the good fortune of seeing you is a happiness would recompence the being disappointed of 80 all the Conversation of your Sex besides.

Sylv. Indeed, Sir!

Lucr. Yes indeed, Madam.

Sylv. Are you a Relation to this Family, Sir?

Lucr. Madam, the greatest Advantage I hope from the 85 Family is, henceforth to have oftner the Honour of kissing your fair Hands here: It is an Opportunity I should make no Ungentlemanly use of.

Sylv. Opportunity, Sir?

Lucr. Yes, Opportunity Madam: I am not ashamed to 90 mention so honest a Friend as Opportunity, to one that, by her Years and Beauty, should not, methinks, be a mortal Foe to Opportunity.

Sylv. Do you know me, Sir?

Lucr. Why, Madam; do I treat you like a Stranger? 95 Know you! by this good Hour, there has not been a Day

96 you,

or Night since I first saw you, that I have thought or dreamt of any thing else. Are not you the Wife of a certain swaggering Squire about this Town, who calls himself
100 Captain *Courtine*?

Sylv. Yes Sir; such a Friend in a Corner I have, Sir; and what have you to say to him, Sir? I'll swear, a very handsom Youth still.—— *<Aside.>*

Lucr. What, Madam! what I have to say to you, rather
105 than lose you, I would say to him: which is, that I like you, love you, languish for you; and would, with all my Heart, Blood, Spirit and Flesh, I——

Sylv. I'll swear, Sir, I am mightily obliged to you, and so is Mr. *Courtine*; ha, ha, ha!——

110 *Lucr.* Mr. *Courtine*! Take notice, Madam, I receive that Expression as kindly as if you had called him what I wish him: for, pretty one, if my Intelligence be true, he lives with your Ladyship as much like Mr. *Courtine*, as much like a Gentleman——

115 *Sylv.* Sir!

Lucr. Madam!

Sylv. Oh Gaud! he's very handsom. *<Aside.>*

Lucr. Shall we walk in these Gardens anon, for I have the privilege of a Key that opens into the Fields: The
120 Moon shines too.

Sylv. Between Ten and Eleven does the Moon shine?

Lucr. As bright as any thing but your self.

Sylv. But you'll tell, young Gentleman.

Lucr. Only you how I love you.

125 *Sylv.* Eleven's a late Hour.

Lucr. Not too late.

Sylv. Indeed!

Lucr. Take this, and my Word for it. *[Kisses her.]*

Sylv. Fye, how you use me, when you mean to forget me.

130 *Lucr.* Hush, no more; Company's coming. Eleven.

Sylv. Ten if you are kind enough.

Lucr. Well said, my chaste Sex.

Enter Porcia.

Porcia. Oh Cousin, art thou come! Thou art the welcomest Creature on the Earth; I have expected thee almost to despair for these three Hours. Oh, Sir! your ¹³⁵ Servant.

Lucr. I am here, Madam, in order to your Commands.

Sylv. Her Commands!

Porcia. Oh, Cousin, the prettiest best natur'd Youth! He is something related to us a great way off; and by that ¹⁴⁰ means has the privilege of Visiting, without offence to my jealous Brother in Law, and Tyrannical Guardian. Have you contriv'd that business?

Lucr. Madam, it is done.

Sylv. Bus'ness! What Bus'ness, Cousin? ¹⁴⁵
Lord, Cousin, you seem concern'd at it.

Porcia. I'll tell thee: Seeing my self here confin'd to the Rules and Limits of a very Prison, I have resolv'd to put as good a face upon the matter as it will bear, and make my misfortune as easie as I can. Wherefore, for a little ¹⁵⁰ present diversion, I have contrived a Letter in an unknown name, by this young Agent here, and convey'd it to thy lewd Husband, with another in my own to *Beaugard*; and sent for thee, my Dear, to share in the pleasure of the Consequence. ¹⁵⁵

Sylv. Ha, ha ha! But what will be this Consequence, Cousin?

Porcia. Twenty to one but it occasions some new Alarm, and Divertisement to my Jaylours; who are so very capricious, they would fancy a Rat behind the Hangings ¹⁶⁰ for a concealed Lover. It may too, by chance, produce me some lucky opportunity once more to make my Escape out of their merciless Power. Nay, they are already half disposed to run away themselves; for by my Womans interest in the Chirurgeon, who has care of the swearing ¹⁶⁵ Atheistical Fellow, yesterday hurt in the scuffle, and afterwards conveyed hither, he gives it out, that he fears his Wounds may be mortal. Upon which, my Lover *Gratian*

sighs, and turns up his Eyes like a Godly Brother at
 170 Exercise. My Brother *Theodoret* puffs, swells, grinds his
 Teeth, and stamps as if he would brain himself against
 the next Wall; while poor *Beaugard*'s ne'er be good Father
 has, with pure fear, lost a red Nose that has been his fast
 Friend for these 40 years; and every time he sees his Face
 175 in a Glass, fancies every Wrinkle there has the shape of
 a Gibbet.

Enter Phillis.

Phill. Oh, my dear, dear Lady, what will become of us!
 the most unhappy Accident!

Porcia. Hah!

180 *Phill.* Indeed Madam, I could not possibly help it: I ha'
 lost it.

Porcia. Lost it, lost what? What hast thou lost? Would
 thou hadst lost thy self; lost a Leg or an Arm, or any
 thing, rather than have put me in this fright. Speak,
 185 what is the matter?

Phill. Oh, Madam, the Billet; Madam, the Billet.

Lucr. } How's this?
Sylv. }

Porcia. What, the Note I sent to *Beaugard*?

190 *Phill.* As I hope to see you happy, Madam, I put it as
 fast here between these two poor naked Breasts here, as
 ever it could stick, so I did, when, just as I was going
 forth, who should meet me but the old, wicked, ranting,
 roaring Gentleman that lies hid here for fear of hanging,
 195 would he had been well hang'd a Twelvemonth since; and
 there he fell a towzing, and a mowzing, and a meddling
 with me; I was never so afraid of being ravish'd in my
 life, Gad he knows: So in the struggle, I guess the Note
 was lost truly; though, in my heart, I wish I had been
 200 ravish'd six times over, rather than such a misfortune had
 happened. Nevertheless, I ha' done your bus'ness for you,
 so I have.

Porcia. Bus'ness! what Bus'ness? Ugliness and ill

Reputation light on thee. Thou hast undone and ruin'd me for ever.

205

Phill. Why, I have met with the Captain, and told him the whole matter, as well as if he had read it in the Letter himself. He's but too kind a Man to you, and I too faithful a Servant, so I am, to be thus reviled and cursed by you, for all this.

210

Porcia. What then did he say? Fool, Beast and Block-head; tell me.

Phill. Why, he said, he'd die a thousand and a thousand times for you, were it possible, so he did; and that he will not eat, drink or sleep till he has set you at liberty, so he wo' not; and that he will be in the Garden before Ten.

Lucr. What's in this Case to be done, Madam?

Porcia. O dearest Cousin, retire if you love me; for, should the Lords of my Liberty get any notice of this Billet, and find a Man here, notwithstanding your Relation, who knows what ill usage it may aggravate!—To thy Chamber, dear *Lucrece*, e'er the Storm comes upon us.

[*Aside.*

Lucr. I am all Obedience. Sweet Creature, you'll remember!

[*To Sylvia.* 225

Sylv. It is not possible to forget you, surely.

Lucr. Blessings on you for this Goodness.

[*Kisses her Hand, and Exit.*

Enter Theodoret in a Rage.

Theod. Double Bar up all the Doors and Windows: Load all the Arms in the House, and be ready for Execution instantly, all of ye. By those Devils that dance in your gogling Eyes, Madam, I'll try if you have given your self over to Hell so far, that you can out at a Key-hole.

Porcia. What means the great He Brute?

Theod. To cut off your Intelligence, Lady, and make thee, e'er I have done, to curse thy Father and Mother,

214 that that he

223 us,

that let thee learn to write. Seest thou this! thou irreclamable profligate Wretch! Fogh! Send you the draggle-tail'd Minister of thy lewd Affairs a hunting, full cry about the Town, upon the rank Scent of a Brawny-back'd Hector!

240 By Heavens! the thought of it makes me loath the House, and fancy it stinks of the foul Sins thou hast imagined in it.

Porcia. Thou barbarous, ill manner'd, worse than Beast! Why am I abus'd thus? Why made a Prisoner too, at your sawcy Will? Fetter'd up, and barr'd all Liberty and
245 Converse?

Theod. For the same reason other too hot blooded Females are; because, if possible, I would not have a good Breed spoil'd.

Porcia. What a Load of Dirt is the Thick-Skull cram'd
250 withall, if the Tongue were able to throw it out!

Theod. Filthy, filthy, fulsom filthy! What, be a *Doll-Common*, follow the Camp! How lovelily would your fair Ladyship look, mounted upon a Baggage-Cart, presiding over the rest of the Captain's dirty Equipage!

255 *Sylv.* If any thing in the World would make me follow a Camp, it would be a very strong fancy I have, that I should never see you in one, Sir.

Theod. Your Ladyship has reason to defend the Souldiers Cause: You have married one, as I take it, Madam.
260 Ha, ha, ha.

Porcia. He in a Camp! He has not Courage enough to animate half a Taylor, nor good Nature enough to make a Spaniel of, or Sence enough, if he were that Animal, to learn to fetch and carry.

265 *Theod.* This will open no Locks, Lady.

Porcia. But there are Instruments to be had, that will break open Locks, Sir.

Theod. Will you please to retire, and consider farther of that in your Chamber?

270 *Porcia.* No, I'll not stir, Sir.

Theod. Nay, by Heaven, but you shall, Madam.

Sylv. Nay, by Heaven, but she shall not, Sir.

[*Father at the Door.*

Theod. How!

Fath. By *Jove*, and that's well said, I'll stand still a little, and see what's the matter. 275

Theod. Do not drive me to use Violence.

Fath. How! Violence to a fair Lady! That's not so well, neither.

Porcia. Hark you, Sir; my Jaylor, or my Hang-man; for which of the two your Office will end in, by your proceedings I cannot imagine: do but touch me, or offer the least force to compel me to a closer Confinement; by this injur'd Heart, I'll fire the House about your Asses Ears: I'll sooner burn with you, to be reveng'd, than endure such Insolence and Torment any longer. 285

Theod. Very well.

Fath. I Gad, a brave Girl, a delicate Wench! How my Fingers itch to take her part now! I have a Months mind to espouse her Quarrel, and make Friends with poor *Jacky* again. Honest *Jacky*! 'tis the best natur'd Boy in the World, though I was such a Beast to fall out with him. 290

Porcia. Inhumane, cruel *Theodoret*! Why do you afflict me thus? Why do you force the Tears from my poor Eyes, and wrack a tender Heart that never wrong'd you?—

[*Weeps.*

Theod. For your Souls Health, Lady; and the Welfare of your wasting Reputation. A Pox o' your Whining! Come, to your Chamber, to your Prayer-Book and Repentance: Fasting and Humiliation will be good for you. To your Chamber. 295

Porcia. To my Grave first. 300

Theod. Nay then—Wha, hoa! [*Offers to lay hold of her.*

Porcia. Stand off! Murder! Cramps, Rheums and Palsies, wither thy unmanly Hands.

Theod. By Heav'n!

Porcia. You dare not do't. 305

Theod. Hah!

Sylv. No Sir, you dare not do't, you dare not.

Theod. *Avaunt Pass!* Confound me, but I shall be scratch'd here presently for my patience.

310 *Sylv.* What an ill bred Camel 'tis!

Fath. Nay, and what's more; you shall not do't, you shall not, Sir. Hoh! Is this the Issue of your honourable Pretensions?

Theod. *Et tu Brute!*

315 *Fath.* Brute, Brute! Brute me no Brutes Friend: Oonds I am a Man, Fellow; Battoons and Bilboes! Brute! a Gentleman!

Theod. Your Pardon, Sir!

Sylv. Don't pardon him, Sir.

Enter Gratian leaning on a Staff.

320 *Grat.* Oh, Friend!

Theod. Poor *Gratian*.

Grat. If ever we ought to do any thing for our Safety, let us now prepare, and look about us: I have made hard shift to hobble hither, my Wound's grown very troublesome.—We are all lost.

Theod. I can fear nothing when my Friend's so near me.

Sylv. Now Cousin, rebel, and force your Freedom nobly.

Fath. *Jacky*, I hope. *Jacky* at the Head of *Mirmidons*, and declaring for his Property. Look you, Gentlemen; I
330 must confess, I have Remorse of Conscience, and am sensible I have been a Rebel: wherefore, if my Liege Son and Heir have recruited his Power, and be once more up in Arms, Loyalty and Natural Affection, Friends, will work. I must pronounce for Prince *Jacky*; and here I re-
335 solve to defend his Territories. [*Draws a broad Sword.*]

Grat. If Prince *Jacky* have Interest enough to get your Pardon for Murder, Sir, it will be your best way to close with him; for, in short, the Atheist *Dardevill*, your Antagonist, is dead Sir.

340 *Theod.* Hah! Dead!

Fath. Dead!

Grat. Yes dead, Sir.

Sylv. So much the better. *Porcia*, let us run up to the Leads, and cry out Murder to the Streets this Moment.

Fath. Then I find that I am but a short liv'd Sinner; 345
farewell for ever old Hock, Sherry, Nutmeg and Sugar,
Seven and Eleven; Sink-Tray, and the Doublets! Never
comes better of rebelling against one's natural born Chil-
dren. I shall be hanged one of these Sun-shiny Mornings,
and a Ballad come out in the Afternoon to a lamentable 350
Eighty eight Tune of the careful Son, and prodigal Father.
Dead said you, Sir?

Grat. Or, at least, cannot survive half an Hour; there-
fore it is my Opinion that we instantly quit the House,
and provide all for our Safety. 355

Theod. Confusion, Devils!

Porcia. Nay, Sir, stand fast! dare but to open a Door,
Sir; by Heav'n, that Moment I'll alarm the Town: you
shall not think to escape, reeking with a poor Man's Blood,
shed in defence of me. 360

Theod. Lady, no fooling.

Porcia. No Sir, no fooling: but now, Sir, do you to your
Chamber, Sir, to your Chamber; to your Prayer-Book and
Repentance; Fasting and Humiliation will be good for
you: To your Chamber, Sir; as you tender your Neck, Sir. 365

Theod. Damnation! Unhand me!

Porcia. I'll dye e'er I'll unhold you. Think you so
barb'rously to leave me here in the House with a dead
Wretch, and have the Punishment of his horrid Murder
light on my innocent Head? 370

Theod. What do you resolve to do, Sir?

Fath. Do, Sir! What can I resolve to do, Sir? I have no
means to hope to escape, Sir: for, in the first place, I have
no Money; and a Man that kills another, without Money
in his pocket, is in a very hopeful condition. In the next 375
place, for a disguise, I have no Cloaths but these you see
on my Back; with this Tripe-Buff Belt here, which there

is not a Constable in the whole City but knows, and has had in his Custody, Sword and all. Look you, Gentlemen,
380 I have civilly kill'd a Man for your Service; if you will resolve, fairly and squarely, to hang like Friends together, so: If not, I mutiny; and the word is, Discover the Plot, the old Boy must impeach.

Enter Rosard.

Ros. Oh, Sir! where are you?

385 *Grat.* Well, *Rosard*; what's the News now?

Ros. The Gentleman, Heav'n be thanked, is reviv'd again, Sir; though the Doctors say, such another Fit will certainly carry him off. The poor Creature is very weak, but very penitent.

390 *Fath.* In troth, and that's a very ill Symptom; therefore my Opinion is still—I am for hanging all together.

Theod. Hark you, old Rust; you say you have no Money, wherefore, during the present Interval, in the first place, because I will have no Mutiny upon this occasion, in order to your Escape, there's Money for you: in
395 the next place, as you want Change of Rayment, here is the Key of a small Wardrobe, at the lower end of the Gallery above, you'll find the Door to it: Equip your self, and provide for your Security, as your best Discretion
400 shall direct you.

Fath. Look you, Friend, the sooner the better; for, to tell you the truth, else I shall make but a scurvy matter of it at *Tyburn* Cross; with a whining, snivling Account of breaking the Sabbath, and keeping ill Company. Where-
405 fore, not being good at making Speeches, I will leave the Opportunity to you, of shewing your politer Rhetorick, and save a Member of the Commonwealth.—There's no great harm in Murder, when it brings a Man Money.

[Aside, and Exit.]

Porcia. And now, my Tyrant Brother, I hope we stand
410 on even Terms.

Theod. No, Lady, not yet: There's Life return'd, and

394 occasion;

therefore hopes still, though, at present, in some measure to comply with you, and ease your Apprehensions, within the Limits of the House and Gardens you are at your Liberty, but no farther this Night: And, for your ampler ⁴¹⁵ satisfaction, if I have any Midnight Alarms from your Correspondent abroad, there's Entertainment ready for him, which he may not be very fond of; so Good Night, it is almost Ten. Who waits? What hoa, be ready there. Come *Gratian*, I'll see you to your Repose, and then to my ⁴²⁰ Post of Guard. *<Exit Theod., Grat., and Ros.>*

Porcia. Ten! That was the Hour, *Phillis*, *Beaugard* mentioned; was it not?

Phill. It was, Madam.

Porcia. Be ready then, all ye propitious Powers, that smile ⁴²⁵ on faithful Love; Wait, like kind Angels, on him; Establish Conquest in his able Hand, and Kindness in his Heart. Oh, *Sylvia*!

Sylv. You are transported, Cousin!

Porcia. With hopes of Liberty I am indeed: it is an ⁴³⁰ English Woman's natural Right. Do not our Fathers, Brothers and Kinsmen often, upon pretence of it, bid fair for Rebellion against their Sovereign; And why ought not we, by their Example, to rebel as plausibly against them?

Sylv. Most edifying Doctrine this is, truly. ⁴³⁵

[A Whistle without.

Porcia. The Sign! Hearn, the Sign! *Phillis*, heard you nothing? *[Whistle again.*

'Tis there again; he's true, and I am happy. *Sylvia*, let us retire our selves; you know your old Apartment; for pretious mischief will be soon on foot; and Action worthy ⁴⁴⁰ Love's great Cause. Thy Husband too, may chance to have his share in the bus'ness; and, as I have order'd Matters, meet something in the Adventure, to mortifie his roving Humour, and reconcile him to his Duty and Allegiance.—Hearn: *[Whistle again.* ⁴⁴⁵

There, 'tis once more a Summons to the Citadel to sur-

render. This shall, in after Story, be call'd, Captain *Beaugard's* besieging of the Widow.

Which, as 'tis laid sure, with Success must end,
 450 Since Justice does his Enterprize attend
 Without, and powerful Love within's his Friend. }

SCENE *changed to Fields on the Back-side of a Garden.*

Enter Beaugard, with a Party.

Beaug. Hold, stand fast; I have just now receiv'd Intelligence over the Garden-Wall, that our design has taken air, and there will be no easie Entrance.

455 1 *Man.* Ah Captain; the time has been, when, under your Command, we should have had no need of a Council of War for the attacking such a Fortification as this is.

Beaug. Peace *Plunder*, Peace you Rogue; no Moroding now: we'll burn, rob, demolish and murder another time
 460 together: This is a Bus'ness must be done with Decency.
 —Heark.

2 *Man.* Some Company coming, Sir, from the Back-Street Ward.

Beaug. Hold then, *Plunder*: Do you, with your flying
 465 Party, hover at a distance about the Fields; while I, with the rest of the Body, post my self as advantageously as I can, to watch the Enemies Motions.— [Exeunt.

Enter Theodoret and his Party.

Theod. This way the noise was: Be sure keep safe the Garden Gate, and follow me carefully. [Exit Theod.

Enter Courtine.

470 *Court.* So, here I am; and now for my Instructions. Let me see. [Reads the Billet.

*Pray come disguised, that if the Design should miscarry, your Retreat may be the easier. Your unknown blushing Servant—*Humph! *Blushing Servant!* Passingly modest,
 475 I'll warrant you! *Pray come disguised!* So I am, or the

Devil's in't; for I look more like a Cut-throat, than any thing else. Let me see; Upon this very Spot, the last time I was here, did I meet my damn'd Wife: Avert the Omen, sweet Heaven, I beseech thee. And now, as I am considering, where can my Friend *Beaugard* be at present too? 480
With a Whore. There's that Question answer'd. Wherefore, would but my unknown blushing Servant appear, or give me a kind Sign; would but my little Partridge call, methinks I could so shuckle, and run, and Bill, and clap my Wings about her. Hah! [Turns about. 485

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. Stand: Who goes there?

Court. What's the matter now?

1 *Serv.* Stand, Sir: What are you, Sir?

Court. What am I, Sir! A Man, Sir.

Theod. A Man, Sir, we see you are: But what Man are 490
you, Friend?

Court. A Gentleman, Friend; and you had best use me so.—By Heaven, *Theodoret*; and if I am but discover'd!

⟨*Aside.*⟩

Theod. Hands off, unloose him. You are not him we look for, Sir. 495

Court. I am glad of that with all my Heart.

Theod. And therefore I ask your Pardon. But, if you are a Gentleman, you will assist one in me, that have been injured. I have reason to believe, my House is now beset by Villains, who have base designs upon the Honour of 500
my Family. Wherefore, if you are what you pretend, you'll draw your Sword to do a good Cause Justice.

Court. Sir, I wear it for no other end; and you shall command it.—Ay, 'tis so *Beaugard*; upon new Exploits for the Recovery of his Widow. Nothing but Knight- 505
Errantry stirring this Moon. ⟨*Aside.*⟩

Theod. Please you then, Sir, to stay here with my Servants, while I walk to the Corner of yon Wall, and try what I can discover. [Exit Theod.

510 *Court.* You may trust me, Sir. Now will I shew myself a true *Renegado*; take Entertainment in Christian Service, to betray 'em to my Brother *Turk*, upon the first opportunity. And so, my blushing Unknown, you may e'en stay your Stomach with your Sheets for this Night.

Re-enter Theodoret.

515 *Theod.* They are here, stand fast; be resolute, and be rewarded.

Enter Lucrece.

Lucr. Now, for a convenient Opportunity to do a mischief: *Beaugard*, I find, is come, and my kind Mistress punctual to Appointment in the Garden. Now, could I but
520 order the Affair so, as to slur *Beaugard* upon her, instead of my self, and her upon him, instead of *Porcia*, my Conscience would be satisfied; and he, Mr. *Courtine*, my Rival Widow, and the Wife serv'd all in their kind. <Exit.>

Theod. Hold, Sir; What are you?

[*To Beaugard at the Entrance.*

525 *Court.* Ay; Now, now.

Beaug. No matter, Sir; this is not a time of Night to answer Questions.

Theod. Nay, then.—

Beaug. Nay, now Sir; and when else you think fitting,
530 Sir: I am the Man you look for; and you are him I wisht to meet here.

Court. Now how the Devil I shall do to tilt Booty; Hang me like a Dog if I can imagine.

Beaug. Come on there.

535 *Theod.* You pass upon your death.

Beaug. I have learnt to scorn death more since first you threatned it;

I see your Numbers too, and come prepar'd,

Porcia's my Claim, and here I'll win or lose her.

Theod. Then take thy due; and dye like a midnight
540 Thief. Fall on.

521 self;

[Beaug. and Theod. engage, and their Parties. Beaug. and Theod. quit each other. Beaug. falls upon Courtine, and Theod. upon Beaug. Party; who retire from him, as Court. does from Beaug. off from the Stage.

Theod. He runs, he runs; the Half-bred Hector runs. False Cards and Dice, and Quart-pot Brothel-Brawles, were fitter for his Management, than honourable Difference: Hearn, Clashing of Swords still, by Heaven I miss our Friend the honourable Stranger, that so generously 545 took our Party; if it be him, let's out, and give him succor.

⟨Exit.⟩

Enter Beaugard driving in Courtine, who retires beyond the reach of his Sword.

Beaug. Base Rascal! Coward, fie!—

Court. No, Sir, I stand stock still, and won't stir an Inch; but since you are so uncivil, resolve not to fight a stroke more: So there's my Sword, and here's your humble 550 Servant.

Beaug. Courtine!

Court. The same.

Beaug. And thou my Enemy too!

Court. No, Sir, your Friend, had you been wise enough 555 to have found it; I came hither disguis'd, for a Reason you shall know hereafter; But falling into the hands of the Enemy, was forced to take Party against you, for fear of being beaten for you: Yet with a design of revolting would you have given me leave; but you, when you should 560 have kept at the head of your Friends, took a particular fancy to be tickling my small guts, and now you see what you have got by it.

Beaug. Then farewell for ever poor Widow.—But stay, it were base and unmanly to give it over so—Let me 565 see—Lend me thy Disguise, Quickly, quickly, quickly, my Imagination's warm.

Court. Ay, with all my heart, and glad to be rid of it so—

[Disguises Beaug.

570 *Beaug.* Take this, and rally my scatter'd Forces,
[*Gives him his Whistle.*]

They know the sign ; and cannot be far off under the conduct of *Plunder* that was my Serjeant abroad, thou know'st him ; make what haste is possible, I'll be hereabouts, and be near me, if any new Disaster should happen.

575 *Court.* Well, with all my heart for once, here is a new design
in Embrio now, though I fancy when we have got her, we
shall never make of this Widow what she has cost us.

Beaug. No more; I hear Company; Vanish.—

[Exit Court.

Enter Theod.

Theod. This way I think I heard it: Look, Is not that
580 he! Oh my dear generous Friend, let me embrace you: I
hope you are come off well.

Beaug. Very well, Sir, I thank you, if I were but well
off from this place; I fear the man I had to deal withall is
fallen, for I left him stagg'ring. Security were best for us
585 all, Sir.

Theod. My house shall be your Sanctuary, and I'll dye with you but I'll protect you.

Beaug. I gad, and that's kindly said, as things stand
between us, and if he knew all. [*Aside.*]

590 *Theod.* Open the Garden-gate there: You shall rest
your self in an Arbor, while I dispose of the gross of my
Family, and prepare an Apartment for your privacy.

Beaug. If I had dy'd in your Quarrel, Sir, a Generosity like this had over-rewarded it. [*Courtine at the Entrance.*

595 *Court.* Stand still ye beaten scatter'd Scoundrels, I think
that's he, follow me but at a distance.

Theod. Open the Gate I say there: come Sir——

[They enter the Garden.]

Court. The Stratagem succeeds, and *Troy* at last is taken.

Enter Lucrece.

600 *Lucr.* Oh dear Sir, are not you Captain *Beaugard*?

572 Plunder

597 there,

Court. The same, my dear Child, the same; Hast thou any good tydings for me?

Lucr. The private door of the Garden on the other side is opened, and you may enter Sir. My poor Lady is dying almost with despair, that she shall never see you 605 more: Could you now tell me news of Captain *Courtine*?

Court. Hah! Does then my Blushing unknown belong to these Territories? It must be so. Captain *Courtine* is just gone in before, Sweet-heart, therefore if thou art a true Friend to Love, quickly conduct me. 610

Lucr. I'll shew you, Sir, into the door where you may conceal yourself in one of the Arbors till I go through the House, and bring you farther intelligence.

Court. And if my Adventure happen really to be at the end of this business, my Friend and I shall not, I fancy, 615 pass our time very uncomfortably. Rogues follow me, follow me Rogues. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Garden.*

Beaugard looking out of an Arbor.

Beaug. So, so, thus far I am undiscovered; it is as dark, as if the Devil himself were abroad a solacing amongst a Company of Northern Witches to Night: if *Courtine* be 620 but enter'd with my Mermidons, the Widow's infallibly all my own. Hist! Who comes here?

Enter Lucrece.

Lucr. Sir, Sir, where are you?

Beaug. Here, here, my Friend, I wait you.

Lucr. Friend! Is not your Name——

625

Beaug. My Name, what! what can this mean?——

[*Aside.*]

Lucr. *Beaugard*? Come, come, I know you: You need not distrust your self, my design is to do you service; your

608 so, Captain 609 before 617 *Exeunt* after uncomfortably in
l. 616 625 Name?— 627 *Beaugard*,

Porcia knows you are here, and expects you with her
630 Arms open, follow me.

Beaug. Be thou my good or bad Angel, at the charm of that name I must follow thee, though thou lead me to Perdition.

Lucr. Softly, no noise, this way, give me your hand.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Courtine.

635 *Court.* Hold, let me see; Ay, there I think is an Arbor where I will creep in, and lie as close, as a Coward in the Hold at a Sea-fight.

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. Hereabouts it was I left him, it is wonderfully dark: Friend! Friend! Where are you?

640 *Court.* Hah! that's another sort of Voice than the Youngsters I depend on: By Heav'n, *Theodoret*? [*Aside.*

Theod. Friend, Friend, I say, where are you?

Court. Ay, but the Devil a word you get of me. [*Aside.*

Theod. Why, Sir Friend, do not you hear me?

645 *Court.* No. [*Aside.*

Theod. I am sure this must be the Arbor; I'll run and call a Flambeaux.

Court. That may not be so well neither, my affairs will not agree with the light as I take it. [*Aside.*

650 *Theod.* May be he's fallen asleep, let me see.

[*Gropes into the Arbor, and feels him.*

'Tis even so: What hoa, Sir!— [*Courtine snores.*

Friend, Friend, awake, your Chamber's ready, and I stay for you.

Court. Who's there? What are you?

[*Aloud, as if frightened suddenly.*

655 *Theod.* Hush, make no noise; but come away.

Court. Is it you, Sir?—He mistakes me for *Beaugard*, I hope.

Theod. The same: I wait upon you, follow me.

Court. If he discover me, all again is ruin'd; but Dark-
660 ness, I hope, and Impudence, will befriend a good Cause.

S C E N E , Dardevill's Chamber,

*With only one small Lamp burning, and
Dardevill on the Bed*

Dard. Oh! oh! oh! my Wounds and my Sins! Conscience, Conscience, Conscience, how shall I quiet thee!

[*Father at the door.*

Fath. This cowardly Chicken-hearted Rascal will dye, and be damn'd at last. How do you do, Sir? How do you find your self? 665

Dard. Oh very ill, Heav'n knows! within few hours of a Grave, and without great mercy of a deeper place: Who ever you are, if you have any Charity, procure me some Conscientious Godly Divine to unburden my self of my iniquity to. 670

Fath. This puling, whining, repining Rogue, within these two days was blaspheming: Ought I to be hang'd now for such a Varlet! Shall I send you a Divine, said you Sir?

Dard. It would be a great Favour, and a Comfort to me, Sir. 675

Fath. I'll try what I can do for you, since I see your condition so dangerous, a Pox o'yr Queasy Conscience: There is no safety for me in staying here, that's one thing, the House being certainly beset for the apprehending some body: For looking out at the Wardrobe Window as 680 I was dressing my self, I observed six or seven arm'd Rogues with hangmanly Faces, sneaking and sculking about the Garden, that's another thing; wherefore I will hasten and finish my disguise, and if there come an Alarum, take the fairest opportunity to get off in it, and that for 685 me will be the best thing. [*Exit Father.*

Enter Courtine.

Court. To what an insignificant purpose have I taken all this pains to night, here have I been put into a Room with a Bed in it, with pray, Sir, will you be pleased to

662 *Beaug.* Father (*stage dir.*)

690 take your rest in the Devil's Name; when my design has
not been to take my rest, but my Recreation: I fancy I
heard a kind, small, complaining Voice this way too, and
must at present confess my self in a very good natur'd
humor, very much inclined to succor any distressed Damsel
695 that wants a Companion to pass away a tedious Night
withall.

Dard. Oh! oh! Would but this dear Man come now!

Court. Hah! heark! That must certainly be me she
means; nay, I am sure on't: I'll on a little farther.

700 *Dard.* Oh h h!

Court. Where art thou, thou poor Creature? I am come
to comfort thee.

Dard. I wish you had come a little sooner, I am very ill.

Court. Alas, kind Soul, she's sick with passionate ex-
705 pectation: This must be my blushing, unknown Servant
at the least.

Dard. Whereabouts are you? Give me your hand hither,
will you?

Court. Here, here it is, and my heart too, thou hast 'em
710 both: I'll swear she has a well grown palm, by the Rule
of proportion I'll warrant her a Swinger:—but no matter
'tis in the dark. [*Aside.*

Dard. Heart, said you Sir? Alas! my poor heart's
breaking.

715 *Court.* Breaking, dear Soul! No, no, never fear it, I'll
give thee a Recipe to keep it whole I'll warrant thee: This
is the most Romantick Adventure.

[*Falls to undressing himself.*

Porcia and Phillis at the door.

Porcia. Has then *Beaugard* gotten entrance art thou
sure?

720 *Court.* Hah!

Phillis. Madam so sure, that his Valet *Fourbine* is here
in the House, and told me so himself.

Court. What's that?

692 small

721 sure; | *Valet*

Porcia. Then now my part begins: Was there ever such inhumane Cruelty committed, a Wretch barbarously murder'd and expos'd, without comfort or succor? 725

Court. Murder, said they? What, Manslaying! when all my thoughts were upon nothing but Manmaking. I gad then 'tis time that I take care for one, and till a better conveniency offer it self, here's my Burrough. Murder in 730 the Devil's name. What do they say now?

[*Creeps under the Bed.*

Porcia. No, no, my Conscience will not bear it, I must proclaim it to the World: What hoa there, Murder, Murder, Murder.

Court. Oh Lord, here's a comfortable Condition that I 735 am got into.

Porcia. But does the Chyrurgeon say there is certainly no danger?

Phillis. Only a thin skin Wound on the outside of his Belly; but that the force of Fear in the Cowardly-hearted 740 Fellow, will let him think of nothing but a Grave and Damnation.

Porcia. The present advantage of it then must be improv'd: wherefore I say the stinging of my Conscience will not let me rest, I dare not conceal this Murder. Murder, 745 Murder, Murder! Cry Murder you Witch, and alarm the House.

Phillis. Here is somebody coming already, Madam.

Porcia. Stand still, and observe then.

Enter Beaugard.

Beaug. I think it was this way, but no matter, for I 750 am sure I reign Lord Peramount of this Castle now: The angry jealous Brother is gone to Bed, and all his warlike Family, where he lies as fast, and snores and gapes so wide, one might steal the Widow out of his mouth if she were there: Now could I but find the way to her Ladiship's 755 Chamber, while *Plunder* is, according to Orders, with his

Crew binding the drowzy Rogues of the Family in their Beds! What an opportunity would that be! For there is but one way of making a slippery Widow sure to you.

760 *Porcia*. No matter, happen how it will, I say again it is a Crying Sin, it is an Abomination, 'tis a——Ah!

[*Seeing Beaug. disguis'd, is frighted, and runs out.*

Beaug. Hah! What do Ghosts walk here at this time o'Night, and in Petticoats too? Nay, then have at you: Ye Airy Forms.

[*Going out, is met by his Father, disguis'd like a Phana-
tique Preacher.*

765 *Fath.* Yes, verily, and indeed it is an Abomination, a burning Shame, and a lewd Abomination.

Beaug. Hell and the Devil! My Spirit in Petticoats that squeak'd Abomination in *Ela*, converted to the fleshly similitude of a Holy Brother, that Cants it in *Gamut*——

770 Hoh! Speak, what art thou?

Fath. A Minister of Peace to wounded Consciences, I come here by appointment with an Olive Branch in my mouth, to visit a mortal Ark toss'd and floating in flouds of its own Tears, for its own Frailties.

775 *Beaug.* And are you really, Sir, a Man? Really the Godly Implement you appear to be, for the scowring of foul Consciences?

Dard. Ha! ha! ha! Godly Implement! it has almost made me laugh; that's a merry Gentleman, I'll warrant him: Oh h h!

780 *Fath.* I am, Friend, I tell thee, an instructor of the Chosen: Thou savour'st of the old Man, stand off, and do not pollute me with too near communication: I come to convert a Sinner to the Truth, it was I that converted——
785 as some say no body; and expounded the groans of the Protestant Board. How fareth our Brother?

Dard. Alas, Sir, very weak; upon the point of Dissolution, and tormented with the stings of a terrify'd Conscience.

763 too; 769 *Gamut*—— 777 Consciences. 778 Implement,

Fath. Lay then one hand upon thy heart. 790

Dard. I do so.

Fath. Lend me the other; that in the pouring forth thy sins, thy right hand may not know what thy left hand doth.

Beaug. A very material Point that is truly. 795

Fath. Thou hast lived in Wickedness long.

Dard. From Sixteen to Eight and Forty, without the least Repentance, or a thought of it.

Fath. A very dangerous state; but for thy darling Sins, *Imprimis*, what? 800

Dard. Drunkenness.

Fath. A very pernicious sin, and of the Devil's own institution; for it sets our Souls a fire: Nay, it sets our Noses o' fire, and sets Houses o' fire. Drunkenness!— Did you ever burn any Houses? 805

Dard. Never but three, and they Houses of pollution too: Bawdy-houses, Sir.

Fath. So much the worse: For if Bawdy-houses be burnt, what civil Family in this City sleeps safe? I never burnt a Bawdy-house in my life, that's my comfort. *Item.* 810

Dard. Whoredom, Adultery!

Fath. For Adultery, I mean corrupting of other mens Wives, let me tell you it is a crying Sin, and a very loud one too; but do you repent?

Dard. From the Bottom of my heart. 815

Beaug. So, Heav'n be thanked, there's no harm in plain Whoredom.

Fath. No more to be said then; be comforted, and I'll absolve thee: But with whom was this Wickedness committed last? 820

Dard. With my Bosom Friend's Wife, and one that deserv'd much better of me.

Beaug. And that was very friendly done of thee truly.

Fath. Impudent Rogue! But was she very young?

Beaug. Ay, now the feeling, circumstantial Questions 825 are starting.

Dard. About Eighteen ; and not yet wedded a full year.

Fath. Voluptuous Dog ! But handsom too ? Was she very handsom ?

830 *Dard.* Too beautiful, to have had so little Virtue.

Fath. Her Name, her Name ! Tell me her Name. Quickly, I say unto thee, let me know her Name.

Beaug. Well said, well said there, old Fornication !

Dard. That I have promised shall for ever be a Secret,
835 Sir.

Fath. Then thou art damn'd, and I do not absolve thee. I must know this precious young Harlot. [*Aside.*] Once more I say, her Name !

Dard. But I have sworn, Sir ; you'd not have me be for-
840 sworn ?

Fath. A mortal Sin in it self: Swearing is another Sin. Farewel, I'll have no more to do with thee: Thy Sins are of too deep a Dye, and Satan be upon thee, a damn'd Rogue not to tell me her Name.

845 *Dard.* Oh ! oh ! dear Sir, come back again, and leave me not in this desperate, desponding, sad condition.

[*Exit* Father.

If he has any mercy in this Case but upon his own conditions, he's no Father of mine I am sure on't. [*Aside.*

Enter Lucrece.

Lucr. Oh, Sir, I am glad I have met with you, a word
850 with you in private, turn, turn this way into the next Room quickly, *Porcia, Porcia*, your Widow *Porcia*, Sir.

Beaug. Hah ! speak, where is she, thou pretty, smiling Mercury !

Lucr. I am to bring her to you this moment: No more
855 words, but in Sir, in, if you'll be happy.

Court. *Porcia, Porcia*, said he ? Then I am sure it must be *Beaugard* ; a pretty Pimp that I'll warrant him. [*Aside.*

Beaug. And shall I trust thee ?

Lucr. Why should I deceive you ?

838 say her

857 *Beaugard*,

Beaug. Be sure thou dost not, as thou lovest the welfare 860
of this soft, tender outside; adieu for a minute. [*Exit.*]

Lucr. That minute gives her to your possession, Sir—
Hist, Madam, Hist! The Coast is now clear.

⟨*Enter Sylvia.*⟩

Sylvia. Where are you ill nature?

Lucr. Here, tortur'd with my Longings: Where are you? 865
come, come.

Sylvia. Why do you make me do this?

Lucr. Is that a Question now? Turn, turn into the dark
Chamber: I'll but secure this Door, and then the Night's
our own. 870

Sylvia. Don't stay too long.

Court. How afraid she is, lest he should come again too
soon! [*Aside.*]

Lucr. Be satisfi'd, I'll fly—that is from you as fast
as I can, for I hope I have fitted you. [*Exit Sylvia.* 875

Court. Nay, faith, if this be the Custom of the House,
I'll lurk here no longer: The Devil again!

Re-enter Father.

Fath. Trouble me no more, I say I will not be persuaded,
I will know the Adultresses Name, that I may admonish
her; for it has been of ancient practice in these our pious 880
Offices, to make our Converts confess not only all they
know, but all that we have a mind to know.

Dard. Not Sir, I hope, if it be improper.

Fath. No matter for that, proper or improper, right or
wrong, true or false, if it be for our use, it must be con- 885
fessed. Therefore I say, and say again, I do not absolve
thee, thou art in the state of Perdition still; tell me her
Name, or for thy Drunkenness, and burning of Houses;
Thy Whoredoms, and Adulteries; Blasphemy, and Pro-
faness; Thy Swearing, and Forswearing; Thy rubbing out 890
Milk-scores, and lamb-blackening of Signs in *Covent-Garden*;
Thy breaking of Windows, killing Constables and Watch-

men, Beadles, Taylors, Hackney-Coachmen and Link-Boys: for all these——

[*Noises of squeaking from each side of the Stage, one from Sylvia.*]

895 Hearn there the screaming Fiends are at thy door already.
Hearn! [*Screame again.*]

Court. Nay, Madam, if you squeak, and think to alarm the House, I do not behave my self like a true Friend to Love, I am mistaken, and so here I am posted, and thus
900 will maintain the Pass. [*Goes to the door where Beaug. and his wife are, and draws his sword to defend it.*]

Lucr. at the door. Well said, my civil, dear and friendly Cuckold.

Enter Theodoret and Porcia crying.

Theod. Come forth thou Strumpet.

Porcia. Nay, cruel *Theodoret*, do not, do not kill me:
905 here on my knees.

Court. How's this? *Porcia* taken there, and my Friend here in private with *Porcia* too!

Theod. By Heav'n thou dy'st this moment.

Court. By Hell though but she shall not, Sir.

Enter Sylvia, and Beaugard pursuing her.

910 *Beaug.* Nay, Madam, then! how's this? My Widow split in twain! My *Porcia* there, and *Porcia* here too? Confound me, *Courtine's* Wife! I have done finely.

Theod. You'll justify this usage?

Court. You see, Sir, I am responsible. [*Shews him Beaug.*]

915 *Beaug.* By Heav'n unhand her, or—Nay, look Sir well, you'll know me. [*Throws off his disguise.*]

Porcia. My faithful Souldier!

Beaug. My victorious Widow! [*She runs into his Arms.*]

Theod. Call up my Servants there, raise all the Houshold.

920 *Beaug.* I'll do't Sir——

[*Gives the Sign, Plunder and his Party appear.*]

894 *Sylvia*, (*stage dir.*) 895–6 *These two lines and the two stage directions that precede and follow them are printed together in Ital. as one long stage dir.* | *already.* Hearn, | *screame* (*stage dir.*) 912 me

See, here are those that are ready to wait on you, if you have any service to command them.

Theod. And I will find 'em service that shall warm 'em.

[*Exit.*

Court. Now, I fancy, by this Lady's concealing her self, she may be a discovery worth the making. Madam, you see here my Friend is unconstant, but truly nothing could ever wean him from this Widow here——*Sylvia!* My Wife! my rigid vertuous Wife! my damn'd, confounded, jealous Wife!

Beaug. Now here are very hopeful matters towards. 930

Court. It was very courteously done of me, *Beaugard*, was it not, to keep the door for you, with my own Wife, Sir?

Beaug. Nay, let us not quarrel *Ned*: I'll give thee a friendly account of this matter to morrow between our selves, in the mean time be satisfi'd, I have not wrong'd thee. 935

Porcia. Will you never leave this Foraging into other Folks Quarters, Captain?

Beaug. I am afraid, Widow of mine, you had a finger in the Plot, though—— 940

Sylvia. Indeed, my dearest.

Court. Your humble Servant, my Dearest! I am only glad of this fair opportunity, to be rid of you, my Dearest: henceforth, my Dearest, I shall drink my drink, my Dearest, I shall whore my Dearest; and so long as I can pimp so handsomly for you, my Dearest, I hope if ever we return into the Countrey, you'll wink at a small Fault now and then with the Dairy-Wench, or Chamber-Maid, my Dearest. 945

Sylv. I always was a Burden to your sight, and you shall be this time eas'd on't. 950

[*Exit.*

Court. With all my heart! Heav'n grant it would last for ever.

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. My Doors lockt up! My Servants gag'd and bound! I am betray'd, undone, and I'll not live to bear it. 955

Beaug. Nay, hold, Sir, none of that neither: This Design was not laid for a Tragedy.

Theod. How do you intend to deal with me?

Beaug. Like a Gentleman, Sir, though you hardly
960 deserve it of me: In short, this Lady is in my Charge now, and you in my power; and by her Authority, this being her own House, I have made thus bold with it, and will take care to dispose hereafter out of the reach of your merciless Tyranny; nay, if this reverend person will do us
965 the friendly Office, though I have often renounc't it, am ready to do it one way this moment. *Dardevil*, wilt thou lend me thy Chaplain?

Dard. Heh!

Porcia. Rise, Sir! Won't you rise? If your old Friend
970 and I make a match on't, I hope you'll be so kind to dance at the Wedding.

Dard. Dance, Madam! I am dying.

Phillis. That's false, to my knowledge, Madam: for the Surgeon told me last dressing, it was so slight a Wound,
975 he had much ado to keep it from healing.

Dard. Yes, by the same token when he had done with me, he began with you, forsooth, and said he would shew you a little of his operation, for handling and tampering with his Box of Instruments, and there's the truth out
980 now.

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Dard. Why Gentlemen, Ladies, Friends, Acquaintance, Am not I dying? Am not I wounded? Is not there a Hole
in my belly, that you may turn a Coach and six in?

985 *Beaug.* No, no: Prithee leave raving, and get up for shame, man. Thou an Atheist, thou believe neither a God nor a Devil, and be afraid of a hurt no bigger than a Pin-hole! *Courtine*, lend us thy hand to raise up our old Friend here: Well, how is't now? [*Set<s> him on his Legs.*]

990 *Dard.* Hah! Faith and Troth, I fancy, not so bad as I thought it was. Methinks I begin to find my self pretty

961 power,

964 Tyranny,

heartly; I can stand, I can walk too, I have no pain at all.
How dost thou do, old Orthodox? [*Strikes Father on the
Shoulder, which shakes the Disguise from his Face.*]

Court. Ah! but you repented, *Dardevill*; thou didst repent, Friend: I am sorry to hear of it with all my heart, 995
it will be a foul blot in thy Escutcheon: But thou didst repent.

Fath. A Pox on the Block-head, { *Fumbling to fix his*
now I shall be known. { *Disguise again.*

Dard. Repent! Prithee be quiet, Man: Repent, quotha! 1000
Why, dost thou think I did not know my old Customer for
two Deuces here, old *Anti-Abraham*, the Father of Un-
believers?

Fath. My *Jacky*! my little Rogue! my dainty Boy!
Thou Son of thy nown Father, I can hold no longer; and 1005
I must kiss thee, and I will kiss thee, eéée you Dog, you
Dog, you Dog, you little dear damn'd Dog.

[*Sing<s> Old Simon.*]

Huzza, the Widow's our own: There lie Divinity.

Beaug. A very *Cutter*, as I live, had he but a *Tabitha*, a
perfect *Cutter*. 1010

Fath. Now, *Jacky* Boy; *Jacky*, you Rogue, shall not I
have a little spill out of this Portion now, hah? The jolly
Worms that have fatten'd so long in this Malmsey Nose
of mine with the Fumes of Sack will die, and drop out of
their Sockets else. Couldst thou have the Heart to see 1015
this illuminated Nose of mine look like an empty Honey-
Comb; Couldst thou be so hard hearted?

Porcia. Faith, Captain, be mollify'd; the old Gentle-
man, methinks, proposes very moderately.

Fath. It shall be so: She shall be my Daughter in Law, 1020
though I invert the Order of Duty, and ask her Blessing.

Beaug. Look you, Sir: Though you have been a very
ungratious Father, upon condition that you'll promise to
leave off Gaming, and stick to your Whoring and Drinking,
I will treat with you. 1025

Fath. The truth on't is, I have been too blame, *Jack!*
But thou shalt find me hereafter very obedient; that is,
provided I have my Terms: which are these.

Beaug. Come on, then.

1030 *Fath.* Three Bottles of Sack, *Jack*, *per diem*, without
Deduction, or false Measure: Two Pound of Tobacco *per*
Month; and that of the best too.

Court. Truly this is but reasonable.

Fath. Buttock-Beef and *March-Beer* at Dinner, you
1035 *Rogue*: A young Wench of my own chusing, to wait on
no body but me always: Money in my Pocket: An old
Pacing Horse, and an Elbow-Chair.

Beaug. Agreed. You see, Sir, already, I am beginning
to settle my Family; and all this comes by the Dominion
1040 Chance has over us. By Chance you took the Charge of
an old Father off from my Hands, and madé a Chaplain of
him. By the same sort of Chance I have taken this Lady
off from your Hands, and intend to make her another sort
of Domestick. What say you, Sir? Are you contented?

1045 *Theod.* I cannot tell whether I am or no.

Beaug. Then you are not so wise a Man as I took you
for. In the mean time; for your Liberty, you must dis-
pense with the want of it, till I have this Night secured
the Safety of my Widow. Your Friend *Gratian*, because
1050 of his Wounds, is only lock'd in his Chamber, and may
take his Rest as otherwise. For the other part of the
Family, I care not to make Excuses.

*Thus still, with Power in hand, we treat of Peace;
But when 'tis ratify'd, Suspicions cease:*
1055 *The Conquer'd to recruiting Labours move.
Like me, the Victor, Crowns his Ease with Love.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE by Mr. *Duke* of Cambridge.

*IT is not long since in the Noisie Pit
Tumultuous Faction sate the Judge of Wit ;
There Knaves applauded what their Blockheads writ.* }

*At a Whig-Brother's Play, the Bawling Crowd
Burst out in Shouts, as zealous, and as loud, 5
As when some Member's stout Election-Beer
Gains the mad Voice of a whole Drunken Shire.*

*And yet, even then, our Poet's Truth was try'd,
Tho 'twas a Dev'lish pull to stem the Tyde ;
And tho he ne'er did Line of Treason write, 10
Nor made one Rocket on Queen Besse's Night,
Such was his Fortune, or so good his Cause,
Even then he fail'd not wholly of Applause.
He that could then escape, now bolder grows :
Since the Whig-Tyde runs out, the Loyal flows. 15
All you who lately here presum'd to bawl,
Take warning from your Brethren at Guild-hall :
The Spirit of Rebellion there is quell'd,
And here your Poet's Acts are all repeal'd :
Impartial Justice has resum'd agen 20
Her awful Seat, nor bears the Sword in vain.
The Stage shall lash the Follies of the Times,
And the Laws Vengeance overtake the Crimes.
The Perjur'd Wretch shall no Protection gain
From his dishonour'd Robe, and Golden Chain ; 25
But stand expos'd to all th' insulting Town,
While Rotten Eggs bewaw the Scarlet Gown.
Pack hence betimes, you that were never sparing
To save the Land, and dam' your selves, by Swearing.*

*Shou'd the Wise City now, to ease your Fears, 30
Erect an Office to Insure your Ears,
Thither such num'rous Shoals of Witnesses,
And Juries, conscious of their Guilt, wou'd press,
That to the Chamber hence might more be gain'd,
Than ever Mother Creswell from it drain'd ; 35
And Perjury to the Orphans Bank restore
Whatever Whoredom robb'd it of before.*

THE
P O E T ' S
Complaint of his Muse;
O R, A
S A T Y R
Against
L I B E L L S.
A Poem.

By *Thomas Otway.*

Si quid habent veri vatum præsagia, vivam.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Thomas Norman*, at the *Pope's Head* in
Fleetstreet near *Salisbury-Court.* 1680.

TO
The Right Honourable
THOMAS
Earl of Ossory,

BARON of MOOR-PARKE,

Knight of the most noble Order of the
GARTER, &c.

My LORD,

THOUGH never any man had more need of excuse
for a presumption of this nature, then I have
now; yet when I have laid out every way to find one,
your Lordships goodness must be my best refuge, 5
and therefore I humbly cast this at your feet for
protection; and my self for pardon.

My Lord, I have great need of protection, for to
the best of my heart I have here published in some
measure the truth, and I would have it thought 10
honestly too, (a practice never more out of counte-
nance then now) yet Truth and Honour are things
your Lordship must needs be kind to, because they
are Relations to your nature and never left you.

'Twould be a second presumption in me to pre- 15
tend in this a Panegyrick on your Lordship; for it
would require more art to doe your Vertue justice,
then to flatter any other man.

If I have ventured at a hint of the present
sufferings of that great Prince mentioned in the 20
latter end of this paper, with favour from your
Lordship I hope to add a second part and doe all

those Great and Good men Justice, that have in his
Calamities stuck fast to so gallant a Friend and so
25 good a Master. To write and finish which great
Subject faithfully, and to be honoured with your
Lordships patronage, in what I may do, and your
aprobation or at least pardon, in what I have done,
will be the greatest pride of

(My Lord)

Your most humble Admirer and Servant,

Thomas Otway.

THE
POET'S
Complaint of his Muse;
OR, A
SATYR
Against
LIBELLS.

ODE.

TO a high Hill where never yet stood Tree,
 Where onely Heath, course Fern and Furzes grow,
 Where (nipt by piercing Air)
 The Flocks in tatter'd Fleeces hardly graze,
 Led by uncouth Thoughts and Care, 5
 Which did too much his pensive mind amaze,
 A wandring Bard, whose Muse was crazy grown,
 Cloy'd with the nauseous Follies of the buzzing Town, }
 Came, lookt about him, sigh'd, and laid him down. }
 'Twas far from any Path, but where the Earth 10
 Was bare, and naked all as at her Birth,
 When by the Word it first was made,
 E're God had said,
 Let Grass and Herbs and every green thing grow,
 With fruitfull Trees after their kind; and it was so. 15
 The whistling Winds blew fiercely round his Head,
 Cold was his Lodging, hard his Bed;
 Aloft his Eyes on the wide Heav'ns he cast,
 Where we are told Peace onely's found at last:
 And as he did its hopeless distance see, 20
 Sigh'd deep, and cri'd, How far is Peace from me?

2.

Nor ended there his Moan:
 The distance of his future Joy
 Had been enough to give him Pain alone;
 But who can undergo 25
 Despair of Ease to come, with weight of present Woe?
 Down his afflicted Face
 The trickling Tears had stream'd so fast a pace, }
 As left a path worn by their briny race. }
 Swoln was his Breast with Sighs, his well- 30
 Proportion'd Lims as useless fell,
 Whilst the poor Trunk (unable to sustain
 It self) lay rackt, and shaking with its Pain.
 I heard his Groans as I was walking by,
 And (urg'd by pity) went aside, to see 35
 What the sad cause could be
 Had press'd his State so low, and rais'd his Complaints so high.
 On me he fixt his Eyes. I crav'd,
 Why so forlorn? He vainly rav'd.
 Peace to his mind I did commend. 40
 But, oh! my words were hardly at an end, }
 When I perceiv'd it was my Friend, }
 My much-lov'd Friend: so down I sate,
 And begg'd that I might share his Fate:
 I lay'd my Cheek to his, when with a Gale 45
 Of Sighs he eas'd his Breast, and thus began his Tale.

3.

I am a Wretch of honest Race:
 My Parents not obscure, nor high in Titles were;
 They left me Heir to no Disgrace.
 My Father was (a thing now rare) 50
 Loyall and brave, my Mother chaste and fair.
 Their pledge of Marriage-vows was onely I;
 Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd fondled Boy:
 They gave me generous Education, high
 They strove to raise my Mind, and with it grew their Joy.

The Poet's Complaint of his Muse 407

The Sages that instructed me in Arts
And Knowledge oft would praise my Parts,
And chear my Parents longing hearts. } 56
 When I was call'd to a Dispute,
 My fellow-Pupils oft stood mute: 60
 Yet never Envy did disjoin
Their hearts from me, nor Pride distemper mine.
Thus my first years in Happiness I past,
 Nor any bitter cup did tast: }
But, oh! a deadly Potion came at last } 65
 As I lay loosely on my bed,
A thousand pleasant Thoughts triumphing in my Head, }
And as my Sense on the rich Banquet fed, }
A Voice (it seem'd no more, so busy I
Was with my self, I saw not who was nigh) 70
Pierc'd through my Ears; Arise, thy good *Senander's* dead.
It shook my Brain, and from their Feast my frighted
Senses fled.

4.

From thence sad Discontent, uneasy Fears,
And anxious Doubts of what I had to do,
 Grew with succeeding Years. 75
The World was wide, but whither should I go?
I, whose blooming Hopes all wither'd were,
Who'd little Fortune, and a deal of Care?
To *Britain's* great Metropolis I stray'd,
 Where Fortune's generall Game is play'd; 80
Where Honesty and Wit are often prais'd,
But Fools and Knaves are fortunate and rais'd.
My forward Spirit prompted me to find
 A Converse equall to my Mind:
But by raw Judgement easily miss-led, 85
 (As giddy callow Boys
 Are very fond of Toys)
I mist the brave and wise, and in their stead
On every sort of Vanity I fed.

Gay Coxcombs, Cowards, Knaves, and prating Fools, 90
 Bullies of o're-grown Bulks, and little Souls,
 Gamesters, Half-wits, and Spendthrifts, (such as think
 Mischievous midnight Frolicks bred by Drink
 Are Gallantry and Wit,
 Because to their lewd Understandings fit) 95
 Were those wherewith two years at least I spent,
 To all their fulsome Follies most incorrigibly bent:
 Till at the last, my self more to abuse,
 I grew in love with a deceitful Muse.

5.

No fair Deceiver ever us'd such Charms, 100
 T'ensnare a tender Youth, and win his Heart:
 Or when she had him in her Arms,
 Secur'd his love with greater Art.
 I fansy'd, or I dream'd, (as Poets always do)
 No Beauty with my Muse's might compare.
 Lofty she seem'd, and on her Front sate a majestick Ayr, }
 Awfull, yet kind; severe, yet fair.
 Upon her Head a Crown she bore
 Of Laurell, which she told me should be mine:
 And round her Ivory Neck she wore 110
 A Rope of largest Pearl. Each part of her did shine
 With Jewells and with Gold, }
 Numberless to be told;
 Which in Imagination as I did behold, }
 And lov'd, and wonder'd more and more, 115
 Said she, These Riches all, my Darling, shall be thine,
 Riches which never Poet had before.
 She promis'd me to raise my fortune and my name,
 By Royall Favour, and by endless Fame;
 But never told 120
 How hard they were to get, and difficult to hold.
 Thus by the Arts of this most sly
 Deluder was I caught,
 To her bewitching Bondage brought.

Eternall Constancy we swore, 125
A thousand times our Vows were doubled o're.
And as we did in our Entrancements lie,
I thought no Pleasure e're was wrought so high, }
No Pair so happy as my Muse and I.

6.

Ne'r was young Lover half so fond 130
When first his Pusillage he lost,
Or could of half my Pleasure boast.
We never met but we enjoy'd,
Still transported, never cloy'd.
Chambers, Closets, Fields and Groves, 135
Bore witness of our daily Loves ;
And on the bark of every Tree
You might the Marks of our Endearments see.
Distichs, Posies, and the pointed Bits }
Of Satyr, (written when a Poet meets 140
His Muse in Catterwauling fits)
You might on every Rinde behold, and swear
I and my *Clio* had been at it there.
Nay, by my Muse too I was blest
With Off-springs of the choicest kinds, 145
Such as have pleas'd the noblest minds,
And been approv'd by Judgements of the best.
But in this most transporting height, *
Whence I lookt down, and laught at Fate,
All of a sudden I was alter'd grown ; } 150
I round me lookt, and found my self alone :
My faithless Muse, my faithless Muse was gone. }
I try'd if I a Verse could frame:
Oft I in vain invok'd my *Clio*'s name.
The more I strove, the more I fail'd. }
I chas'd, I bit my Pen, curst my dull Scull, and rail'd,
Resolv'd to force m'untoward Thought, and at the last }
prevail'd.

A Line came forth, but such a one,
 No trav'ling Matron in her Child-birth pains,
 Full of the joyfull Hopes to bear a Son, 160
 Was more astonisht at th' unlookt-for shape
 Of some deform'd Baboon, or Ape,
 Then I was at the hideous Issue of my Brains.
 I tore my Paper; stabb'd my Pen,
 And swore I'd never write agen, 165
 Resolv'd to be a doating Fool no more.
 But when my reck'ning I began to make,
 I found too long I'd slept, and was too late awake; }
 I found m'ungratefull Muse, for whose false sake } 170
 I did my self undo,
 Had robb'd me of my dearest Store,
 My precious Time, my Friends, and Reputation too;
 And left me helpless, friendless, very proud, and poor.

7.

Reason, which in base Bonds my Folly had enthrall'd,
 I strait to Council call'd; 175
 Like some old faithful Friend, whom long ago
 I had casheer'd, to please my flatt'ring Fair.
 To me with readiness he did repair;
 Exprest much tender chearfulness, to find
 Experience had restor'd him to my Mind; 180
 And loyally did to me show,
 How much himself he did abuse,
 Who credited a flattering, false, destructive, treacherous
 Muse.
 I askt the causes why. He said,
 'Twas never known a Muse e're staid 185
 When Fortune fled; for Fortune is a Bawd
 To all the Nine that on *Parnassus* dwell,
 Where those so fam'd, delightfull Fountains swell
 Of Poetry, which there does ever flow;
 And where Wit's lusty, shining God 190
 Keeps his choice *Seraglio*.

The Poet's Complaint of his Muse 411

So whilst our Fortune smiles, our Thoughts aspire,
Pleasure and Fame's our bus'ness, and desire.

Then, too, if we find
A promptness in the Mind, } 195
The Muse is always ready, always kind. }
But if th'old Harlot Fortune once denies
Her favour, all our Pleasure and rich Fancy dies, }
And then th'yong, slippery Jilt, the Muse too from us }
flies.

8.

To the whole Tale I gave Attention due; 200
And as right search into my self I made,

I found all he had said
Was very honest, very true.

Oh how I hugg'd my welcom Friend!

And much my Muse I could not discommend; 205

For I ne'r liv'd in Fortune's grace,
She always turn'd her Back, and fled from me apace, }
And never once vouchsaf'd to let me see her Face. }

Then to confirm me more,

He drew the veil of Dotage from my eyes: } 210
See here, my Son, (said he) the valu'd Prize; }
Thy fulsome Muse behold, be happy, and be wise. }

I lookt, and saw the rampant, tawdry Quean,

With a more horrid Train

Then ever yet to Satyr lent a Tale, 215

Or haunted *Chloris* in the Mall.

The first was he who stunk of that rank Verse

In which he wrote his *Sodom* Farce;

A Wretch whom old Diseases did so bite, } 220
That he writ Bawdry sure in spite, }
To ruin and disgrace it quite. }

Philosophers of old did so express

Their Art, and shew'd it in their Nastiness.

Next him appear'd that blundering Sot

Who a late *Session of the Poets* wrote. 225

Nature has markt him for a heavy Fool;
 By's flat broad Face you'l know the Owl.
 The other Birds have hooted him from light;
 Much buffeting has made him love the Night,
 And onely in the dark he strays; } 230
 Still Wretch enough to live, with worse Fools
 spends his days,
 And for old Shoes and Scraps repeats dull Plays. }
 Then next there follow'd, to make up the Throng,
Lord Lampoon and *Monsieur Song*,
 Who sought her love, and promis'd for't 235
 To make her famous at the Court.
 The *City Poet* too was there,
 In a black Sattin Cap and his own Hair,
 And begg'd that he might have the Honour
 To beget a *Pageant* on her 240
 For the City's next *Lord Mayor*.
 Her Favours she to none deny'd:
 They took her all by turns aside.
 Till at the last up in the rear there came }
 The Poets Scandall, and the Muses Shame, } 245
 A Beast of Monstrous guise, and *LIBELL* was
 his name.
 But let me pause, for 'twill ask time to tell
 How he was born, how bred and where, and where he now
 does dwell.

9.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his Tale.
 Down in an obscure Vale, 250
 'Midst Fogs and Fens, whence Mists and Vapours rise,
 Where never Sun was seen by eyes,
 Under a desert Wood,
 Which no man own'd, but all wild Beasts were bred,
 And kept their horrid Dens, by prey far forrag'd fed, 255
 An ill-pil'd Cottage stood,
 Built of mens Bones slaughter'd in Civill War,
 By Magick Art brought thither from a far.

The Poet's Complaint of his Muse 413

There liv'd a widow'd *Witch*,
That us'd to mumble Curses eve and morn, 260
Like one whom Wants and Care had worn;
Meagre her Looks, and sunk her Eyes,
Yet Mischiefs study'd, Discords did devise.
Sh' appeared humble, but it was her Pride:
Slow in her Speech, in semblance sanctifi'd. 265
Still when she spoke she meant another way;
And when she curst, she seem'd to pray.
Her hellish Charms had all a holy dress,
And bore the name of *Godliness*. }
All her Familiars seem'd the Sons of Peace. } 270
Honest habits they all wore,
In outward show most lamb-like and divine:
But inward of all Vices they had store,
Greedy^r as Wolves, and sensuall too as Swine.
Like Her, the Sacred Scriptures They had all by heart, 275
Most easily could quote, and turn to any part,
Backward repeat it all, as Witches Prayers do,
And for their turn, interpret backward too.
Idolatry with Her was held impure,
Because besides Her self no Idol she'd endure. 280
Though not to paint, sh'ad arts to change the Face,
And alter it in Heav'nly fashion.
Lewd *Whining* she defin'd a *mark of Grace*,
And making *Ugly faces* was *Mortification*.
Her late dead Pander was of well-known fame, 285
Old *Presbyter Rebellion* was his name:
She a sworn Foe to *KING*, his Peace, and Laws,
So will be ever, and was call'd (bless us!) *THE GOOD*
OLD CAUSE.

10.

A Time there was, (a sad one too)
When all things wore the face^r of Woe, 290
When many Horrors rag'd in this our Land,
And a *destroying Angel* was sent down,
To scourge the Pride of this Rebellious Town.

He came, and o're all *Britain* stretcht his conqu'ring hand:
 Till in th'untrodden Streets unwholsom Grass 295
 Grew of great stalk, its Colour gross,
 And melancholick pois'nous green;
 Like those course sickly Weeds on an old Dunghill seen,
 Where some Murrain-murther'd Hog,
 Poison'd Cat, or strangled Dog, 300
 In rottenness had long unburied laid,
 And the cold Soil productive made.
 Birds of ill Omen hover'd in the Air,
 And by their Cries bade us for Graves prepare;
 And, as our Destiny they seem'd t'unfold, 305
 Dropt dead of the same fate they had foretold.
 That dire Commission ended, down there came
 Another *Angel* with a *Sword of Flame*:
 Desolation soon he made,
 And our new *Sodom* low in Ashes laid. 310
 Distractions and Distrusts then did amongst us rise,
 When, in her pious old Disguise,
 This *Witch* with all her Mischief-making Train
 Began to shew her self again.
 The Sons of old *Rebellion* strait she summon'd all; 315
 Strait They were ready at her call:
 Once more th'old Bait before their eyes she cast.
 That and her Love they long'd to tast;
 And to her Lust she drew them all at last. }
 So *Reuben* (we may read of heretofore) 320
 Was led astray, and had pollution with his Father's Whore.

II.

The better to conceal her lewd intent
 In safety from observing eyes,
 Th'old Strumpet did her self disguise
 In comely Weeds, and to the City went, 325
 Affected Truth, much Modesty, and Grace,
 And (like a worn-out-Suburb-Trull) past there for a new
 Face.

Thither all her Lovers flockt,
And there for her support she found
A Wight, of whom Fame's Trumpet much does sound,
With all Ingredients for his bus'ness stockt, 331
Not unlike him whose Story has a place
In th'Annals of Sir *Hudibras*.
Of all her bus'ness He took care,
And every Knave or Fool that to her did repair, } 335
Had by him admittance there.
By his contrivance to her did resort
All who had been disgusted at the Court.
Those whose Ambition had been crost,
Or by ill manners had Preferments lost, 340
Were those on whom she practis'd most her Charms,
Lay nearest to her Heart, and oft'nest in her Arms.
Int'rest in every Faction, every Sect she sought;
And to her Lure, flatt'ring their hopes, she brought
All those who use Religion for a Fashion. 345
All such as practise Forms, and take great pains
To make their *Godliness* their *Gains*,
And thrive by the Distractions of a Nation,
She by her Art ensnar'd, and fetter'd in her Chains.
Through her the Atheist hop'd to purchase *Toleration*, 350
The Rebell *Pow'r*, the beggar'd Spend-thrift *Lands*,
Out of the *King's* or *Bishop's* hands.
Nay, to her side at last she drew in all the rude,
Ungovernable, headlong Multitude:
Promis'd strange *Liberties*, and sure Redress 355
Of never-felt, unheard-of *Grievances*:
Pamper'd their Follies, and indulg'd their Hopes,
With *May-day-Routs*, *November Squibs*, and burning *Past-board Popes*.

12.

With her in common Lust did mingle all the Crew,
Till at the last she pregnant grew, 360
And from her womb, in little time, brought forth
This monstrous, most detested *Birth*.

Of Children born with Teeth w'ave heard,
 And some like Comets with a Beard;
 Which seem'd to be fore-runners of dire Change: 365
 But never hitherto was seen,
 Born from a *Wapping* Drab, or *Shoreditch* Quean,
 A Form like this so hideous and so strange.
 To help whose Mother in her Pains, there came
 Many a well-known Dame. 370
 The Bawd *Hypocrisy* was there,
 And Madam *Impudence* the fair:
 Dame *Scandall* with her squinting Eyes,
 That loves to set good Neighbours at debate,
 And raise Commotions in a jealous State, 375
 Was there, and *Malice* Queen of far-spread Lies,
 With all their Train of *Frauds* and *Forgeries*.
 But Midwife *Mutiny*, that busy Drab,
 That's always talking, always loud,
 Was she that first took up the Babe, 380
 And of the office most was proud.
 Behold its Head of horrid form appears:
 To spight the Pillory, it had no Ears.
 When strait the Bawd cry'd out, 'twas surely kin
 To the blest Family of *Pryn*. 385
 But *Scandall* offer'd to depose her word,
 Or oath, the Father was a Lord.
 The nose was ugly, long, and big,
 Broad, and snowty like a Pig; }
 Which shew'd he would in Dunghills love to dig; } 390
 Love to cast stinking Satyrs up in ill-pil'd Rymes,
 And live by the Corruptions of unhappy Times.

13.

They promis'd all by turns to take him,
 And a hopefull Youth to make him.
 To nurse he strait was sent 395
 To a *Sister-witch*, though of another sort,

393 all turns

The Poet's Complaint of his Muse 417

One who profest no good, nor any meant :
All day she practis'd Charms, by night she hardly
slept.
Yet in the outcasts of a Northern factious Town,
A little smoaky Mansion of her own, 400
Where her Familiars to her did resort,
A Cell she kept.
Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her God ;
And many an ugly loathsom Toad
Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd 405
Under her Roof all dismall, black, and smoak'd,
Harbour'd Beetles, and unwholsom Bats,
Sprawling nests of little Cats ;
All which were Imps she cherisht with her blood,
To make her Spells succeed and good. 410
Still at her rivell'd Breasts they hung, when e're mankind
she curst,
And with these Foster-brethren was our *Monster* nurst.
In little Time the Hell-bred Brat
Grew plump and fat,
Without his Leading-strings could walk, 415
And (as the Sorceress taught him) talk.
At sev'n years old he went to School,
Where first he grew a foe to Rule.
Never would he learn as taught,
But still new Ways affected, and new Methods sought. 420
Not that he wanted parts
T'improve in Letters, and proceed to Arts ;
But as negligent as sly,
Of all Perverseness brutishly was full,
(By Nature idle) lov'd to shift and lie, 425
And was obstinately dull.
Till spight of Nature, through great pains, the Sot,
(And th'Influence of th'ill Genius of our Land)
At last in part began to understand.
Some insight in the *Latin* Tongue he got ; 430
Could smatter pretty well, and write too a plain hand.

For which his Guardians all thought fit,
 In Compliment to his most hopefull Wit,
 He should be sent to learn the Laws,
 And out of the *good old* to raise a damn'd *new Cause*. 435

14.

In which the better to improve his Mind,
 As by nature he was bent
 To search in hidden paths, and things long buried
 find,

A Wretche's Converse much he did frequent:
 One who this World, as that did Him, disown'd, 440
 And in an unfrequented Corner, where
 Nothing was pleasant, hardly healthfull found,
 He led his hated life.

Needy, and ev'n of Necessaries bare,
 No Servant had he, Children, Friend, or Wife: 445
 But of a little remnant, got by Fraud,
 (For all ill turns he lov'd, all good detested, and believ'd no
 God)

Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded Groat, }
 With which of Beggars Scraps he bought. }
 Then from a neighb'ring Fountain Water got, } 450
 Not to be clean, but slake his Thirst.

He never blest himself, and all things else he curst.
 The Cell in which he (though but seldom) slept, }
 Lay like a Den, unclean'd, unswept: }
 And there those Jewells which he lov'd, he kept; } 455
 Old worn-out Statutes, and Records
 Of *Commons Priviledges*, and the *Rights of Lords*.

But bound up by themselves with care were laid
 All the *Acts*, *Resolves*, and *Orders* made
 By the old *Long Rump-Parliament*, 460

Through all the Changes of its Government:
 From which with readiness he could debate
 Concerning Matters of the State,
 All down from *Goodly Forty one* to *Horrid Forty eight*. }

15.

His Friendship much our *Monster* sought 465
By Instinct, and by Inclination too:

So without much ado

They were together brought.

To him Obedience *Libell* swore, and by him was he taught.

He learnt of him all Goodness to detest; 470

To be asham'd of no Disgrace;

In all things but Obedience to be Beast;

To hide a Coward's Heart, and show a hardy Face.

He taught him to call Government a Clog,

But to bear Beatings like a Dog 475

T'ave no Religion, Honesty, or Sense,

But to *profess* them all for a Pretence.

Fraught with these Moralls, he began

To compleat him more for Man:

Distinguisht to him in an hour 480

'Twixt *Legislative*, and *Judicial* power;

How to frame a *Commonwealth*,

And *Democracy*, by stealth;

To palliate it at first, and Cry

'Twas but a *Well-mixt Monarchy*, } 485

And *Treason Salus Populi*;

Into Rebellion to divide the Nation,

By fair *Committees of Association*;

How by a lawfull means to bring

In Arms against himself the *KING*, 490

With a distinguishing old Trick,

'Twixt persons *Naturall*, and *Politick*;

How to make faithfull *Servants Traitours* }

Through-pac'd *Rebells Legislators*,

And at last, *Troupers Adjutators*. } 495

Thus well inform'd, and furnisht with enough

Of such like wordy, canting Stuff,

Our Blade set forth, and quickly grew

A Leader in a factious Crew.

Where e're he came, 'twas he first silence broke, 500
 And swell'd with every word he spoke.
 By which becoming sawcy Grace,
 He gain'd Authority and Place:
 By many for Preferments was thought fit,
 For talking Treason without Fear or Wit; 505
 For opening Failings in the State;
 For loving noisy and unsound Debate,
 And wearing of a Mysticall green Ribband in his Hat. }

16.

Thus, like *Alcides* in his Lion's skin,
 He very dreadfull grew. 510
 But, like that *Hercules* when Love crept in,
 And th'Hero to his Distaff drew,
 His foes that found him saw he was but Man:
 So when my faithless *Clio* by her Snare
 Had brought him to her Arms, and I surpriz'd him there,
 At once to hate and scorn him I began; 516
 To see how foolishly sh'ad drest,
 And for diversion trickt the Beast.
 He was Poetry all o're,
 On ev'ry side, behind, before: 520
 About him nothing could I see,
 But particolour'd Poetry.
 Painter's Advices, Letanies,
Ballads, and all the spurious excess
 Of ills that Malice could devise, 525
 Or ever swarm'd from a licentious Press,
 Hung round about him like a Spell:
 And in his own hand too was writ,
 That worthy piece of modern Wit,
 The Countrey's late Appeal. 530
 But from such Ills when will our wretched State
 Be freed? and who shall crush this Serpent's head?
 'Tis said, we may in Ancient Legends read

Of a huge Dragon, sent by Fate
To lay a sinfull Kingdom wast: } 535
So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he past, }
And each day with a Virgin broke his fast. }
Till wretched Matrons curst their Wombs,
So hardly was their loss endur'd:
The Lovers all despair'd, and sought their Tombs 540
In the same Monster's Jaws, and of their Pains were
cur'd.
Till, like our *Monster* too, and with the same
Curst ends, to the Metropolis he came.
His Cruelties renew'd again,
And every day a Maid was slain. 545
The Curse through ev'ry Family had past,
When to the Sacrifice at last
Th'unhappy Monarch's onely Child must bow:
A *Royall Daughter* needs must suffer then, a *ROYALL*
BROTHER now.

17.

On him this Dragon *Libell* needs will prey; 550
On Him has cast
His sordid Venom, and prophan'd
With spurious Verse his spotless Fame,
Which shall for ever stand
Unblemisht, and to Ages last, 555
When all his Foes lie buried in their Shame.
Else tell me why (some Prophet that is wise)
Heav'n took such care
To make Him every thing that's rare,
Dear to the Heart, desirous to the Eyes. 560
Why do all Good men bless Him as he goes?
Why at his presence shrink his Foes?
Why do the Brave all strive his Honour to defend?
Why through the World is he distinguisht most
By Titles, which but few can boast, 565
A most *Just Master*, and a *Faithfull Friend*?

One who never yet did wrong
 To high or low, to old or young?
 Of Him what Orphan can complain?
 Of Him what Widdow make her Moan? 570
 But such as wish Him here again,
 And miss his Goodness now He's gone.
 If this be (as I am sure 'tis) true,
 Then prithee, Prophet, tell me too,
 Why lives He in the World's Esteem, 575
 Not one man's Foe? and why then are not all men Friends
 with Him?

18.

When e're his Life was set at stake
 For his ungratefull Country's sake,
 What Dangers or what Labours did He ever shun?
 Or what Wonders has not done? 580
 Watchfull all night, and busy all the day,
 (Spreading his Fleet in sight of *Holland's* shore)
 Triumphantly ye saw his Flags and Streamers play.
 Then did the *English* Lion roar,
 Whilst the *Belgian* couchant lay. 585
 Big with the thoughts of Conquest and Renown,
 Of *Britain's* Honour, and his own,
 To them He like a threat'ning Comet shin'd,
 Rough as the Sea, and furious as the Wind:
 But Constant as the Stars that never move; 590
 Or as Women would have Love.
 The trembling Genius of their State
 Lookt out, and straight shrunk back his head,
 To see our daring Banners spread.
 Whilst in their Harbours they 595
 Like Batten'd Monsters weltring lay:
 The Winds, when Ours th'ad kiss'd, scorn'd with their
 Flags to play. }
 But drooping like their Captains hearts,
 Each Pendant, every Streamer hung.

The Poet's Complaint of his Muse 423

The Seamen seem'd t'have lost their Arts. 600
Their Ships at Anchor now, of which w'had heard them
boast,
With ill-furl'd sails, and Rattlings loose, by every Billow
tost,
Lay like neglected Harps, untun'd, unstrung;
Till at the last, provok'd with Shame,
Forth from their Dens the baited Foxes came: 605
Foxes in Council, and in Fight too Grave;
Seldom true and now not brave.
They bluster'd out the day with shew of Fight,
And ran away in the good-natur'd Night.

19.

A bloody Battel next was fought, } 610
And then in Triumph home a welcom Fleet He }
brought,
With Spoils of Victory, and Glory fraught. }
To him then every heart was open, down
From the Great man to the Clown;
In Him rejoic'd, to Him enclin'd: 615
And as his Health round the glad Board did pass,
Each honest fellow cry'd, Fill full my glass;
And shew'd the fulness of his Mind.
No discontented Vermin of ill Times
Durst then affront him but in show; 620
Nor *Libell* dash Him with his dirty Rhymes
Nor may he live in peace that does it now.
And whose Heart would not wish so too
That had but seen
When his tumultuous misled Foes 625
Against Him rose,
With what Heroick grace
He chose the weight of wrong to undergo?
No tempest on his Brow, unalter'd in his Face,
True witness of the Innocence within. 630
But when the Messengers did Mandates bring

For his retreat to Foreign Land,
 Since sent from the relenting hand
 Of the most *Loving BROTHER, Kindest KING*;
 If in his heart Regret did rise, 635
 It never scapt his Tongue or Eyes:
 With steady Vertue 'twas allay'd,
 And *like a mighty Conqu'rour He obey'd.*

20.

It was a dark and gloomy Day,
 Sad as the Bus'ness, sullen too, 640
 As proud men, when in Vain they woo,
 Or Soldiers cheated of their pay.
 The Court, where Pleasures us'd to flow,
 Became the scene of Mourning, and of Woe.
 Desolate was every Room, 645
 Where men for News and Bus'ness us'd to come.
 With folded Arms and down-cast Eyes men walkt,
 In corners and with caution talkt.
 All things prepar'd, the Hour grew near
 When He must part: his last short Time was spent 650
 In leaving Blessings on his Children dear.
 To them with eager Hast and Love he went:
 The Eldest first embrac'd,
 As new-born Day in Beauty bright,
 But sad in Mind as deepest Night. 655
 What tendrest Hearts could say, betwixt them past;
 Till Grief too close upon them crept:
 So sighing He withdrew, She turn'd away and wept.
 Much of the Father in his Breast did rise,
 When on the next he fixt his Eyes, 660
 A tender Infant in the Nurse's Arms,
 Full of kind play, and pretty Charms.
 And as to give the Farewell kiss He near it drew,
 About his manly neck two little Arms it threw;
 Smil'd in his Eyes, as if it begg'd his Stay; 665
 And lookt kind things it could not say.

21.

But the great pomp of Grief was yet to come.
Th'appointed Time was almost past,
Th'impatient Tides knockt at the Shore, and bid him hast
To seek a Foreign Home. 670
The Summons He resolv'd t'obey;
Disdaining of his Sufferings to complain,
Though every step seem'd trod with pain;
So forth He came, attended on his way
By a sad lamenting Throng, 675
That blest him and about him hung.
A weight his generous Heart could hardly bear,
But for the Comfort that was near,
His Beauteous MATE, the Fountain of his Joys,
That fed his Soul with Love; 680
The cordiall that can mortall Pains remove,
To which all worldly Blessings else are Toys.
I saw Them ready for departure stand,
Just when approach'd the *MONARCH* of our
Land, }
And took the charming *Mourner* by the hand. } 685
T'express all noblest Offices he strove,
Of *Royall Goodness*, and a *Brother's Love*,
Then down to the Shore side,
Where, to convey Them, did two Royall Barges ride,
With solemn pace They past: 690
And there so tenderly embrac'd,
All griev'd by sympathy to see Them part,
And their kind Pains touch'd each By-stander's heart.
Then hand in hand the pity'd Pair
Turn'd round, to face their Fate: 695
She ev'n amidst Afflictions *Fair*;
He, though opprest, still *Great*.
Into th'expecting Boat with hast They went;
Where, as the troubled *Fair one* to the Shore some wishes
sent,

For that dear Pledge sh'ad left behind, 700
And as her Passion grew too mighty for her Mind,
She of some Tears her Eyes beguil'd;
Which, as upon her Cheek they lay,
The happy *Hero* kist away,
And, as She wept, blusht with Disdain, and smil'd. 705
Straight forth They launch into the high-swoln *Thames*:
The well-struck Oars lave up the yielding Streams.
All fixt their longing Eyes, and wishing stood,
Till they were got into the wider Flood;
Till lessen'd out of sight, and seen no more: 710
Then sigh'd, and turn'd into the hated Shore.

THE END.

PHÆDRA
TO
HIPPOLYTUS.

BY
Mr. Otway.

The ARGUMENT.

Theseus, the Son of Ægeus, having slain the Minotaur, promised to Ariadne the Daughter of Minos and Pasiphæe, for the assistance which she gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his Wife: so together with her Sister Phædra, they went on Board and sail'd to Chios, where being warn'd by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and Married her Sister Phædra, who afterwards in Theseus her Husbands Absence, fell in Love with Hippolytus her Son in Law, who had Vow'd Cælibacy, and was a Hunter: wherefore since she could not conveniently otherwise; she chose by this Epistle to give him an Account of her Passion.

IF Thou'rt unkind, I ne're shall health Enjoy;
Yet much I wish to thee, my Lovely Boy:
Read this and reading how my soul is seisd,
Rather than not be with my ruin pleas'd:
Thus secrets safe to farthest Shoars may move; 5
By Letters Foes converse and learn to Love.
Thrice my sad tale, as I to tell it try'd,
Upon my faultring Tongue abortive dy'd:
Long shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,
But what I blusht to speak, Love made me write. 10
'Tis dang'rous to resist the pow'r of Love,
The Gods obey him, and he's King above:
He clear'd the doubts that did my mind confound,
And promis'd me to bring Thee hither bound:

Oh may he come, and in that breast of thine 15
 Fix a kind Dart, and make it flame like mine!
 Yet of my Wedlock Vows I'll loose no care,
 Search back through all my fame, Thou'lt find it
 fair;
 But Love long breeding, to worst pain does turn;
 Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn! 20
 As the Young Bull or Courser yet untam'd,
 When Yok't or Bridl'd first, are pinch't & maim'd;
 So my unpractic't heart in Love can find
 No rest, th' unwonted weight so toyls my mind.
 When young, loves pangs by Arts we may remove, 25
 But in our riper years with rage we Love.
 To thee I yield then all my dear Renown,
 And prithee let's together be undone.
 Who would not pluck the new blown blushing Rose,
 Or the ripe Fruit that Courts him as it grows? 30
 But if my Vertue hitherto has gain'd
 Esteem for spotless, shall it now be stain'd?
 Oh in thy Love I shall no hazard run;
 'Tis not a sin, but when 'tis coursely done.
 And now should *Juno* yield her *Jove* to me, 35
 I'd quit that *Jove*, *Hippolytus*, for Thee:
 Believe me too with strange desires I change,
 Amongst Wild Beasts I long with Thee to range,
 To thy Delights and *Delia* I Encline,
 Make her my Goddess too, because she's thine: 40
 I long to know the Woods, to drive the *Deer*,
 And or'e the Mountains tops my Hounds to chear,
 Shaking my Dart, then, the Chase ended, lie
 Stretcht on the grass, & would'st not Thou be by?
 Oft in light Chariots I with pleasure ride, 45
 And love my self the furious Steeds to guide.
 Now like a *Bacchanal* more wild I stray, }
 Or Old *Cybele's* Priests, as mad as They }
 When under *Ida's* Hill They Offerings pay: }
 Ev'n mad as those the Deities of Night 50

Phædra to Hippolytus

131

And Water, *Fauns* and *Dryads* do afright :
But still each little Interval I gain, 125
Easily find 'tis Love breeds all my pain:
Sure on our Race Love like a Fate does fall,
And *Venus* will have Tribute of us all.
Jove lov'd *Europa*, whence my Father came,
And to a Bull transform'd, Enjoy'd the Dame: 130
She, like my Mother, languisht to obtain,
And fill'd her Womb with shame as well as pain:
The faithless *Theseus* by my Sisters Aid
The Monster slew, and a safe Conquest made:
Now in that Family my right to save, 135
I am at last on the same terms a slave:
'Twas fatal to my Sister and to me,
She lov'd thy Father, but my choice was thee.
Let Monuments of Triumph then be shown
For two unhappy Nymphs by you undone. 140
When first our Vows were at *Eleusis* pay'd,
Would I had in a *Cretan* Grave been laid;
'Twas there Thou didst a perfect Conquest gain,
Whilst Loves fierce Feavor rag'd in ev'ry vein;
White was thy Robe, a Garland deck't thy Head, 145
A modest blush thy comely face orespread,
That face which may be terrible in Arms,
But Graceful seem'd to me, and full of Charms:
I Love the man whose fashion's least his care,
And hate my Sexes Coxcombs fine and fair; 150
For whil'st thus plain thy careless Locks let fly,
Th' unpolish't form is Beauty in my Eye:
If thou but ride, or shake the trembling Dart,
I fix my Eyes, and wonder at thy Art:
To see thee poise the *Jav'lin*, moves delight, 155
And all thou do'st is lovely in my sight:
But to the Woods thy cruelty resign,
Nor treat it with so poor a life as mine:
Must cold *Diana* be ador'd alone?

Must she have all thy Vows, and *Venus* none?
 That pleasure palls if 'tis Enjoy'd too long,
 Love makes the weary firm, the feeble strong.
 For *Cynthia's* sake unbend and ease thy Bow; 90
 Else to thy Arm 'twill weak and useless grow.
 Famous was *Cephalus* in Wood and Plain,
 And by him many a *Boar* and *Pard* was slain,
 Yet to *Aurora's* Love he did encline;
 Who wisely left Old Age for Youth like Thine. 95
 Under the spreading shades her Am'rous Boy
 The fair *Adonis Venus* could enjoy,
Atlanta's Love too *Meleager* sought,
 And to her Tribute paid of all he caught;
 Be Thou and I the next blest *Sylvan* pair: 100
 Where Love's a Stranger Woods but Desarts are.
 With Thee through dang'rous ways unknown before,
 I'll rove and fearless face the dreadful Boar.
 Between two Seas a little *Isthmus* lies,
 Where on each side the beating Billows rise, 105
 There in *Trazena* I thy Love will meet,
 More blest and pleas'd than in my Native *Crete*.
 As we could wish, Old *Theseus* is away
 At *Thessaly*, where alwaies let him stay
 With his *Perithōus*, whom well I see 110
 Prefer'd above *Hippolytus* or me.
 Nor has he only thus exprest his hate;
 We both have suffer'd wrongs of mighty weight:
 My Brother first he cruelly did slay
 Then from my Sister falsely ran away; } 115
 And left expos'd to ev'ry Beast a prey. }
 A Warlike Queen to thee thy Being gave,
 A Mother worthy of a Son so brave,
 From cruel *Theseus* yet her death did find,
 Nor though she gave him Thee, could make him kind. 120
 Unwedded too he murthered her in spight,
 To Bastardize and Rob thee of thy Right:
 And if to wrong thee more, two Sons I've brought,

Believe it his, and none of *Phædra's* fault:
Rather thou fairest Thing the Earth contains, 125
I wish at first 'had dy'd of Mothers pains:
How canst thou rev'rence then thy Fathers Bed,
From which himself so Abjectly is fled?
The thought afrights not me, but me enflames;
Mother and Son are notions, very Names 130
Of worn out Piety, in fashion Then
When Old dull *Saturn* Rul'd the Race of men:
But braver *Jove* taught pleasure was no sin,
And with his Sister did himself begin.
Nearness of Blood, and Kindred best we prove, 135
When we express it in the closest Love.
Nor need we fear our Fault should be reveal'd;
'Twill under near Relation be conceal'd,
And all who hear our Loves, with praise shall Crown
A Mothers kindness to a grateful Son. 140
No need at Midnight in the dark to stray,
T'unlock the Gates, and cry, my Love, this way, }
No busie Spies our pleasures to betray. }
But in one house, as heretofore, we live,
In publick, kisses take; in publick, give: 145
Though in my Bed Thou'rt seen, 'twill gain Applause
From all, whilst none have sense to gness the Cause:
Only make hast, and let this League be sign'd;
So may my Tyrant Love to thee be kind.
For this I am an humble Suppliant grown; 150
Now where are all my boasts of Greatness gone?
I swore I ne're would yield, resolv'd to fight,
Deceiv'd by Love that's seldom in the right,
Now on my own, I crawl to clasp thy knees;
What's Decent no true Lover cares or sees: 155
Shame, like a beaten Souldier, leaves the place,
But Beauties blushes still are in my face.
Forgive this fond Confession which I make,
And then some pity on my sufferings take.
What though midst Seas my Fathers Empire lies? 160

Though my Great Grandsire Thunder frõ the skies?
What though my Fathers Sire in Beams drest gay
Drives round the burning Chariot of the day?
Their Honour all in me to Love's a slave,
Then though thou wilt not me, their Honour save: 165
Joves Famous Island *Crete* in Dow'r I'l bring,
And there shall my *Hippolytus* be King:
For *Venus* sake then hear and grant my pray'r,
So may'st Thou never love a scornful fair;
In Fields so may *Diana* grace Thee still, 170
And every Wood afford thee Game to kill;
So may the Mountain Gods and *Satyrs* all
Be kind, so may the Boar before Thee fall,
So may the water-Nymphs in heat of day,
Though Thou their Sex despise, thy thirst allay. 175
Millions of tears to these my prayrs I joyn,
Which as Thou read'st with those dear eyes of Thine, }
Think that thou seest the streams that flow from mine. }

THE EPILOGUE.

*Written by Mr. Otway to his Play call'd Venice
Preserv'd, or a Plot Discover'd; spoken upon his
Royal Highness the Duke of York's coming to the
Theatre, Friday, April 21. 1682.*

When too much Plenty, Luxury, and Ease,
 Had surfeited this Isle to a Disease;
 When noisome Blaines did its best parts orespread,
 And on the rest their dire Infection shed;
 Our *Great Physician*, who the Nature knew } 5
 Of the Distemper, and from whence it grew,
 Fix't for Three Kingdoms quiet (Sir) on You:
 He cast his searching Eyes o're all the Frame,
 And finding whence before one *sickness* came,
 How once before our *Mischiefs* foster'd were, } 10
 Knew well *Your Vertue*, and apply'd You there:
 Where so Your Goodness, so Your Justice sway'd,
 You but appear'd, and the *wild Plague* was stay'd.

When, from the filthy Dunghil-faction bred,
 New-form'd Rebellion durst rear up its head, } 15
 Answer me all: who struck the Monster dead?

See, see, the injur'd PRINCE, and bless his Name,
 Think on the *Martyr* from whose Loynes he came:
 Think on the Blood was shed for you before,
 And Curse the *Paricides* that thirst for more. } 20
 His Foes are yours, then of their *Wiles* beware:
 Lay, lay him in your Hearts, and guard him there;
 Where let his Wrongs your Zeal for him Improve;
 He wears a Sword will justifie your Love.
 With Blood still ready for your good t' expend, } 25
 And has a Heart that *ne're forgot* his friend.

His *Duteous Loyalty* before you lay,
 And learn of him, *unmurm'ring* to obey.
 Think what he's born, your Quiet to restore;

Repent your madness and *rebell* no more. 30

No more let *Bout'feu's* hope to lead *Petitions*,
Scriv'ners to be *Treas'rures*; *Pedlars*, *Polititians*;
 Nor ev'ry *fool*, whose Wife has *tript* at Court,
 Pluck up a spirit, and turn *Rebell* for't.

In Lands where Cuckolds multiply like ours, 35
 What Prince can be too Jealous of their powers,
 Or can too often think himself alarm'd?
 They're malecontents that ev'ry where go arm'd:
 And when the *horned Herd's* together got,
 Nothing portends a Commonwealth like *that*. 40

Cast, cast your Idols off, your Gods of wood,
 Er'e yet *Philistins* fatten with your blood:
 Renounce your Priests of *Baal* with *Amen-faces*,
 Your *Wapping* Feasts, and your *Mile-End* High-places.

Nail all your *Medals* on the Gallows Post, 45
 In recompence th' *Original* was lost:

At these, illustrious Repentance pay,
 In his kind hands your humble Offerings lay:
 Let Royal Pardon be by him implor'd,
 Th' *Attoning* Brother of your *Anger'd* Lord: 50

He only brings a *Medicine* fit to aswage
 A peoples *folly*, and rowz'd Monarch's *rage*;
 An *Infant Prince* yet lab'ring in the womb,
 Fated with wond'rous happiness to come, }
 He goes to fetch the mighty blessing home: } 55
 Send all your *wishes* with him, let the Ayre
 With gentle breezes waft it safely here,
 The Seas, like *what* they'l carry, *calm* and *fair*: }

Let the *Illustrious Mother* touch our Land
 Mildly, as hereafter may her Son Command; 60
 While our glad Monarch welcomes her to shoar,
 With kind assurance; she shall part *no more*.

Be the *Majestick Babe* then smiling born,
 And all good signs of Fate his Birth adorn,
 So live and grow, a constant pledge to stand 65
 Of CÆSAR'S *Love* to an *obedient* Land.

THE PROLOGUE

To the *CITY HEIRESS*,
Or, Sir *TIMOTHY TREATALL*.

Written by Tho. Otway. Spoken by Mrs. Barry.

HOW vain have prov'd the Labours of the Stage,
 In striving to reclaim a vitious Age!
 Poets may write the mischief to impeach,
 You care as little what the Poets teach, }
 As you regard at Church what Parsons preach. } 5
 But where such Follies and such vices reign,
 What honest Pen has patience to refrain?
 At Church, in Pews, ye most devoutly snore,
 And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar;
 Ye go to Church to gloat, and Ogle there, 10
 And come to meet more lewd convenient here:
 With equal zeal ye honour either place }
 And run so very evenly your Race, }
 Y'improve in Wit just as you do in Grace. }
 It must be so, some Dæmon has possest 15
 Our Land, and we have never since been blest.
 Y'have seen it all, or heard of its Renown, }
 In a reverend shape it stalk'd about the Town, }
 Six Yeomen tall attending on its frown. }
 Sometimes with humble note and zealous lore, } 20
 'Twou'd play the apostolick function o'er. }
 But, Heav'n have mercy on us when it swore. }
 When e'er it swore, to prove the Oaths were true,
 Out of its mouth at Random Halts flew
 Round some unwary neck, by Magick thrown, 25
 Though still the cunning Devil sav'd its own;
 For when the Inchantment could no longer last,
 The subtile Pug, most dexterously uncast,

Left awfull form for one more seeming pious,	}	30
And in a moment vary'd to defy us:		
From silken Doctor, home-spun <i>Ananias</i>		
Left the lewd Court, and did in City fix,	}	35
Where still by its old arts it plays new tricks,		
And fills the heads of Fools with Politicks.		
This Dæmon lately drew in many a guest,		35
To part with zealous Guinny for — no feast.		
Who, but the most incorrigible Fops,		
For ever doom'd in dismal Cells, call'd Shops,		
To cheat and damn themselves to get their livings,		
Wou'd lay sweet Money out in Sham-Thanksgivings?		40
Sham-Plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er;		
But who e'er paid for a Sham-Treat before?		
Had you not better sent your Offerings all,		
Hither to us, than Sequestrators hall?		
I being your Steward, Justice had been done ye;		45
I cou'd have entertain'd you worth your Money.		

40 Tanksgivings ?

EPILOGUE
TO
Her Royal Highness,
On Her RETURN from
SCOTLAND.

Written by Mr. OTWAY.

ALL you, who this Day's Jubilee attend,
And every Loyal Muses Loyal Friend;
That come to treat your longing wishes here,
Turn your desiring Eyes and feast 'em, there.
Thus falling on your Knees with me implore, 5
May this poor Land ne'er lose that Presence more:
But if there any in this Circle be,
That come so curst to envy what they see:
From the vain Fool that would be great too soon,
To the dull Knave that writ the last Lampoon! 10
Let such, as Victims to that Beautie's Fame,
Hang their vile blasted Heads, and Dye with shame.
Our mighty Blessing is at last return'd,
The joy arriv'd for which so long we mourn'd:
From whom our present peace we' expect increas't, 15
And all our future Generations blest:
Time have a Care: bring safe the hour of joy
When some blest Tongue proclaims a Royal Boy:
And when 'tis born, let Nature's hand be strong;
Bless him with days of strength and make 'em long; 20
Till charg'd with honors we behold him stand,
Three Kingdoms Banners waiting his Command,
His Father's Conquering Sword within his Hand: }
Then th' English Lions in the Air advance, }
And with them roaring Musick to the Dance, } 25
Carry a *Quo Warranto* into France.

TO MR. CREECH

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF *Lucretius*.

SIR

WHEN your Book the first time came abroad,
I must confess I stood amaz'd and aw'd;
For, as to some good Nature I pretend,
I fear'd to read least I should not commend. 5
Lucretius English'd! 'twas a work might shake
The pow'r of English Verse to undertake.
This all men thought, but you are born, we find,
T'out do the Expectations of Mankind;
Since you've so well the noble Task perform'd, 10
Envy's appeas'd, and Prejudice disarm'd:
For when the rich Original we peruse,
And by it try the Metal you produce;
Tho there indeed the purest Ore we find,
Yet still in you it something seems refin'd: 15
Thus when the great *Lucretius* gives a loose,
And lashes to her speed his fiery Muse;
Still with him you maintain an equal pace,
And bear full stretch upon him all the Race:
But when in rugged way we find him rein 20
His Verse, and not so smooth a stroak maintain;
There the Advantage he receives is found,
By you taught Temper, and to choose his ground.
Next his Philosophy you've so exprest
In genuine Terms, so plain, yet neatly drest, 25
Those Murd'ers that now mangle it all day
In Schools, may learn from you the easy way
To let us know what they would mean and say: }
If *Aristotles* Friends will shew the grace
To wave for one their Statute in that Case. 30
Go on then Sir, and, since you could aspire,
And reach this height, aym yet at Lawrels higher:
Secure great injur'd *Maro* from the wrong,
He unredeem'd has labour'd with so long,

In *Holburn Rhyme*, and least the Book should fail, } 35
 Expos'd with Pictures to promote the sale;
 So Tapsters set out *Signs*, for muddy Ale.
 You're only able to retrieve his Doom
 And make him here as fam'd as once at *Rome* :
 For sure when *Julius* first this Isle subdu'd, } 40
 Your Ancestors then mixt with Roman blood;
 Some near Ally'd to that whence *Ovid* came,
Virgil and *Horace* those three Sons of Fame;
 Since to their memory it is so true,
 And shews their Poetry so much in you. } 45
 Go on in Pitty to this wretched Isle;
 Which ignorant Poetasters do defile,
 With lousy Madrigalls for Lyrick Verse;
 Instead of Comedy with nasty Farce.
 Would *Plautus*, *Terence* er'e have been so lewd } 50
 T' have drest Jackpudding up to catch the Crowd?
 Or *Sophocles* five tedious Acts have made
 To shew a whining fool in Love betray'd
 By some false Friend or slippery Chambermaid, }
 Then 'ere he hangs himself bemoan his Fall } 55
 In a dull Speech, and that fine Language call?
 No, since we live in such a fulsome Age,
 When Nonsense loads the Press, and choaks the Stage,
 When Block-heads will claym wit in Natures spight,
 And every Dunce, that Starves, presumes to write, } 60
 Exert your self, defend the Muses Cause,
 Proclaim their Right, and to maintain their Laws
 Make the dead Antients speak the British Tongue;
 That so each chattering Daw who aym's at Song,
 In his own Mother Tongue may humbly read } 65
 What Engines yet are wanting in his head
 To make him equal to the mighty Dead. }
 For of all Natures works we most should scorn
 The thing who thinks himself a Poet born.
 Unbred Untaught he Rhymes, yet hardly spells, } 70

56 Speech. 58 Stage 59 spight 60 Starves 69 born,

And senslessly, as Squirrels Jangle bells.
 Such things, Sir, here abound, May therefore you
 Be ever to your Friends the Muses true:
 May our defects be by your powers supply'd,
 Till as our Envy now, you grow our pride.
 Till by your pen restor'd, in Triumph born,
 The Majesty of Poetry return.

75

*London,**Jan. 10.*

82

Tho. Otway.

71 senslessly

74 supply'd.

76 born

Prologue to Constantine the Great.

Spoken by Mr. Goodman.

W*hat think ye meant wise Providence, when first
Poets were made? I'd tell you, if I durst,
That 'twas in Contradiction to Heaven's Word,
That when its Spirit o're the Waters stir'd,
When it saw All, and said That All was good, 5
The Creature Poet was not understood.
For, were it worth the Pains of six long Days,
To mould Retailers of dull Third-Day-Plays, }
That starve out threescore Years in hopes of Bays? }
'Tis plain they ne're were of the first Creation, 10
But came by meer Equiv'cal Generation.
Like Rats in Ships, without Coition bred;
As hated too as they are, and unfed.
Nature their Species sure must needs disown,
Scarce knowing Poets, less by Poets known. 15
Yet this poor Thing, so scorn'd, and set at nought,
Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.
Disabl'd wasting Whore-Masters are not
Prouder to own the Brats they never got,
Than Fumbling, Itching Rhimers of the Town, 20
T' adopt some base-born Song that's not their own.
Spite of his State, My Lord sometimes descends,
To please the Importunity of Friends.
The dullest he thought most for Business fit,
'Twill venture his bought Place, to aim at Wit. 25
And though he sinks with his Imploys of State,
Till Common Sense forsake him, he'll Translate.
The Poet and the Whore alike complains,
Of trading Quality, that spoils their Gains; }
The Lords will Write, and Ladies will have Swains. } 30
Therefore, all you who have Male Issue born.
Under the Starving Sign of Capricorn;
Prevent the Malice of their Stars in time,*

And warn them early from the Sin of Rhime:
Tell 'em how Spencer starv'd, how Cowley mourn'd, 35
How Butler's Faith and Service was return'd ;
And if such Warning they refuse to take,
This last Experiment, O Parents, make !
With Hands behind them see the Offender ty'd,
The Parish Whip, and Beadle by his side. 40
Then lead him to some Stall that does expose
The Authors he loves most, there rub his Nose ;
Till like a Spaniel lash'd, to know Command,
He by the due Correction understand, }
To keep his Brains clean, and not foul the Land. 45
Till he against his Nature learn to strive,
And get the Knack of Dullness how to thrive.

EPISTLE

To *R. D.* from *T. O.*

My much lov'd Friend,

When thou art from my eyes,
How do I loath the day, and light despise ?
Night, kinder night's the much more welcome guest,
For though it bring small ease, it hides at least ; 5
Or if e'er slumbers and my eyes agree,
'Tis when they're crown'd with pleasing dreams of thee.
Last night methought (Heaven make the next as kind)
Free as first innocence, and unconfin'd
As our first Parents in their *Eden* were, 10
E'er yet condemn'd to eat their bread with Care ;
We two together wander'd through a grove,
'Twas green beneath us, and all shade above,
Mild as our friendship, springing as our Love ;
Hundreds of chearfull Birds fill'd every Tree, 15
And sung their joyfull Songs of Liberty ;
While through the gladsome Choire well pleas'd we walk'd,
And of our present Valu'd State thus talkt ;
How happy are we in this sweet retreat ?
Thus humbly blest, who'd labour to be great ? 20
Who for preferments at a Court would wait,
Where every Gudgeon's nibbling at the bait ?
What fish of sense would on that shallow lye,
Amongst the little starving wriggling Frye,
That throng and crowd each other for a Taste 25
Of the deceitfull, painted, poison'd Paste :
When the wide River, he behind him sees,
Where he may lanch to Liberty and Ease ?
No cares or business here disturb our hours,

While underneath these shady, peacefull Bowers, 30
In cool delight and innocence we stray,
And midst a Thousand pleasures waste the day ;
Sometimes upon a Rivers bank we lye,
Where skimming Swallows o'er the surface fly,
Just as the Sun, declining with his Beams, 35
Kisses, and gently warms the gliding Streams ;
Amidst whose current rising Fishes play,
And rowl in wanton Liberty away.
Perhaps, hard by there grows a little bush,
On which the Linnet, Nightingale and Thrush, 40
Nightly their solemn Orgyes meeting keep,
And sing their Vespers e'er they go to sleep :
There we two lye, between us may be's spread
Some Book, few understand though many read :
Sometimes we *Virgil's* Sacred leaves turn o'er, 45
Still wond'ring, and still finding cause for more.
How *Juno's* rage did good *Aeneas* vex,
Then how he had Revenge upon her Sex
In *Dido's* state, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd ; 50
He knew the fatal danger of her charms,
And scorn'd to melt his vertue in her Armes.
Next *Nisus* and *Euryalus* we admire,
Their gentle Friendship, and their Martial fire ;
We praise their valour 'cause yet matcht by none, 55
And Love their Friendship, so much like our own.
But when to give our minds a Feast indeed,
Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,
Who can our Transports, or our longings tell,
To taste of Pleasures, prais'd by him so well ? 60
With thoughts of Love, and wine, by him we're fir'd,
Two things in sweet retirement much desir'd :
A generous Bottle, and a Lovesome She,
Are th' onely Joys in nature, next to Thee :
To which retiring quietly at night, 65

If (as that onely can) to add delight,
When to our little Cottage we repair,
We find a Friend or two, we'd wish for there,
Dear *B—ly*, kind as parting Lovers tears,
Ad—ly, honest as the Sword he wears, 70
W—son, professing friendship yet a Friend,
Or—*S—rt*, beyond what numbers can commend,
F—ch, full of kindness, gen'rous as his blood,
Watchfull to doe to modest merit good;
Who have forsook the vile tumultuous Town, 75
And for a taste of life to us come down;
With eager armes, how closely then w'embrace,
What Joy's in every heart, and every face!
The moderate Table's quickly cover'd o'er
With choicest Meats at least, though not with store: 80
Of Bottles next succeeds a goodly Train,
Full of what cheers the Heart, and fires the Brain:
Each waited on by a bright Virgin glass,
Clean, sound and shining like its drinker's Lass.
Then down we sit, while every Genius tryes 85
T'improve, till he deserves his Sacrifice:
No saucy hour presumes to stint delight,
We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis night:
Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we part,
Each takes th'obedient Treasure of his heart, 90
And leads her willing to his silent bed,
Where no vexatious cares come near his head;
But every sense with perfect pleasure's fed; }
Till in full Joy dissolv'd, each falls asleep,
With twining limbs, that still loves posture keep. 95
At dawn of morning to renew delight,
So quiet, craving love till the next night:
Then we the drowsie Sells of sleep forsake,
And to our Books, our earliest visit make;
Or else our thoughts to their attendance call, 100
And there methinks, Fancy sits Queen of all;

While the poor under faculties resort,
 And to her fickle majesty make Court;
 The Understanding first comes plainly clad,
 But usefully; no ent'rance to be had. 105
 Next comes the Will, that Bully of the mind,
 Follies wait on him in a troop behind;
 He meets reception from the Antick Queen,
 Who thinks her Majesty's most honour'd when
 Attended by those fine drest Gentlemen. } 110
 Reason, the honest Counsellor, this knows,
 And into Court with res'lute vertue goes;
 Lets Fancy see her loose irregular sway,
 Then how the flattering Follies sneak away!
 This Image when it came too fiercely shook 115
 My Brain which its soft quiet streight forsook;
 When waking as I cast my eyes around,
 Nothing but old loath'd Vanities I found;
 No grove, no freedom, and what's worse to me,
 No friend; for I have none compar'd with thee. 120
 Soon then my thoughts with their old Tyrant Care
 Were seiz'd; which to divert I fram'd this pray'r,
 Gods! life's your gift, then season't with such fate,
 That what ye meant a blessing prove no weight.
 Let me to the remotest part be whirl'd, 125
 Of this your play-thing made in haste, the World;
 But grant me quiet, liberty and peace,
 By day what's needful, and at night soft ease;
 The Friend I trust in, and the She I love,
 Then fix me; and if e'er I wish remove, 130
 Make me as great (that's wretched) as ye can,
 Set me in power, the wofull'st state of Man;
 To be by Fools misled, to Knaves a prey:
 But make Life what I ask, or tak't away.

The sixteenth ODE
Of the second Book
OF
HORACE.

By Mr. Otway.

IN Storms when Clouds the Moon do hide,
And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
Shew me at Sea the boldest there,
Who does not wish for quiet here.

For quiet (Friend) the Souldier fights, 5
Bears weary Marches, sleepless nights,
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
Which can't be bought with hills of Gold.

Since wealth and power too weak we find
To quell the tumults of the mind; 10
Or from the Monarchs roofs of state
Drive thence the cares that round him wait.

Happy the man with little blest
Of what his Father left possest;
No base desires corrupt his head, 15
No fears disturb him in his bed.

What then in life, which soon must end,
Can all our vain designs intend?
From shore to shore why should we run
When none his tiresome self can shun? 20

For baneful care will still prevail,
And overtake us under sail,
'Twill dodge the Great mans train behind,
Out run the Roe, out flie the wind.

448 *The Sixteenth Ode of Horace*

If then thy soul rejoyce to day,
Drive far to morrows cares away. 25
In laughter let them all be drown'd,
No perfect good is to be found.

One Mortal feels Fates sudden blow,
Another's lingring death comes slow ; 30
And what of life they take from thee,
The Gods may give to punish me.

Thy portion is a wealthy stock,
A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
Horses and Chariots for thy ease, 35
Rich Robes to deck and make thee please.

For me a little Cell I chuse,
Fit for my mind, fit for my muse,
Which soft content does Best adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I scorn. 40

Windfor Castle,
IN
A MONUMENT
To our Late Sovereign
K. CHARLES II.
Of ever Blessed Memory.

A
POEM

By THO. OTWAY,

*Dum Fuga Montis Aper, fluvios dum Piscis amabit,
Dúmque Thymo pascentur Apes, dum Rore Cicadæ;
Semper Honos, Noménque tuum, Laudésque manebunt.*

Si canimus Sylvas, Sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.

London, Printed for Charles Brom,* at the Gun,
at the West-end of St. Paul's, 1685.

TO
THE IMMORTAL FAME
OF
Our Late Dread Sovereign
K. CHARLES II.
Of ever Blessed Memory.

AND TO
THE SACRED MAJESTY
OF
The Most August and Mighty Prince
J A M È S II.
Now by the Grace of God
KING of *ENGLAND, SCOTLAND,*
FRANCE and *IRELAND,*
Defender of the Faith, &c.

This following POEM is in all Humility dedicated
By His ever devoted and obedient Subject and Servant,
THO. OTWAY.

Windsor Castle,
IN
A MONUMENT
TO
K. CHARLES II.

A
P O E M

THOUGH Poets Immortality may give,
And *Troy* does still in *Homer's* numbers live;
How dare I touch thy Praise, Thou glorious Frame,
Which must be Deathless, as thy Kaiser's Name:
But that I wanting Fame am sure of Thine 5
To eternize this humble Song of mine.
At least the Mem'ry of that More than man,
From whose vast Mind thy Glories first began,
Shall even my mean and worthless Verse commend,
For Wonders always did his Name attend. 10
Though now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.
Great were the Toils attending the Command
Of an ungratefull and a stiff-neck'd Land,
Which, grown too wanton, 'cause 'twas over blest, 15
Wou'd never give its Nursing Father rest;
But, having spoil'd the Edge of ill-forg'd Law,
By Rods and Axes had been kept in Awe;
But that his gracious Hands the Sceptre held
In all the Arts of Mildly guiding skill'd; 20
Who saw those Engines which unhing'd us move,
Griev'd at our Follies with a Father's Love,

Knew the vile ways we did t' afflict him take,
 And watch'd what haste we did to Ruine make.
 Yet when upon its brink we seem'd to stand, 25
 Lent to our Succour a Forgiving hand.

*Though now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
 Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels thence arise.*

Mercy's indeed the Attribute of Heav'n,
 For Gods have Pow'r to keep the balance ev'n, 30
 Which if Kings loose, how can they govern well?
 Mercy shou'd pardon, but the Sword compell.
 Compassion's else a Kingdom's greatest harm,
 Its Warmth engenders Rebels till they swarm;
 And round the Throne themselves in Tumults spread, 35
 To heave the Crown from a long Suff'rers Head.
 By Example this that God-like King once knew;
 And after, by Experience, found too true.

Under *Philistian* Lords we long had mourn'd,
 When he, our great Deliverer, return'd; 40
 But thence the Deluge of our Tears did cease,
 The Royal Dove shew'd us such marks of Peace.
 And when this Land in Bloud he might have laid,
 Brought Balsam from the Wounds our selves had made.
Though now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies, 45
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.

Then Matrons bless'd him as he pass'd along,
 And Triumph echo'd through th' enfranchis'd throng.
 On his each Hand his Royal Brothers shone,
 Like two Supporters of *Great Britain's* Throne: 50
 The first, for Deeds of Arms, renown'd as far
 As Fame e'er flew, to tell great Tales of War;
 Of Nature gen'rous, and of stedfast Mind;
 To Flat'ry deaf, but ne'er to Merit blind;
 Reserv'd in Pleasures, but in Dangers bold; 55
 Youthfull in Actions, and in Conduct old;
 True to his Friends, as watchfull o'er his Foes,
 And a just Value upon each bestows;
 Slow to condemn, nor partial to commend;

The brave Man's Patron, and the wrong'd Man's Friend, 60
 Now justly seated on th' Imperial Throne,
 In which high Sphere no brighter Star e'er shone:
 Vertue's great Pattern, and Rebellion's Dread;
 Long may he live to bruise that Serpent's Head.
 Till all his Foes their just Confusion meet 65
 And growle and pine beneath his mighty Feet.

The second, for Debates in Councils sit,
 Of steddy Judgment and deep piercing Wit;
 To all the noblest Heights of Learning bred;
 Both Men and Books with Curious Search had read: 70
 Fathom'd the ancient Policies of *Greece*,
 And having form'd from all one curious Piece,
 Learn't thence what Springs best move and guide a
 State,

And could with ease direct the heavy Weight.
 But our then angry Fate great *Glo'ster* seiz'd, 75
 And never since seem'd perfectly appeas'd.
 For, oh! What pity, People bless'd as we
 With Plenty, Peace and noble Liberty,
 Should so much of our old Disease retain,
 To make us surfeit into Slaves again! 80
 Slaves to those Tyrant Lords whose Yoke we bore,
 And serv'd so base a Bondage to before;
 Yet 'twas our Curse, that Blessings flow'd too fast,
 Or we had Appetites too course to taste.
 Fond *Israelites* our *Manna* to refuse, 85
 And *Egypt's* loathsome Flesh-pots murmur'ing chuse.

Great *Charles* saw this, yet hush'd his rising Breast,
 Though much the Lion in his Bosome prest.
 But he for Sway seem'd so by Nature made,
 That his own Passions knew him, and obey'd. 90
 Master of them, he soften'd his Command,
 The Sword of Rule scarce threatn'd in his Hand.
 Stern Majesty upon his Brow might sit,
 But Smiles, still playing round it, made it sweet:
 So finely mix'd had Nature dar'd t' afford; 95

One least Perfection more, h'ad been ador'd :
 Mercifull, just, good-natur'd, lib'ral, brave,
 Witty, a Pleasure's Friend, yet not her Slave.
 The paths of Life by noblest methods trod ;
 Of mortal mould, but in his Mind a God. 100
Though now (alas !) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.

In this great Mind long he his Cares revol'd,
 And long it was e'er the great Mind resolv'd.
 Till Weariness at last his Thoughts compos'd ; 105
 Peace was the Choice, and their Debates were clos'd.
 But, oh !

Through all this Isle, where it seems most design'd,
 Nothing so hard as wish'd-for Peace to find.
 The Elements due Order here maintain, 110
 And pay their Tribute in of Warmth and Rain.
 Cool Shades and Streams, rich fertile Lands abound,
 And Nature's bounty flows the seasons round.

But we, a wretched race of Men, thus blest,
 Of so much Happiness (if known) possess, 115
 Mistaking every noblest Use of Life,
 Left beauteous Quiet, that kind, tender Wife,
 For the unwholesome, brawling Harlot, Strife. }

The Man in Power, by wild Ambition led,
 Envy'd all Honours on another's Head ; 120
 And, to supplant some Rival, by his Pride
 Embroil'd that State his Wisdom ought to guide.

The Priests who humble Temp'rance should profess,
 Sought silken Robes and fat voluptuous Ease ;
 So with small Labours in the Vineyard shown 125
 Forsook God's harvest to improve their own.

That dark *Ænigma* (yet unriddled) Law,
 Instead of doing Right and giving Awe,
 Kept open Lists, and at the noisy Bar,
 Four times a year, proclaim'd a Civil War ; 130
 Where daily Kinsman, Father, Son and Brother

Might damn their Souls to ruine one another.
 Hence Cavils rose 'gainst Heav'ns and *Cæsar's* Cause,
 From false Religions and corrupted Laws;
 Till so at last Rebellion's Base was laid, 135
 And God or King no longer were obey'd.

But that good Angel whose surmounting Power
 Waited Great *Charles* in each emergent hour,
 Against whose Care Hell vainly did decree,
 Nor faster could design than That foresee, 140
 Guarding the Crown upon his Sacred Brow
 From all its blackest Arts, was with him now,
 Assur'd him Peace must be for him design'd,
 For he was born to give it all mankind.
 By Patience, Mercies large, and many Toils, 145
 In his own Realms to calm intestine Broils,
 Thence ev'ry root of Discord to remove,
 And plant us new, with Unity and Love.
 Then stretch his healing Hands to neighbouring Shores,
 Where Slaughter rages and wild Rapine roars; 150
 To cool their Ferments with the Charmes of Peace,
 Who, so their Madness and their Rage might cease,
 Grow all, (embracing what such Friendship brings)
 Like us the People, and like Him their Kings.
But now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies, 155
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.

For this Assurance pious Thanks he paid,
 Then in his Mind the beauteous Modell laid
 Of that Majestick Pile, where oft his Care
 A while forgot he might for Ease repair. 160
 A Seat for sweet Retirement, Health and Love,
Britain's Olympus, where, like awfull *Jove*,
 He pleas'd could sit, and his Regards bestow
 On the vain, busie, swarming World below.
 E'en I, the meanest of those humble Swains, 165
 Who sang his Praises through the fertile Plains,
 Once in a happy hour was thither led,
 Curious to see what Fame so far had spread.

*There, Tell my Muse, what wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy Song and his Celestial Mind.*

170

'Twas at that joyfull, hallow'd Day's return,
On which that Man of Miracles was born,
At whose great Birth appear'd a noon-day Star,
Which Prodigy foretold yet many more ;
Did strange Escapes from dreadfull Fate declare, 175
Nor shin'd, but for one greater King before.
*Though now (alas !) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.*

For this great Day were equal Joys prepar'd,
The Voice of Triumph on the Hills was heard ; 180
Redoubl'd Shoutings wak'd the Echo's round
And chearfull Bowls with loyal Vows were crown'd.
But, above all, within those lofty Towers,
Where Glorious *Charles* then spent his happy hours,
Joy wore a solemn, though a smiling Face ; 185
'Twas gay, but yet Majestick, as the Place.
*Tell then, my Muse, what Wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy Song and his Celestial Mind.*

*S.
George's
Church.

Within a Gate of strength, whose ancient Frame
Has out-worn Time and the Records of Fame, 190
A Reverend **Dome* there stands, where twice each day
Assembling Prophets their Devotions pay,
In Prayers and Hymns to Heaven's Eternal King,
The Cornet, Flute and Shawme assisting as they sing.
Here *Israel's* mystick Statutes they recount, 195
From the first Tables of the Holy Mount,
To the blest Gospel of that Glorious Lord,
Whose pretious Death Salvation has restor'd.
*Here speak, my Muse, what Wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy Song and his Celestial Mind.* 200

†S.
George's
Chapel.

Within this *Dome* a shining †Chapel's rais'd,
Too Noble to be well describ'd or prais'd.
Before the Door, fix'd in an Awe profound,
I stood and gaz'd with pleasing Wonder round ;

When one approach'd who bore much sober Grace, 205
 Order and Ceremony in his Face;
 A threatenng Rod did his dread Right-hand poize,
 A badge of Rule and Terrour o'er the Boys:
 His Left, a Massy bunch of Keys did sway,
 Ready to open all to all that pay. 210
 This Courteous Squire, observing how amaz'd
 My Eyes betray'd me as they wildly gaz'd,
 Thus gently spoke: *Those *Banners rais'd on high*
Betoken noble Vows of Chivalry,
Which here their Hero's with Religion make
When they the Ensigns of this Order take. 215
 Then in due method made me understand
 What Honour fam'd St. *George* had done our Land;
 What Toils he vanquish'd, with what Monsters strove;
 Whose Champion's since for Vertue, Truth and Love, 220
 Hang here their Trophies, while their gen'rous Arms
 Keep Wrong suppress and Innocence from Harms.
 At this m' Amazement yet did greater grow,
 For I had been told all Vertue was but Show.
 That oft bold Villany had best Success, 225
 As if its Use were more not Merit less.
 But here I saw how it rewarded shin'd.
 Tell on, my Muse, what Wonders thou didst find }
 Worthy thy Song and Charles his mighty Mind. }

I turn'd around my Eyes, and, *Lo, a Cell, 230
 Where melancholy Ruine seem'd to dwell:
 The Door unhing'd, without or Bolt or Ward,
 Seem'd as what lodg'd within found small regard.
 Like some old Den, scarce visited by Day,
 Where dark Oblivion lurk't and watch't for Prey.
 Here, in a Heap of confus'd Waste, I found
 Neglected Hatchments tumbled on the ground;
 The Spoils of Time, and Triumph of that Fate
 Which equally on all Mankind does wait:
 The *Hero* levell'd in his humble Grave, 240
 With other men, was now nor great nor brave;

The Banners of the Knights of the Garter.

*An old Isle in the Church where the Banner of a dead Knight is carried
 235 when another succeeds him.

While here his Trophies, like their Master, lay,
 To Darkness, Worms and Rottenness, a Prey.
 Urg'd by such Thoughts as guide the truly Great,
 Perhaps his Fate he did in Battel meet ; 245
 Fell in his Prince's and his Countrey's Cause ;
 But what his Recompence? A short Applause,
 Which he ne'er hears, his Memory may grace,
 Till, soon forgot, another takes his Place.

And happy that Man's Chance who falls in time, 250
 E'er yet his Vertue be become his Crime ;
 E'er his abus'd Desert be call'd his Pride,
 Or Fools and Villains on his Ruine ride.
 But truly blest is he whose Soul can bear
 The Wrongs of Fate, nor think them worth his Care: 255
 Whose Mind no Disappointment here can shake,
 Who a true Estimate of Life does make,
 Knows 'tis uncertain, frail, and will have end,
 So to that Prospect still his Thoughts does bend ;
 Who, though his Right a stronger Power invade, 260
 Though Fate oppress, and no man give him Aid,
 Cheer'd with th' Assurance that he there shall find
 Rest from all Toils, and no Remorse of mind ;
 Can Fortune's Smiles despise, her Frowns out-brave ;
 For who's a Prince or Beggar in the Grave? 265

But if Immortal any thing remain,
 Rejoice my Muse, and strive that End to gain.
 Thou kind Dissolver of encroaching Care,
 And Ease of e'ery bitter Weight I bear,
 Keep from my Soul Repining while I sing 270
 The Praise and Honour of this Glorious King ;
And farther tell what Wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy Song and his Celestial Mind.

**The
 Keep.*

Beyond the Dome a *Lofty Tower appears,
 Beauteous in Strength, the Work of long past years ; 275
 Old as his noble Stem, who there bears sway,
 And, like his Loyalty, without Decay.
 This goodly ancient Frame looks as it stood

The mother Pile ; and all the rest her brood
So carefull Watch seems piously to keep, 280
While underneath her Wings the Mighty sleep ;
And they may rest, since **Norfolk* there commands,
Safe in his faithfull Heart and valiant Hands.

**The new
Duke of
N. Con-
stable of
Windsor.*

But now appears the † Beauteous Seat of Peace,
Large of extent and fit for goodly Ease ;
Where Noble Order strikes the greedy Sight
With Wonder, as it fills it with Delight ;
The massy Walls seem, as the Womb of Earth
Shrunk when such mighty Quarries thence had birth ;
Or by the *Theban* Founder they'd been rais'd, 290
And in his pow'rfull Numbers should be prais'd :
Such Strength without does ev'ry where abound,
Within such Glory and such Splendour's found,
As man's unifed skill had there combin'd
T' express what one great *Genius* had design'd. 295

†*The
House.*

Thus, when the happy World *Augustus* sway'd,
Knowledge was cherish'd and Improvement made ;
Learning and Arts his Empire did adorn,
Nor did there one neglected Vertue mourn ;
But, at his Call, from farthest Nations came, 300
While the Immortal Muses gave him Fame.
Though when her far stretch'd Empire flourish'd most,
Rome never yet a Work like this could boast :
No *Cæsar* e'er like *Charles* his Pomp express'd,
Nor ever were his Nations half so blest : 305

*Though now (alas !) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.*

Here, as all Nature's Wealth to Court him prest,
Seem'd to attend him, Plenty, Peace and Rest.
Through all the lofty Roofs * describ'd we finde
The Toils and Triumphs of his Godlike mind :
A Theam that might the Noblest Fancy war'n,
And onely fit for † his who did performe.
The Walls adorn'd with richest woven Gold,

310 **The
Paintings
done by
†The
Sieur
Verrio, his
Majestie's
chief
Painter.*

Equal to what in Temples shin'd of old, 315
 Grac'd well the Lustre of his Royal Ease,
 Whose Empire reach'd throughout the wealthy Seas:
 Ease which he wisely chose, when raging Arms
 Kept neighb'ring Nations waking with Alar'ms:
 For when Wars troubl'd her soft Fountains there, 320
 She swell'd her Streams, and flow'd in faster here;
 With her came Plenty, till our Isle seem'd blest,
 As *Canaan's* Shore, where *Israel's* Sons found rest.
 Therefore when Cruel Spoilers who have hurl'd
 Waste and Confusion through the wretched World, 325
 To after times leave a great hated Name,
 The Praise of Peace shall wait on *Charles's* Fame;
 His Countrey's Father, through whose tender Care,
 Like a lull'd Babe she slept, and knew no Fear;
 Who, when sh' offended, oft would hide his Eyes, 330
 Nor see, because it griev'd him to chastize.
 But if Submission brought her to his Feet,
 With what true Joy the Penitent he'd meet!
 How would his Love still with his Justice strive!
 How Parent-like, how fondly he'd forgive! 335
But now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.
 Since after all those Toils through which he strove
 By ev'ry Art of most endearing Love,
 For his Reward he had his *Britain* found, 340
 The Awe and Envy of the Nations round.
Muse then speak more what Wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy Song and his Celestial Mind.
 Tell now what Emulation may inspire
 And warm each *British* Heart with War-like Fire; 345
 Call all thy Sisters of the Sacred Hill,
 And by the Painter's Pencill guide my Quill;
 Describe that lofty monumental * Hall,
 Where *England's* Triumphs grace the shining Wall, }
 When she led captive Kings from conquer'd *Gaul*. } 350
 Here when the Sons of Fame their Leader meet,

*Where
 St.
 George's
 Feast is
 kept.

And at their Feasts in pompous order sit,
 When the glad sparkling Bowle inspires the Board,
 And high rais'd Thoughts great Tales of War afford,
 Here as a Lesson may their Eyes behold 355
 What their victorious Fathers did of old;
 When their proud Neighbours of the *Gallick* shore
 Trembled to hear the *English Lion* Roar.

Here may they see how good' old †*Edward* sate †Edw.
 And did his *Glorious Son's Arrival wait, III
 When from the Fields of vanquish'd *France* he came, 360 **The*
 Follow'd by Spoils, and usher'd in by Fame. *Black*
Prince.

In Golden Chains he their Quell'd Monarch led,
 Oh, for such Laurels on another Head!
 Unsoil'd with Sloth, nor yet o'er cloy'd with Peace, 365
 We had not then learn'd the loose Arts of Ease.

In our own Climes our vig'rous Youth were nurst,
 And with no foreign Educations curst.
 Their Northern Mettle was preserv'd with Care,
 Not sent for soft'ning into hotter Air. 370

Nor did they 'as now from fruitless Travels come
 With Follies, Vices and Diseases home;
 But in full Purity of Health and Mind
 Kept up the Noble Vertues of their Kind.
 Had not false Senates to those Ills dispos'd, 375

Which long had *England's* Happiness oppos'd
 With stubborn Faction and rebellious Pride,
 All Means to such a noble End deny'd,
 To *Britain*, *Charles* this Glory had restor'd,
 And those revolted Nations own'd their Lord. 380

But now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.

And now survey what's open'd to our view,
 Bow down all Heads, and pay Devotion due.
 The Temple by this *Hero* Built behold, 385 *The*
 Adorn'd with Carvings, and o'erlaid with Gold; *Chapel at*
 Whose radiant Roof such Glory does display, *the end of*
the Hall.

We think we see the Heaven, to which we Pray;
 So well the Artist's hand has there delin'd
 The mercifull Redemption of Mankind;
 The bright Ascension of the Son of God,
 When back through yielding Skies to Heav'n he rode,
 With Lightning round his Head, and Thunder where he
 trod. 390

Thus when to *Charles*, as *Solomon*, was given
 Wisdom, the greatest gift of Bounteous Heaven;
 A house like his he built, and Temple rais'd,
 Where his Creatour might be fitly prais'd;
 With Riches too and Honours was he Crown'd,
 Nor whilst he liv'd, was there one like him found.
 Therefore what once, to *Israel's* Lord was said,
 When *Sheba's* Queen his glorious Court survey'd,
 To *Charles's* Fame for ever shall remain,
 Who did as wondrous things, who did as greatly Reign.
 "Happy were they who could before him stand,
 "And saw the Wisdom of his dread Command;
 For Heav'n resolv'd, that much above the rest
 Of other Nations *Britain* should be Blest.
 Found him when Banisht from his Sacred Right,
 Try'd his Great Soul, and in it took delight;
 Then to his Throne in Triumph did him bring,
 Where never Rul'd a Wiser, Juster King. 400
But now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lyes,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.

Thus far the Painter's Hand did guide the Muse,
 Now let her lead, nor will he sure refuse.
 Two kindred Arts they are, so near ally'd,
 They oft have by each other been supply'd.
 Therefore, Great Man! when next thy Thoughts encline
 To works of Fame, let this be the Design.
 As thou couldst best Great *Charles* his Glory show,
 Shew how he fell, and whence the fatal blow. 410

In a large Scene may give Beholders Awe,

The meeting of a num'rous Senate draw ;
 Over their Heads a black distemper'd sky,
 And through the Air let grinning Furies fly, 425
 Charg'd with Commissions of Infernal date,
 To raise fell discord and intestine hate ;
 From their foul Heads let them by handfulls tear
 The ugliest Snakes, and best lov'd Fav'rites there,
 Then whirl them (spouting venome as they fall) 430
 'Mongst the assembled numbers of the Hall ;
 There into murm'ring Bosoms let them go,
 Till their Infection to Confusion grow ;
 Till such bold Tumults and Disorders rise,
 As when the Impious Sons of Earth assail'd the threatned
 Skyes. 435

But then let Mighty *Charles* at distance stand,
 His Crown upon his Head, and Sceptre in his Hand ,
 To send abroad his Word, or with a Frown
 Repell, and dash th' Aspiring Rebels down :
 Unable to behold his dreaded Ray, 440
 Let them grow blind, disperse and reel away.
 Let the dark Fiends the troubled Air forsake,
 And all new peacefull Order seem to take.

But oh Imagine Fate t' have waited long
 An hour like this, and mingled in the Throng, 445
 Rous'd with those Furies from her feat below,
 T' have watcht her onely time to give the blow :
 When cruel Cares by faithless Subjects bred,
 Too closely prest his Sacred Peacefull Head ;
 With them t' have pointed her destroying Dart, 450
 And through the Brain found passage to the Heart.
Deep wounding Plagues Avenging Heav'n bestow
On those curst Heads to whom this loss we owe !
On all who Charles his Heart affliction gave,
And sent him to the sorrows of the Grave ! 455

Now, Painter, (if thy Griefs can let thee) draw
 The saddest Scene that weeping Eyes e'er saw ;
 How on his Royal Bed that wofull day

The much lamented Mighty Monarch lay;
Great in his fate, and ev'n o'er that a King, 460
No terrour could the Lord of Terrours bring.
Through many steady and well manag'd years
He'ad arm'd his Mind 'gainst all those little fears,
Which common Mortals want the Pow'r to hide,
When their mean Souls, and valu'd Clay divide. 465
Had studied well the worth o' Life, and knew
Its troubles many, and its blessings few;
Therefore unmov'd did Deaths approaches see,
And grew familiar with his Destiny.
Like an Acquaintance entertain'd his Fate, 470
Who as it knew him, seem'd content to wait,
Not as his Gaoler, but his friendly Guide,
While he for his great Journey did provide.

Oh couldst thou express the yearnings of his mind
To his poor mourning People left behind! 475
But that I fear will e'en thy skill deceive,
None but a Soul like his such goodness could conceive.
For though a stubborn Race deserving ill,
Yet would he shew himself a Father still.
Therefore he chose for that peculiar care, 480
His Crowns, his Vertues, and his Mercies Heir.
Great *James* who to his Throne does now succeed,
And charg'd him tenderly his Flocks to feed;
To guide them too, too apt to run astray,
And keep the Foxes and the Wolves away. 485

Here, Painter, if thou canst thy Art Improve,
And shew the wonders of Fraternal Love;
How mourning *James* by fading *Charles* did stand,
The Dying grasping the Surviving Hand;
How round each others Necks there Armes they cast, 490
Moan'd with endearing mur'mrings, and embrac't,
And of their parting Pangs such marks did give,
'Twas hard to guess which yet could longest live.
Both their sad Tongues quite lost the pow'r to speak,
And their kind Hearts seem'd both prepar'd to break. 495

Here let thy curious Pencil next display,
 How round his Bed a beauteous Off-spring lay,
 With their Great Father's Blessing to be Crown'd, }
 Like young fierce Lions stretcht upon the ground, }
 And in Majestick silent Sorrow drown'd. } 500

This done, suppose the Ghastly minute nigh,
 And Paint the Griefs of the sad Standers-by;
 Th' unwearied Rev'rend Father's pious care,
 Off'ring (as oft as tears could stop) a Prayer.
 Of Kindred Nobles draw a sorrowing Train, 505
 Whose looks may speak how much they shar'd his pain;
 How from each Groan of his, deriving smart,
 Each fetcht another from a tortur'd Heart.
 Mingled with these, his faithfull Servants place,
 With different Lines of Woe in ev'ry Face; 510
 With down cast Heads, swoln Breasts, & streaming Eyes,
 And Sighs that mount in vain the unrelenting Skyes.

But yet there still remains a Task behind,
 In which thy readiest Art may labour find.
 At distance let the Mourning Queen appear, 515
 (But where sad News too soon may reach her Ear;)
 Describe her prostrate to the Throne above,
 Pleading with Pray'r the tender cause of Love:
 Shew Troop of Angels hov'ring from the Sky,
 (For They whene'er she call'd were always nigh) 520
 Let them attend her Cries and hear her moan,
 With looks of beauteous sadness like her own,
 Because they know her Lord's great Doom is seal'd,
 And cannot (though she ask it) be repeal'd.

By this time think the work of Fate is done, 525
 So any farther sad Description shun.
 Shew him not Pale and Breathless on his Bed,
 'Twould make all Gazers on thy Art fall Dead;
 And thou thy self to such a scene of woe
 Add a new Piece, and thy own statue grow. 530

Wipe therefore all thy Pencils, and prepare
 To Draw a prospect now of clearer Air.

Paint in an Eastern Sky new dawning Day,
 And there the Embrio's of Time display;
 The forms of many smiling years to come, 535
 Just ripe for birth, and lab'ring from their Womb,
 Each struggling which shall Eldership obtain,
 To be first Grac't with Mighty *James* his Reign.
 Let the Dread Monarch on his Throne appear;
 Place too the charming Partner of it there. 540
 O'er his their wings let Fame and Triumph spread,
 And soft-Ey'd *Cupid's* Hover o'er her Head;
 In his Paint Smiling, yet Majestick Grace,
 But all the wealth of Beauty in her Face
 Then from the diff'rent Corners of the Earth 545
 Describe Applauding Nations coming forth,
 Homage to pay, or humble Peace to gain,
 And own Auspicious *Omens* from his Reign.
 Set at long distance his Contracted Foes
 Shrinking from what they dare not now oppose; 550
 Draw shame or mean despair in all their Eyes,
 And terrour lest th' Avenging Hand should rise.
 But where his Smiles extend draw beauteous Peace,
 The Poor Man's chearfull Toils, the Rich Man's Ease.
 Here, Shepherds Piping to their feeding Sheep, 555
 Or stretcht at length in their warm Hutts asleep;
 There jolly Hinds spread through the sultry Fields,
 Reaping such Harvests as their Tillage yields;
 Or sheltr'd from the scorchings of the Sun,
 Their Labours ended, and repast begun; 560
 Rang'd on Green Banks which they themselves did raise,
 Singing their own Content, and Rulers Praise.
 Draw beauteous Meadows, Gardens, Groves and Bowers,
 Where Contemplation best may pass her Hours;
 Fill'd with Chast Lovers plighting Constant Hearts, 565
 Rejoycing *Muses*, and encourag'd Arts.
 Draw ev'ry thing like this that Thought can frame,
 Best suiting with thy Theam, Great *James* his Fame.
 Known for the Man who from his Youthfull years,

By mighty Deeds has earn'd the Crown he wears; 570
Whose Conq'ring Arm far envied wonders wrought,
When an ungratefull Peoples Cause he Fought;
When for their Rights he his brave Sword employ'd,
Who in Return would have his Rights destroy'd:
But Heav'n such Injur'd merit did regard, 575
(As Heav'n in time true Vertue will reward)
So to a Throne by Providence he rose,
And all, who e'er were his, were Providence's Foes.

FINIS.

576 will regard)

The Complaint.

A SONG

To a new *Scotch* Tune of Mr. *Farmers*,
By Mr. *T. O.*

I Love, I dote, I rave with pain,
No quiet's in my mind,
Tho ne're cou'd be a happy Swain,
Were *Sylvia* less unkind.
For when, as long her Chains I've worn, 5
I ask relief from smart,
She only gives me looks of Scorn;
Alas 'twill break my heart.

My Rival's rich in Worldly Store,
May offer heaps of Gold, 10
But surely I a Heav'n adore,
Too precious to be sold;
Can *Sylvia* such a Coxcomb prize,
For Wealth and not Desert,
And my poor sighs and tears despise? 15
Alas, 'twill break my heart.

When like some panting hov'ring Dove,
I for my Bliss contend,
And plead the Cause of eager Love,
She coldly calls me Friend; 20
Ah *Sylvia*! thus in vain you strive,
To act a Healers part,
'Twill keep but lingring pain alive;
Alas! and break my heart.

When on my lonely pensive Bed, 25
I lay me down to rest,
In hope to calm my raging head,
And cool my burning Breast;
15 despise;

471

30

35

45

35 Love, 45 Maid,

A PASTORAL

*On the Death of His late Majesty written by
Mr. Otway*

What horrors this that dwells upon the Plain,
And thus disturbs the Shepherds peaceful Reign?
A dismal sound breaks thro' the yielding air
Forewarning us some dreadful storm is neer,
The bleating flocks in wild confusion stray, 5
The early Larks forsake their wandering way
And cease to welcome in the new-born day.
Each Nymph possest with a distracted fear
Disorder'd hangs her loose dishevell'd hair,
Diseases with her strong convulsions reign, 10
And deities not known before to pain
Are now with Apoplectick seizures slain:
Hence flow our sorrows, hence increase our fears,
Each humble plant do's drop her silver tears.
Ye tender Lambs stray not so fast away, 15
To weep and mourn-let us together stay,
O're all the universe let 't be spread
That now the Shepherd of the flock is dead.
The Royal Pan, that shepherd of the sheep,
He, who to leave his flock did dying weep, 20
Is gone, ah gone, ne're to return from death's Eternal sleep.
Begin, *Damela*, let thy numbers fly
Aloft, where the safe milkey way does ly,
Mop'sus who *Daphnis* to the Stars did sing
Shall joyn with you and hither waft our King. 25
Play gently on your Reeds a mournful strain
And tell in notes thro' all th' Arcadian Plain,
The Royal Pan, the Shepherd of the sheep,
He who to leave his Flock did dying weep,
Is gone! is gone, ne're to return from death's eternal sleep.

5 stray

13 fears

27 Plain

28 sheep

29 weep

LOVE-LETTERS,

Written by the

Late Most Ingenious

Mr. *Thomas Otway*.

Printed from the

ORIGINAL COPY.

LOVE-LETTERS.

BY

Mr. *Thomas Otway*, &c.

Letter I.

My Tyrant!

I Endure too much *Torment* to be silent, and have
endur'd it *too long* not to make the *severest* Complaint.
I love you, I dote on you; *Desire* makes me *mad*, when I
am near you; and *Despair*, when I am from you. Sure, of 5
all Miseries, *Love* is to me the most intolerable; it *haunts*
me in my Sleep, *perplexes* me when *waking*; every melan-
cholly Thought makes my *Fears* more powerful; and every
delightful one makes my *Wishes* more unruly. In all other
Uneasie Chances of a Man's Life, there is an *immediate* 10
Recourse to some kind of Succour or another: in *Wants* we
apply ourselves to our *Friends*; in *Sickness*, to *Physicians*:
but *Love*, the sum, the total of all *Misfortunes*, must be
endur'd with *Silence*, no *Friend* so dear to trust with such
a *Secret*, nor *Remedy* in *Art* so *powerful*, to remove its 15
Anguish. Since the *first Day* I saw you, I have hardly
enjoy'd one *Hour* of perfect Quiet: I lov'd you early; and
no sooner had I beheld that *soft bewitching* Face of yours,
but I felt in my *Heart* the very Foundation of all my *Peace*
give way: But when you became *another's*, I must confess 20
that I did then *rebel*, had *foolish Pride* enough to promise
myself, I would in time recover my *Liberty*: in spite of
my *enslav'd Nature*, I swore against myself, I would *not*
love you: I affected a *Resentment*, stifled my *Spirit*, and
would not let it *bend*, so much as once to *upbraid* you, 25
each day it was my Chance to see or to be near you: With
stubborn *Sufferance* I resolv'd to bear and brave your
Power; nay, did it often too, *successfully*. Generally with
Wine or *Conversation* I diverted or appeas'd the *Dæmon*
that *possess'd* me; but when *at night* returning to my 30

unhappy self, to give my *Heart* an account why I had done it so *unnatural* a Violence, it was then I always paid a *treble Interest* for the *short Moments* of Ease which I had borrow'd; then every *treacherous Thought* rose up, and took
35 your part, nor left me till they had *thrown* me on my Bed, and *open'd* those *Sluces of Tears* that were to run till *Morning*. This has been for some Years my *best Condition*: Nay, Time itself, that *decays* all things else, has but *encreas'd* and *added* to my Longings. I tell it you, and
40 charge you to *believe* it as you are *generous*, (which sure you must be, for *every* thing except your *Neglect* of me, *perswades* me that you are so) even at *this* time, tho' other Arms have held you, and so long trespass'd on those *dear* Joys that only were *my Due*; I love you with that *tender-*
45 *ness* of Spirit, that *purity* of Truth, and that *sincerity* of Heart, that I could *sacrifice* the *nearest Friends* or Interests I have on Earth, barely but to *please* you: if I had all the *World*, it should be yours; for *with it* I could be but *miserable*, if you *were not mine*. I appeal to yourself for *Justice*,
50 if through the *whole Actions* of my *Life* I have done any *one thing* that might not let you see how *absolute* your Authority was over me. Your *Commands* have been always *sacred* to me; your *Smiles* have always *transported* me, and your *Frowns* aw'd me. In short, *you will* quickly
55 become to me the *greatest Blessing*, or the *greatest Curse*, that ever *Man was doom'd* to. I cannot so much as *look* on you *without Confusion*; *Wishes* and *Fears* rise up in *War within me*, and work a *curs'd Distraction* through my *Soul*, that must, I am sure, in time have *wretched Consequences*:
60 You only can with that *healing Cordial*, *Love*, *assuage* and *calm* my *Torments*; pity the *Man* then that would be proud to *dye* for you, and cannot *live* without you, and *allow* him thus far to *boast* too, that (take out *Fortune* from the *Ballance*) you never were *belov'd* or *courted* by a
65 *Creature* that had a *nobler* or *juster Pretence* to your *Heart*, than the *Unfortunate* and (even at this time) *Weeping*

Otway.

Letter II.

IN value of your *Quiet*, tho' it would be the *utter* ruine of *my own*, I have endeavour'd this Day to *perswade* my self never more to *trouble* you with a *Passion* that has tormented me sufficiently *already*, and is so much the more a *Torment* to me, in that I perceive it is become *one* to 5 you, who are much *dearer* to me than *my self*. I have laid all the *Reasons* my *distracted* Condition would let me have recourse to, before me: I have consulted my *Pride*, whether after a *Rival's* Possession I ought to *ruine* all my *Peace* for a *Woman* that another has been more *blest* in, 10 tho' *no Man* ever *loved* as I did: But *Love*, victorious *Love*, o'erthrows all that and *tells* me, it is his Nature never to *remember*; he still *looks* forward from the *present* hour, *expecting* still *new* Dawns, *new* rising Happiness, never *looks back*, never *regards* what is *past*, and left behind him, 15 but *buries* and *forgets* it quite in the *hot fierce* pursuit of *Joy* before him: I have consulted too *my very self*, and find how *careless* Nature was in *framing* me; *seasoned* me *hastily* with all the most *violent* Inclinations and Desires, but omitted the *Ornaments* that should make those 20 *Qualities* become me: I have consulted too my Lot of *Fortune*, and find how *foolishly* I wish *possession* of what is so pretious, *all the World's* too cheap for it, yet still I *Love*, still I *dote on*, and *cheat* my self, very content because the *Folly* pleases me. It is *Pleasure* to think how 25 *Fair* you are, tho' at the same time worse then *Damnation*, to think how *Cruel*: Why should you tell me you have *shut* your Heart up *for ever*? It is an Argument *unworthy* of your self, sounds like *Reserve*, and not so much *Sincerity*, as sure I may claim even from a *little* of your *Friendship*. 30 Can your *Age*, your *Face*, your *Eyes*, and your *Spirit* bid defiance to that *sweet Power*? No, you know *better* to what end *Heaven* made you, know *better* how to manage *Youth* and *Pleasure*, then to let them *die* and *fall* upon your Hands. 'Tis *me*, 'tis only *me* you have barr'd your Heart 35

against. My *Sufferings*, my Diligence, my Sighs, Complaints, and Tears, are of no *power* with your *haughty* Nature; yet sure you might at least vouchsafe to *pity* them, not shift me off with gross, *thick, homespun Friend-*
 40 *ship*, the common *Coin* that passes betwixt *Worldly Interests*; must that be my Lot! Take it *ill Natur'd*, take it, give it to *him* who would waste his *Fortune* for you; give it the *Man* would fill your Lap with *Gold*, court you with Offers of vast rich *Possessions*, give it the *Fool* that has
 45 nothing but his *Money* to plead for him; *Love* will have a much nearer *Relation*, or none. I ask for *glorious* Happiness, you bid me welcome to your *Friendship*, it is like seating me at your *Side-table*, when I have the best Pretence to your *Right Hand* at the Feast: I *Love*, I *Doat*, I
 50 am *Mad*, and know no *measure*. Nothing but *Extreams* can give me ease, the kindest *Love*, or most provoking Scorn: Yet even your Scorn would not perform the Cure, it might indeed take off the edge of *Hope*, but damn'd *Despair* will gnaw my Heart for ever. If then I am not *odious* to your
 55 Eyes, if you have *Charity* enough to value the *well-being* of a Man that holds you *dearer* then you can the *Child* your *Bowels* are most *fond* of, by that sweet *Pledge* of your *first* softest Love, I *charm* and here *conjure* you to *pity* the distracting *pangs* of mine; pity my unquiet *Days* and restless
 60 *Nights*; pity the *Frenzy* that has half possess my *Brain* already, and makes me write to you thus *ravingly*; the Wretch in *Bedlam* is more at *Peace* than I am, and if I must never possess the *Heaven* I wish for, my next *Desire* is (and the *sooner* the better) a clean swept *Cell*, a merciful
 65 *Keeper*, and your *Compassion* when you find me there.

Think and be Generous.

Letter III.

SInce you are going to quit the *World*, I think my self obliged as a *Member* of that *World*, to use the best of my Endeavours to *divert* you from so *ill natur'd* an Inclina-

tion; therefore by reason your *Visits* will take up so much of this *Day*, I have *debarr'd my self* the opportunity of 5 *waiting* on you this *Afternoon*, that I may take a *time* you are more Mistress of, and when you shall have more *leisure* to hear, if it be possible for any *Arguments* of mine to take place in a *Heart*, I am afraid too much *harden'd* against me: I must confess it may look a little *extraordinary* for 10 one under my *Circumstances* to endeavour the *confirming* your good *Opinion* of the *World*, when it had been much *better* for me, one of us had *never* seen it: For *Nature* disposed me from my *Creation* to *Love*, and my ill *Fortune* has condemn'd me to *Doat* on one, who certainly could never 15 have been *deaf* so long to so *faithful* a *Passion*, had *Nature* disposed her from her *Creation* to *hate* any thing but me. I beg you to forgive this *Trifling*, for I have so many *Thoughts* of this nature, that 'tis impossible for me to take *Pen* and *Ink* in my *Hand*, and keep 'em *quiet*, especially 20 when I have the *least* pretence to let you know you are the *cause* of the *severest* *Disquiets* that ever touch'd the *Heart* of

Otway.

Letter IV.

COULD I see you without *Passion*, or be *absent* from you without *Pain*, I need not beg your *Pardon* for this renewing my *Vows*, that I *love* you more then *Health*, or any *Happiness* here or hereafter. Everything you do is a new *Charm* to me; and though I have *languish'd* for seven 5 long tedious *Years* of *Desire*, jealously and despairing; yet, every *Minute* I see you, I still discover something *new* and more *bewitching*. Consider how I *love* you, what would not *renounce*, or *enterprize* for you? I must have you *mine*, or I am *miserable*; and nothing but knowing which shall be 10 the *happy hour* can make the rest of my *Life* that are to

come tolerable. Give me a *word* or two of *comfort*, or resolve never to look with common *goodness* on me more, for I cannot bear a *kind Look*, and after it a *cruel Denial*. This
 15 *Minute* my Heart akes for you, and if I cannot have a *Right* in yours, I wish it would ake till I could *complain* to you no longer.

Remember poor Otway.

Letter V.

YOU cannot but be *sensible* that I am *blind*, or you would not so *openly* discover what a *ridiculous Tool* you make of me. I should be *glad* to discover whose satisfaction I was *sacrific'd* to this Morning; for I am sure your
 5 own *ill nature* could not be guilty of inventing such an *Injury* to me, meerly to try how much I could *bear*, were it not for the sake of some *Ass* that has the Fortune to *please* you: In short, I have made it the *Bus'ness* of my Life to do you *Service*, and *please* you, if possible by any way to
 10 convince you of the unhappy *Love* I have for *seven Years* toil'd under; and your whole *Bus'ness* is to pick *ill-natur'd* Conjectures out of my *harmless* freedom of Conversation, to *vex* and *gall* me with, as often as you are pleased to *DIVERT* your self at the *expence* of my *Quiet*.
 15 Oh, thou *Tormenter*! Could I think it were *Jealousie*, how should I *humble* my self to be *justify'd*, but I cannot bear the thought of being made a *Property* either of another Man's *good Fortune*, or the *Vanity* of a *Woman* that designs nothing but to *plague* me.
 20 *There may be means found sometime or other, to let you know your mistaking.*

Letter VI.

YOU were pleased to send me word you would meet me in the *Mall* this Evening, and give me further satisfaction in the Matter you were so unkind to charge me with; I was there, but found you not, and therefore beg of you, as you ever would wish your self to be eased of the highest Torment it were possible for your Nature to be sensible of, to let me see you some time to Morrow, and send me word by this Bearer, where, and at what Hour you will be so just as either to acquit or condemn me; that I may hereafter, for your sake, either bless all your bewitching Sex; or as often as I henceforth think of you, curse Womankind for ever.

ADDITIONAL TEXTUAL NOTES

Alcibiades.

Q 1 prints a list of errata on p. (68). The corrections made there have been silently incorporated in the present text. 'Tissaphernes' is found spelt once as 'Tessaphernes' (II. 189), and on another occasion as 'Tissophernus' (IV. 210). These solitary variations have been treated as misprints, with proper acknowledgement in the footnotes.

Don Carlos.

Q 1 gives a list of errata on p. (8). The corrections made there have been silently incorporated in the present text. On the same page appears the following advertisement: 'The Reader is desired to take Notice, That in the Third and Fourth Acts particularly the sence is frequently mistopped; which I know not whether they are the fault of the Press, or of him that Transcribed it from the Author's Copy: The false stops are generally Interrogation points or Notes of Exclamation; when indeed they might as properly have made True-love-knots, and they would have serv'd as well to the purpose.' This note is interesting, inasmuch as it represents a conflict in the punctuation of that period, when the older method of pointing an exclamatory sentence beginning with 'what' and 'how' with '?' was being gradually superseded by the modern '!'. The transitional character of the punctuation is further illustrated by Q 2, published during Otway's lifetime, and only two years after Q 1, which discards, almost entirely, the older pointing of Q 1. As to the other aspects of the text, the improvements made in Q 2 are almost wholly restricted to typography and spelling. The principal defect of Q 2 is that it omits many lines of the text (III. 479-81; V. 398-414, 444-7).

In the footnotes to the present text, readings that appear without any description are those of Q 1 for which the corrections made in Q 2 have been accepted. Readings common to both QQ, but altered in the present text, have been described: Q 1, 2. Variant readings of Q 2 which it has not been thought necessary to accept have been described: Q 2. The different spelling and initial capitals introduced by Q 2 have not been noticed.

Titus and Berenice with the Cheats of Scapin.

The fluctuation of spelling noticed in 'Phenice', 'Phænice', and 'Phænicia' has not been interfered with. Q 1 is among the worst printed of Otway first quartos.

Friendship in Fashion.

The variation of spelling noticed in 'Goodvil' and 'Goodvile' has not been interfered with. Q 1 is well printed, and has necessitated very few corrections.

The History and Fall of Caius Marius.

Q 1 is the best printed of Otway first quartos, and has presented but few occasions for emendation.

The Orphan.

In Q 1 'Polydore' is found spelt also as 'Polydor', 'Polhdor', and 'Polidore'—variations that have been allowed to stand. Similarly, 'Chamont', spelt as such throughout the play, has been retained as 'Chamount' in the *Dramatis Personae*. Q 1 is carelessly printed, with many mistakes and doubtful readings, and the corrections made in Q 2, published during Otway's lifetime, rarely extend beyond the most obvious misprints. In the footnotes to the present text, readings that appear without any note are those of Q 1 for which the corrections made in Q 2 have been accepted. Readings common to both QQ, but altered in the present text, have been noted: Q 1, 2. Variant readings of Q 2 which it has not been thought necessary to accept have been noted: Q 2. The different spelling and initial capitals found in Q 2 have not been noticed.

The Souldiers Fortune.

The fluctuation in the spelling of proper names noticed in Q 1 between 'Davy' and 'David', 'Sylvia' and 'Silvia', 'Courtin' and 'Courtine', 'Vermin' and 'Vermine', and 'Fourbin' and 'Fourbine', has not been interfered with. 'Beaugard' appears once as 'Beaggard', which has been regarded as a misprint, with acknowledgement at the foot of the text. Q 1 is the worst printed of Otway first quartos, with an unusually large number of textual errors. It even fails to observe the usual practice of the age about discriminating, by means of roman and italic founts, a proper name from the rest of the passage in which it occurs. In justifying this, while acknowledgement has been made of every typographical alteration made in the text proper, it has not been found possible to do the same with regard to the speech-prefixes and the stage directions as well.

About the footnotes to the present text of this play, the same device has been followed as in *The Orphan*.

Venice Preserv'd.

Several instances of fluctuation in the spelling of the same proper name are noticed in Q 1. Some of them were due to the first forty-one pages of the book having been set up by a different compositor from that of the rest (see Bibliography). As a rule they have not been interfered with: 'Pierre' and 'Peirre', 'Antony' and 'Antonio', 'Eliot' and 'Elliott', 'Revelido' and 'Revillido', 'Bedamar' and 'Bedamore'. The only two cases where correction has been made are 'Priuli' and 'Prinli', and 'Brainveil' and 'Bramveil', which have been reduced to uniformity as 'Priuli' and 'Bramveil' in consultation with the source from which the play was derived. 'Retrosi', who appears twice in the play (though he never speaks), has been included in the *Dramatis Personae* within corner brackets. It should also be noted that though Q 1 consistently spells 'Jaffair', the name appears always as 'Jaffier' in the source.

In Q 1 the Epilogue is printed immediately after the Prologue, but has been shifted to the end of the play in the present edition, in uniformity with the other plays.

Prologue and Epilogue: The text in the present edition is that of Q 1.

The variant readings presented by the two folio half-sheets, in which the Prologue and the Epilogue appeared separately from Q 1 (see Bibliography), are tabulated below. Differences of spelling, capitals, italics, and punctuation have not been noticed. S 1 stands for the first, and S 2 for the second, folio half-sheet.

PROLOGUE

	Q 1	S 1	S 2
1. 1	distracted	Unsettled	unsettl'd
3	we know	we know	I know
4	begin	began	begin
5	made	makes	made
9	'tis he says, to	'tis he says, to	is to each man's
10	plausible	plentiful	plausible
14	may his Play	make his Play	make his Play
16	cast	throw'n	thrown
21	Yet	But	But
22	But	Yet	Yet
	man	Man	Men

	<i>Q 1</i>	<i>S 1</i>	<i>S 2</i>
27	Till	And	And
28	In spight of Age (thanks Heaven) is	Thanks Heav'n, for all his Age, he's	In spight of Age, thanks Heav'n he's
29	Next is	Next, there's	Next, here's
30	higher	greater	higher
32	all	all	in
33	Creswolds	Creswells	Creswells
34	Oh	Oh	Ah

After l 20 *S 1* and *S 2* have the following couplet omitted from *Q 1*:

He has (Here are *S 2*) no Truths of such a Monstrous Stature,
And some believe there are none such in Nature.

EPILOGUE

	<i>Q 1</i>	<i>S 1</i>	<i>S 2</i>
1. 2	ended	done,	ended,
	pass	pray give	give
7	bad me boldly	bad me boldly	boldly bad me
11	Spirit	Courage	Courage
14	scowles	Scoules	Frowns
22	Or	A	Or
	Pique	sign	Pique,
	all	all	that
	to	no	to
23	shall	doth	shall
	daunt	Damn	daunt
	does	doth	doth
24	at	of	at
26	their	their	the
27	while	whil'st	while
28	Name	Fame	Name
31	reade	dread,	Read,
32	Martyr's,	Martyrs,	Martyr,
33	retain,	retain,	maintain,
39	our	our	His

In *S 2* ll. 28 and 29 are transposed.

The Atheist.

As the result of the first thirty-two pages of *Q 1* having been printed by a different compositor from that of the rest (see Bibliography), 'Daredevil', spelt as such in the *Dramatis Personae* and in the former part, appears as 'Dardevil' or

'Dardevill' in the latter; and 'Courtine' several times as 'Courtin'. These have not been altered. Similarly, 'Lucrece', found as such throughout the play, has been 'retained' as 'Lucretia' in the *Dramatis Personae*. Q 1 is well printed, but suffers from that vicious practice of the time of printing as verse passages that are really prose chopped up into a certain uniformity of length. The task of rectifying this has been given up as hopeless, partly because there are too many of such passages in *The Atheist*, as well as for the reason that they are sometimes very indeterminate in character, being interspersed now and then with lines that are genuine verse.

In Q 1 the Epilogue is printed immediately after the Prologue, but has been shifted to the end of the play in the present edition, in uniformity with the other plays.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Abbreviations used: 'Ded.' for Dedication; 'Pref' for Preface; 'Prol.' for Prologue; and 'Epil.' for Epilogue.

ALCIBIADES

Ded. *Charles Earl of Middlesex*: Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, Earl of Middlesex and Dorset; the celebrated wit and patron of letters. Otway dedicated to him *Friendship in Fashion* also

Prol. 18. *Garniture*: ornament or trimming of dress. The word was recent, and highly fashionable at the time. The earliest instance in the *O.E.D.* is from Dryden's *The Maiden Queen*, 1677, v. i, 'A man of garniture and feather is above the dispensation of the sword.' Cf. also:

He [the town-gallant] talks about nothing but *Intrigues*, *Gusto's*, *Garniture*, *Repartees*, and such modish *Fustian*.

The Character of a Town-Gallant, 1675.

19. *Cocks*: (1) cocks his hat, (2) swaggers; used again in *Souldiers F.*, II 59.

I. 207. *Gown-men*: members of a municipal corporation. The earliest instance in the *O.E.D.*

222. *prospects*: prospect-glasses.

IV. 130. *new imp't*: to 'imp' is to engraft feathers in the wing of a bird so as to improve its power of flight; hence 'strengthened'.

206. *turn base hell-hound*: the play has other echoes of *Macbeth* such as this; e.g. the words of Tissaphernes to the Villains later in the scene, and the dialogue between him and the Queen in Act v after the murder of the King.

V. 176. *gashly*: ghastly.

334. *gown men*: here in the sense of 'university men'.

Epil. 5. *Domitian*: Flavius Domitianus, the Roman Emperor, who, according to Suetonius, had the habit of killing flies when he was young.

DON CARLOS

Pref. 51-2. *Author of the French Berenice*: reference to Racine's preface to *Bérénice*.

61-2. *fine Facetious witty Person . . . Sir Formal*: reference to Shadwell's *The Virtuoso*, II. Shadwell's play was acted about a month before *Don Carlos*.

V. 404. *too blame*: as in *Venice P.*, III. ii. 464, and *The Atheist*, v. 1026, the phrase represents a characteristic usage of the 16th–17th centuries when ‘to’ was misunderstood as ‘too’ and ‘blame’ taken as an adjective (= blameworthy).

Epil. 19. *turn Nun*: may be, as Thornton conjectured, a reference to the actress Anne Reeve, reputed to have been Dryden’s mistress, who entered a convent about this time. Rochester alludes to this while satirizing Dryden in *A Session of the Poets*: ‘let him turn *Priest*, now *R*— is turned Nun.’

TITUS AND BERENICE

Ded. 28–9. *With-drawing room*: in Whitehall. See *Friendship in F.*, I. 349, 455, and *The Atheist*, v. 30.

31–2. *Muggleton*: Lodowicke Muggleton, the heresiarch.

I. ii. 73. *Whether*: variant of ‘whither’? Cf. *Souldiers F.*, III. 79.

III. 449. *Fucal*: of the nature of ‘fucus’; specious, fair-seeming (*O.E.D.*).

THE CHEATS OF SCAPIN

I. 26. *smug*: trim, neat.

74. *Cullies*: gulls, dupes.

108–9. *Composition*: settlement, used again in *Souldiers F.*, III. 43.

253. *rake-hell*: arrant rake; used again in *Friendship in F.*, I. 179, and *Souldiers F.*, I. 208.

266. *Bully of Alsatia*: used again in *Souldiers F.*, I. 19; Alsatia was the cant name for White Friars in London, formerly a notorious refuge for debtors and criminals. See the ‘*dramatis personae*’ before Shadwell’s *The Squire of Alsatia* for a description of the inhabitants.

II. 71. *Pick-thank*: one who ‘picks a thank’, i.e. curries favour with another, especially by informing against some one else; sycophant.

198. *obnoxious*: in the older sense of ‘liable’, ‘exposed to anything harmful or undesirable’.

208. *Cum multis etc.*: from the rules for the Gender of Nouns ending in *er*, *os*, *us* in Lily’s Latin Grammar.

225. *You have reason*: Fr. ‘avoir raison’; common in 16th–17th centuries.

II. 229. *bowels*: compassion, of which the bowels were supposed to be the seat. See *Souldiers F.*, iv. 627, and *Venice P.*, II. 300.

271. *frigassee*: make frigassee (fricassee) of.

290. *Not a sous*: For similar use of the plural form of Fr. words as singular cf. *The Atheist*, v. 646-7, 'I'll run and call a Flambeaux'; and Durfey's *Madam Fickle*, I. i, 'He has no money now, not a sous.'

323. *Promoters*: one who prosecuted offenders against law; originally an officer appointed by the Crown, later one who prosecuted in his own name and that of the Sovereign, receiving a part of the fine as his own (*O.E.D.*).

360. *chine*: break the chine of.

417. *Caper*: privateer.

490. *Dogbolt*: a term of reproach, meaning something mean or contemptible.

III. 93. *near*: ne'er (never).

136. *De-wit*: lynch; from the surname of the brothers John and Cornelius De Witt, Dutch statesmen brutally murdered by the mob in 1672. Otway's use of the word is much earlier than any noticed in the *O.E.D.*

150. *Whose*: for 'who's'; as in *Souldiers F.*, iv. 465, 553, and 661; also 2 *Henry VI*, I. iv. 50 Q, 'Whose within there!' (*O.E.D.*).

190. *Raddle*: beat, thrash.

191. *Keeble*: grind into small pieces. Otway's use of the term is much earlier than any noticed in the *O.E.D.*

193. *Snite*: (dial.) wipe nose; here fig., meaning tweak or pull nose.

196. *Kibbo*: cudgel.

342. *Roaster of tunes*: the *O.E.D.* understands this passage figuratively, and quotes *The British Magazine*, 1746, 'A Set of smart fellows . . . call'd Roasters.'

Epil. 28-9. Dramatic literature of this period is full of references to such conduct in the theatre. So Dryden, *Epilogue to the King and Queen*, 1682:

But stay; methinks some Vizard Mask I see
Cast out her Lure from the mid Gallery:
About her all the fluttering Sparks are rang'd;
The Noise continues, though the Scene is chang'd; . . .

Also, *Prologue to the Second Part of the Conquest of Granada* (1670):

But, as when Vizard Masque appears in Pit,
Straight every Man who thinks himself a Wit
Perks up, and, managing his Comb with grace,
With his white Wig sets off his Nut-brown Face,
That done, bears up to th' prize, and views each Limb, . . .

For a realistic picture of a contemporary play-house see Shadwell's *A True Widow*, IV. i.

Epil. 29. *Maux*: slattern.

33. *entertain'd behind our Scenes*: Dryden protests against this abuse in the *Prologue to the King and Queen*, 1682:

We beg you, last, our Scene-room to forebear,
And leave our Goods and Chattels to our Care.
Alas, our Women are but washy Toys,
And wholly taken up in Stage Employs. . . .

But it continued, and even so late as 1704 Queen Anne had to order that 'no Person of what Quality soever, Presume to go Behind the Scenes, or come upon the Stage, either before or during the Acting of Any Play.'

FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION

Prol. 25. *Bank-side Butchers do a Bear*: The Bear Garden was situated on Bankside, Southwark. Pepys has several references to it, and Evelyn records on 16 June, 1670: 'I went with some friends to the Bear Garden, where was cock-fighting, dog-fighting, bear and bull-baiting, it being a famous day for all these butcherly sports, or rather barbarous cruelties. . . . I was most heartily weary of the rude and dirty pastime.'

Otway's comparison of the theatre to the Bear Garden and of the audience to butchers has many parallels in contemporary literature:

I think, or hope at least, the coast is clear;
That none but Men of Wit and Sense are here;
That our Bear-Garden Friends are all away,
Who bounce with Hands and Feet, and cry, Play, Play. . . .

Dryden, *Prologue to Cleomenes* (1692)

How wretched is the Fate of those who write!
Brought muzl'd to the Stage, for fear they bite;
Where, like *Tom Dove*, they stand the Common Foe,
Lugg'd by the *Critique*, Baited by the *Beau*.

Dryden, *Prologue on the Occasion of his Benefit* (1700).

To boast their Lewdness here, young Scow'ners meet,
 And all the vile Companions of a street
 Keep a perpetual Bawling at the Door,
 Who beat the Bawd last Night? who bilk'd the Whore?
 They snarl, but neither fight, nor pay a Farthing;
 A Play-house is become a meer Bear-Garden,

Rochester, *Prologue Against the Disturbers of the Pit.*
(Works, 1721.)

I. 1. *Vizor*: masks were very fashionable with ladies in the early years of the Restoration, but fell into disrepute on account of their habitual use by women of ill fame. So the terms 'vizor' or 'Vizard-mask' became synonymous with 'harlot'. Otway refers to this in *Cheats of Scapin*, Epil., 38-41.

37. *Chatolins*: or the French House, a fashionable ordinary, well-known in contemporary literature. Pepys has two references to it, in one of which (13 March, 1668) he speaks of having had 'a damned base dinner' there.

82. *Bush*: 'Beggar's Bush', under which a beggar finds shelter. The *O.E.D.* quotes from Brewer to show that the origin is from a tree near Huntingdon, formerly a noted rendezvous of beggars.

134. *under the Rose*: 'Sub rosa', in confidence.

226. *Sham*: A very recent term; the earliest example in the *O.E.D.* is of the previous year, 1677. Cf. the following dialogue in Wycherley's *Plain Dealer* (1677), III. i, between the Lawyer, Manley, and Freeman:

Law. Why I'm sure you jok'd upon me, and sham'd me all night.

Man. Sham'd! pr'ythee what barbarous Law-term is that?

Law. Shamming! Why! don't you know that? 'tis all our way of Wit Sir.

Man. I am glad to know it then: Shamming! what does he mean by't *Freeman*?

Free. Shamming is telling you an insipid, dull Lye with a dull Face which the sly Wag the Author only laughs at himself; and making himself believe 'tis a good Jest, puts the Sham only upon himself.

267. *Groom-Porters*: the chief function of the Groom Porter, who had his office in Whitehall, was to license and regulate all matters connected with gaming. The post was abolished under George III. Pepys gives a description of gaming at Groom Porter's on 1 January, 1668.

I. 311. *blowing*: cant for 'mistress'.

356. *As cloe full of*: seems to be the song by Rochester, beginning

As *Cloris* full of harmless thought

Beneath a Willow lay;

King Love a youthful Shepherd brought

To pass the time away.

II. *Scene, The Ordinary*: really Goodvile's house.

27. *stomach*: appetite, of a kind understood from the context. Cf. *The Atheist*, iv. 95-7; v. 514; and *The Souldiers F.*, iii. 49.

72. *ranging*: changing from one attachment to another.

88. *Champaign as they call it*: the qualifying clause shows that 'champaign' was a recent term. The *O.E.D.* does not give any instance earlier than 1664 (*Hudibras*, ii. i. 570).

102. *you use to be*: are wont or accustomed to be. Such use of the verb in the present sense was quite common in the period. Cf. *The Souldiers F.*, ii. 433.

178. *touse*: see note, *Souldiers F.*, i. 264

191-2. *roaring, ranting, tory rory*: all these words mean the same thing, viz. 'boisterously merry'. The first two are met again later in the scene (506-7) when the drunk Sir Noble says, 'drink, whore, rant, roar, swear, make a noise, and all that'. Otway's use of 'tory rory' here is among the earliest instances quoted by the *O.E.D.* He uses it again in *Venice P.*, v. 153.

204. *crop-sick*: sick with excess and debauchery. Johnson quotes from Tate, *Juvenal's Satires*:

Strange odds! where crop-sick drunkards must engage

A hungry foe, . . .

207. *Smithfield Doggrel*: sung by the low clowns and Merry Andrews of Smithfield stalls. Smithfield acquired this association of vulgarity from its horse and cattle fairs. Cf. 'Grub-street', 'Billingsgate'.

Worse then a *Sodoms Farce* or *Smithfield Droll*,

Nothing so Beastly, Baudy or so dull.

The Tory Poets, 1682.

223. *Dutch bargain*: i.e. one, as Otway immediately adds, 'made in heat of wine'. The reference, of course, is to the drinking habits ascribed to the Dutch.

II. 338. *boarding our Mistresses*: i.e. making advances to.

He put his band and beard in order,
The sprucer to accost and board her.

Hudibras, III. i. 153-4.

371. *Gambado's*. a kind of large boot or gaiter attached to a saddle, to protect the rider's legs and feet from the wet or cold (*O.E.D.*).

437. *now acquaintance*: such attributive and adjectival use of now (= present, recent) was quite common in the period.

565. *Kissing Dance*: cushion-dance. In Etherege's *Man of Mode*, iv. i, Harriet says, 'He fits my Mother's humour so well, a little more and she'll dance a Kissing dance with him anon.'

III. 89. *Punchinello*, *Scaramouchio*, *Harlequin*: these characters of the Italian *comedia dell' arte* were familiar to the London public of the time through the performances given by Italian companies from the early days of the Restoration, and there are many references to them in contemporary literature. Pepys saw *Punchinello* on several occasions. One of Ravenscroft's plays is entitled *Scaramouch, a Philosopher, Harlequin A School-Boy, Bravo, Merchant and Magician*. 'A comedy after the Italian Manner.'

118. *by Dad*: This is the earliest instance in the *O.E.D.* of 'Dad' used as a deformation of 'God'.

316. *put stop to*: the *O.E.D.* does not notice any such instance of the omission of 'a', though it notes 'make stop of'.

321. *In January last*: seems to be the song beginning 'In January last, on Munnonday at Morn', which may be seen in Dufey's *Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719, I. 306.

331. *Irish Cronon*: or 'cronane'; a monotonous chant or drone, a song without words (Wright). In Shadwell's *The Scowrers*, II, Clara speaks of 'a Scotch Song more hideous and barbarous than an Irish Cronan'.

389. *Coranto*: Fr. *courante*, a kind of dance; used again in v. 357.

438. *gloat*: cast amorous glances. In Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, I. i, Woodall says of Tricksy, 'Are you gloating already? then there's hopes, i'faith.'

552-3. *Mother of the Maids*: chief of the maids of honour to the Queen.

III. 582. *Mask with an Amber-Bead*: ladies' masks had a bead fixed to their inside in order to keep them close to the face. Thus the Lady in *Hudibras*, III. i. 1012, speaks of 'sucking of a Vizard bead' in allusion to the practice of holding the bead in the mouth when the hands would be otherwise engaged.

637. *Billet Deux*: for similar confusion of 'deux' and 'doux' cf. Etherege, *The Man of Mode*, IV, 'A woman who at Playes makes the Deux yeux to a whole Audience', and 'A set of Balladins, whom I pickt out of the best in France and brought over, with a Flutes deux or two, my Servants.'

660. *Fubb*: a small chubby person, used as a term of endearment. Sir Jolly says to the whores in *Souldiers F.*, I. 346, 'Dead, my poor Fubses!' Also, in *Venice P.*, III i. 20, Antonio says to Aquilina, 'You Fubbs, you Pugg you.'

IV. 6. *loof*: variant of 'luff', bring ship's head nearer wind.

15. *Bumpers as they call 'em*: the qualifying clause shows that 'Bumpers' was a recent term. The earliest example in the *O.E.D.* is from Dufey's *Madam Fickle*, published the year before this play.

81. *souced*, soaked, here in wine; as in *Caius Marius*, IV. 277.

90. *Runs cross the walk*: for such use of 'cross' as a prep. (abbrev. across), common in the 17th century, cf. Evelyn, *Diary*, 24 January, 1684: 'Hardly could one see crosse the streetes.'

122. *mumbling*: literally 'chewing softly'; here in an implied sense, as in Etherege, *She wou'd if she cou'd* (1668), I. ii, where Sir Joslin says to Lady Cockwood, 'As I can [forbear] mumbling a pretty Wench when she comes in my way'; and Congreve, *Love for Love* (1695), V. i, where Sir Sampson says to Angelica, 'Give me t' other hand, and I'll mumble 'em and kiss 'em till they melt in my mouth.'

406. *Towser*: large dog for hunting, or bear and bull baiting; the earliest example in the *O.E.D.* Cf. *The Atheist*, III. 446.

453. *Clinquant*: Fr. *cliquant*, tinsel.

594. *down with your dust*: 'dust' here is slang for money. In Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, II. ii, when Limberham says that he will settle two hundred a year on Mrs. Tricksy, Aldo says, 'Before George, son Limberham, you will spoil all, if you underbid so. Come, down with your dust, man.'

IV. 655. *return to my Vomit*: Proverbs xxvi. 11.

V. 19-21. *The Wolves have prey'd etc.*: *Much Ado about Nothing*, v. iii; 'round' should be read for 'all'.

183. *Scour, scour, scour*: of 'scouring', or the riotous conduct of Restoration rakes at night, a realistic picture will be found in Shadwell's *The Woman-Captain*, III. Cf. also the following dialogue between Bluster, Dingboy, and Whachum in the same writer's *The Scowrers*, III:

Blust. Dear Squire Whachum! If ever there was such scowring in *High-Holburn* since 'twas built, may I never taste *Nants-Brandy* more at midnight.

Ding. The Nation will ring of us; such Exploits! such Atchievements! Not a window left in all the Inns of the Chancery . . .

Blust. Not a Tavern window in all the street has a Quarrel in it. *Whach.* Then how we scowr'd the Market people, overthrew the Butter-women, defeated the Pippin-Merchants, wip'd out the Milk-scores, pull'd off the Door-knockers, Dawb'd the gilt Signs!

Ding. But a pox on't, we were confoundedly beaten by the Hellish Constable and his *Posse* of Scoundrel Dogs.

248. *Jernie*: Fr. *jerni*, shortened form of *jarnidieu*, corruption of *Je renie Dieu*; a profane oath. Otway's use of it here is the earliest instance recorded in the *O.E.D.* But it occurs in Etherege, *The Comical Revenge*, 1664, I. i, 'Begar he did striké, breaké my headé, Jernie'

249. *Shock*: dog with long shaggy hair; a pet with Restoration ladies like the poodle with modern ladies. Hippolita says in Wycherley's *Gentleman Dancing Master*, III. ii, 'You men are like our little Shock-dogs: if we don't keep you off from us . . . you grow so fiddling and so troublesome.'

Chedreux: wig of a particular fashion, so called from a fashionable French perruquier of the seventeenth century; certainly the most stylish in that age since the great Sir Fopling wore it (Etherege, *Man of Mode*, III. 2).

258. *Westminster Drollery*: [See Introduction, *Covent Garden Drollery*, ed. G. Thorn Drury.] As a form of popular literature the 'drollery', or verse-miscellany of a lighter character, is the most characteristic and the most important product of the second half of the seventeenth century. Though some of the collections date earlier, the proper harvest time of the 'drollery' was after the Restoration. Thus we have the *Merry Drollery* in 1661 (reissued 1670); the *Westminster, Oxford, and Windsor Drollery* in 1671; *Covent Garden* in 1672; *Holborn, Norfolk,*

and *London* in 1673; *Bristol* in 1674; and the *Grammatical Drollery* in 1682. Of their authorship nothing is known except that 'Captain' William Hickes was the compiler and part-author of some. And though the work of better-known writers, especially songs, prologues, and epilogues, frequently crept into them, the drolleries in general leave much to be desired in pure literary merit, and were regarded as too 'low-brow' even in their own age. This is seen from the uncomplimentary manner in which Otway refers to the *Westminster Drollery* here and to the *Holborn Drollery* in the prologue to *The Atheist*, and in 'To Mr. Creech'. There is also the following satirical reference to the *Westminster Drollery* in a contemporary pamphlet, where the literary equipment of a town-gallant is thus summed up:

His whole Library consists of *Academy of Complements*, *Venus undress'd*, *Westminster Drollery*, half a Dozen *Plays*, and a Bundle of *Bawdy Songs* in Manuscript.⁹

The Character of a Town Gallant, 1675, p. 5.

According to the *Term Catalogues* there were two issues of the *Westminster Drollery* in 1671 (30 May and 10 July), a second part in 1672, and a third part in 1674.

V. 259. *Oxford Jests*: this was a collection of witticisms for popular entertainment like the 'Drollery'. Unlike the latter, the local appellation is not altogether unjustified, for some of the jests are about the University men. 'Captain' William Hickes was the compiler. The earliest reference to the work in the *Term Catalogues* is in Michaelmas, 1669, and after several reissues the seventh edition is recorded in Trinity, 1694.

The work is extremely rare, and the only copy that I have seen (Antiq. f. e. 2 Bodleian) is imperfect, and lacks the title and many other pages. To give an idea as to what the jests were like, two samples are quoted:

238

After supper in a College in Oxford, some of the young Scholars were throwing bones one at another, which the Principal spying, sent them word, *Now the bellies were full, the bones should be at rest.*

248

A Scholar was jeered on the rode for having but one spur on. Faith, says he, *if one side of my horse goes on, it is not likely the other side will stay behind.*

260. *Troy Town were a Tune*: The *O.E.D.* quotes this passage, and understands 'Troy Town' figuratively, as imply-

ing confusion and disorder, as in 'Troy-Fair', 'Troy-bane'. But it is more likely that Otway meant it to be taken literally, and with the ironical implication that the mastery of the tune 'Troy Town' on the cittern was the same doubtful accomplishment as the mastery of *Westminster Drollery* and *Oxford Jests*. Ballads composed in this period to this tune are extant, e.g. *Murther Unparallel'd*, published on a folio half-sheet in 1682.

V. 276. *Jessimine-Knaves*: 'Jessimine' is an obsolete form of 'Jessamy' or 'Jasmine', implying a 'fop' (O.E.D.).

468. *Jews Trump*: old musical instrument.

517. *the Exchange*: The New Exchange, a bazaar on the south side of the Strand, and one of the most fashionable resorts of the period. Edward Ward calls it the 'Seraglio of Fair Ladies . . . cloister of kind Damsels' (*The London Spy*, ix, 1699, pp. 10-12). Many scenes in Restoration plays are laid here: e.g. Etherege's *She wou'd if she cou'd*, III. i.; Wycherley's *The Country Wife*, III. ii.; and Otway's *The Atheist*, II.

520. *twiring*: giving sly glances. Cf. Etherege, *The Man of Mode*, 1676, III. iii, 'The Affected smiles, the silly by-Words, and amorous Tweers.'

Fop of the Corner: 'Fop-Corner' in Restoration theatres was that part of the pit where the foppsat. Cf. Dryden, *Prologue to Marriage A La Mode* (1673):

Fop-corner is free from Civil War,
White-Wig and Vizard-Mask no longer jar.

522. *Bona Roba*: wanton; used again in *The Atheist*, I. 260.

597. *squobb*: here in the sense of 'young' or 'tender' as applied to game; not quite developed to be eaten. The lady with her 'fierce Appetite' requires, as Goodville adds immediately afterwards, 'a substantial Dish'. For this sense of the term the O.E.D. quotes from Phillips, *New World of English Words*: 'A *Squab Rabbet* or *Chick*, one so young that 'tis scarce fit to be eaten.'

Epil. 4. *froward*: perverse; used again in *The Souldiers F.*, Epil., 31.

26. *Misses*: in the recent meaning of the term:

A Miss is a new Name, which the *Civility* of this Age bestows
on one that our *unmannerly* Ancestors call'd *Whore* and *Strumpet*.

The Character of a Town Misse, 1675.

THE HISTORY AND FALL OF CAIUS MARIUS

Ded. 25. *Mr. Waller*: reference to Waller's poem, 'To My Lord Falkland. In the year 1638', addressed to Lucius Cary, second Viscount Falkland.

Prol. 35. *Caesar's Absence mourn.* referring to the illness of Charles II which lasted from the third week of September, 1679, to the first week of the next month, and caused great national consternation.

II. 38. *Wormseed*: or Santonica, given to children as remedy against worms. The Nurse in Shakespeare applied 'wormwood', which is a different thing.

42. *teachy*: obsolete form of 'tetchy'.

50-1. *by my fackings*: 'fackings' or 'fackins' was an unmeaning substantive in exclamatory phrases expressing asseveration or astonishment.

78. *a man of Wax*: faultless as if modelled in wax (*O.E.D.*).

185. *sleer*: look askance.

411. *Kettle-fac'd*: with a face black as a kettle.

478. *Clack*: chatterbox.

III. 167. *versall*: contraction of 'universal'.

443. *strowl*: stroll. The earliest instance in the *O.E.D.*

IV. 194. *Quick-set*: hedge, thicket.

202. *Raggooners*: dragooners.

277. *sowce*: see note, *Friendship in F.*, IV. 81.

381. *Voidings*: fragments or remains of food removed from the table. The earliest instance in the *O.E.D.*

V. 118. *nye's*: Neyes, eyes.

205. *brussled*: bristled.

Epil. 14. Reference to Mrs. Barry's acting the part of Mrs. Gripe in Shadwell's *The Woman-Captain* at Dorset Garden. 'T'other Day' shows that Shadwell's play was first performed about September, 1679, just a little earlier than *Caius Marius*.

22. *third day's Pawn*: the profits of the third day's performance went to the dramatist.

THE ORPHAN

Ded. 16. *happy season*: the Duke and Duchess of York returned to England from Scotland on 24 February, 1680. See Prol, 25-36.

37. *offering at*: making attempt at. Many éditions omit 'at'.

I. 99. *half the Youth of Europe are in Armes*: reference to the warfare in Flanders and other parts of the Continent.

II. 23. *superstitious*: may be interpreted as 'over-scrupulous', 'punctilious', though that does not seem to give full sense. The reading was altered to 'supercilious' in the Mermaid Otway, which has much to be said in its favour.

III. 10. *succeeded in*: 'it' in some editions. But the sense is clear. 'came after'.

38. *Goblins*: the sense is not clear here. The reading was altered to 'Goblings' in the later quartos, and 'goblets' in the 1712 collected edition. It may be that the original expression had some special sense which is now lost.

501. A bad line, to be interpreted as 'the air which is sentient or capable of rest is (now) at rest and feels no noise'.

THE SOULDIER'S FORTUNE

Ded. 46. *a Lady*: traditionally taken to be Mrs. Aphra Behn.

Prol. 14. *a more pow'rful Saint: The Female Prelate*, by Elkanah Settle, acted at the rival playhouse, as the context shows, at the same time as this play.

I. 19. *Alsatia Bully*: see note, *Cheats of S.*, I. 266.

25-6. *Knight of the . . . Post*: well-known designation for the people who gave false witness for hire. Otway calls them 'peripatetick Philosophers of the Temple walks' as they plied for custom about the precincts of the Temple church.

—all sorts of witnesses

That ply i'th' Temple, under trees;

Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts.

Hudibras, III. iii. 759-61.

53. *Wapping*: a hamlet of St. Mary, Whitechapel; notorious for the prostitutes who inhabited it. Vanbrugh has 'Drab Alley at Wapping' in *The Relapse*, I. ii. Otway has 'Wapping Drab, or Shoreditch Quean' in *The Poet's Complaint*, 367.

103. *Piazza*: an arcade in Covent Garden market place;

a very popular resort, and many scenes in Restoration plays were laid there; e.g. Wycherley's *The Country Wife*, v. iii.,

I. 118-19. *and so*: in the sense 'and things of the kind', though extremely uncommon, and unrecorded in the *O.E.D.* But it occurs in Q 2 *Hamlet*, v. ii. 157, 'The King Sir hath wagherd . . . with' their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so'.

172 *a hummer*: i.e. one characterized by energy and activity (*O.E.D.*).

bona Roba: see note, *Friendship in F.*, v. 522.

177. *Lockets*: a famous ordinary, so called from Adam Locket, the landlord.

Next these we welcome such as briskly dine

At Locket's, at Gifford's, or with *Shataline*.

D'Urfey, *Prologue to the Fool turned Critick*, 1678.

198. *wheezing*: the original reading 'wheeting' does not give any sense; the nearest is the dial. 'wheety', meaning 'mean', 'shabby'.

208. *rake hells*: see note, *Cheats of Scapin*, I. 253.

219. *Blew Posts in the Hay-market*: well-known eating-house, referred to again in l. 294. In Vanbrugh's *The Provok'd Wife*, III, the Servant says to Sir John Brute, 'There's my Lord Rake, Colonel Bully, and some other Gentlemen at the *Blew-Posts*, desire your Company.'

235. *rampant*: lustful, as in l. 308 later in the scene; also cf. 'Thou Rampant Goat abroad' in *The Atheist*, IV. 545.

252. *blub*: full, swelling; used again in *The Atheist*, I. 455.

257. *mumbled*: see note, *Friendship in F.*, IV. 122.

264. *Towze and Rowze and Frouze and Mowze*: all these words have the same meaning, 'pull about', 'rumple', with a suggestion of lasciviousness. Phillis in *The Atheist*, v. 196-8, says, 'he fell a towzing, and a mowzing, and a meddling with me; I was never so afraid of being ravish'd in my life'.

305. *Carle*: a sturdy fellow, the same as 'churl', but without any specific reference to low birth or manners (*O.E.D.*).

326. *in their Copper trim*: i.e. spurious, worthless.

328. *the Mall*: a walk in St. James's Park, where Charles II played his favourite game of Pall Mall; a popular resort of that time. There are innumerable references to it in contemporary literature, and it supplied the title to a play, *The Mall: or the Modish Lovers* (1674), by J. D. (sometimes attributed to Dryden).

I. 329. *huzza*: hail. Courtine shouts 'Huzza, *Beaugard!*' in IV. 462, *post*.

329. *Bulkers*: whores. Otway uses it again in *The Atheist*, IV. 497.

337. *Crapish*: the sense of this word is not clear. Dial. 'crap' meaning 'filth', 'ordure', gives sense but is too uncommon. The best emendation would be 'crab(b)ish'.

O Crimine: this is the earliest example of this form of exclamation in the *O.E.D.*

346. *Fubses*: see note, *Friendship in F.*, III. 660.

376. *Swinging fellows*: see 'Swinger', *The Atheist*, IV. 356

383. *leading Apes in Hell*: old saying about the fate of women dying old maids.

408. *Doodle*: aged infirm person; the only instance cited in the *O.E.D.*

466. *Gate-House*: old prison, situated near the west end of Westminster Abbey. Sir Walter Raleigh is supposed to have written the passage beginning 'Even such is time' when he was kept there, and Lovelace the poem 'To Alithea, from Prison' (Wheatley, *London*).

472. *but*: here in the old sense of 'unless', 'except'.

486. *Tuffles*: loose tufts.

531-2. *Pidgeons* . . . *laid to a sick mans feet*: this remedy was widely believed in. Pepys records on 19 October, 1663, 'The Queen . . . was so ill as to be shaved and pidgeons put to her feet, and to have the extreme unction given her by the priests.'

II. 59. *combing and cocking*: as a form of foppery.

From one Play-house, to another Play-house, and if they [Restoration gallants] like neither the Play nor the Women, they seldom stay any longer than the combing of their Perriwigs, or a whisper or two with a Friend; and then they cock their Caps, and out they strut again.

Etherege, *She wou'd if she cou'd*, 1668, I. ii.

After this the Coach is call'd to hurry him [the gallant] to the *Play-house*, where he advances into the middle of the *Pit*, struts about a while to render his good parts conspicuous, pulls out his *Comb*, *Carreens* his *Wigg*. . . .

The Character of a Town-Gallant, 1675.

See also Dryden's Prologue to the Second Part of *The Conquest of Granada*.

II. 81. *dumb-found him*: this silly trick of 'dumb-founding', which consisted in striking a person suddenly without being detected (as Fourbin does here), was popular at that time and much practised in the playhouses. Dryden speaks of 'That witty Recreation, called Dumb-founding' in the Prologue to *The Prophetess*. Cf. also the Epilogue to Mrs. Behn's *The False Count* (1682):

Among all the follies here abounding
None took like the new Ape-trick of Dumbfounding.

129-30. *Kings Court*: in St. James's Park, where duelling was forbidden.

147. *Hounslow Heath*: was used as a camping ground for the army. Evelyn, who has several references to it, saw the new-raised army designed for France encamped there on 29 June, 1678. Tom Brown has a poem entitled 'Upon the Encampment on Hounslow-Heath' (*Works*, 1720, IV. 57).

167. *humph*: the inarticulate syllable 'h'mf', used as an interjection here, as in l. 593 *post*. It is used in the sense of 'signal' in l. 310 *post*, and in IV. 427.

216. *Pug*: as a term of endearment, used again in *Venice P.*, III. i. 20.

286. *glotingly*: sullenly, frowningly.

310. *humph*: see note, l. 167 *ante*.

433. *use*: see note, *Friendship in F.*, II. 102.

532. *Months mind*: longing; used again in v. 83, and in *The Atheist*, v. 288.

676. *another guess*: according to the *O.E.D.* 'guess' in this phrase and in 'other-guess' is a corruption of 'gates' meaning 'kind'.

III. 43. *composition*: see note, *Cheats of S.*, I. 108-9.

49. *Stomach*: see note, *Friendship in F.*, II. 27.

87. *the Temple*: cf. Edward Ward, *The London Spy*, VII, 1702:

I observ'd abundance of Mask'd Ladies, with rumpled Hoods
and Scarfs, their hands charg'd with Papers, Band-Boxes, and
Rowls of Parchment, frisk in and out of the Staircases. . . .
Said I, to my Friend, do you think all these Women . . . come
hither about law businesses that we see tripping backwards and

forewards so very Nimble? No, no, reply'd my Companion, these are Ladies that . . . have extraordinary business upon their Hands with many of the young Lawyers, tho' nothing in relation to the Law, for you must know, these are *Nymphs of Delight*, who only carry Papers in their hands for a blind. . . . You are now, I'll assure you, in one of the greatest places of Trade in Town, for Dealing in that sort of Commodity . . . and if you ever chance to meet with any of our Trading Madams, and ask them who Debauch'd 'em, it's ten to one but her Answer will be, a *Gentleman of the Temple*.

III. 91-7. *Swan at Knights-bridge . . . Barn-Elms, by Rosamonds ponds*: well-known resorts, their character obvious from the context. Mrs. Frail in Congreve's *Love for Love*, II, says, 'If I had gone to *Knights-Bridge*, or to *Chelsea*, or to *Spring-Garden*, or *Barn-Elms* with a Man alone—something might have been said' Rosamond's Pond was a sheet of water in St. James's Park, and Barn Elms a knot of lofty elms on its margin. The Swan was a notorious tavern at Knightsbridge. (See Wheatley, *London*.)

122. *climb Bow Steeple . . . bestride the Dragon*: the dragon on the steeple of the church of St. Mary Le Bow in Cheapside.

I could no more forbear staring at *Bow-Steeple*. . . . But, pray, said I, what is the meaning of that terrible Monster upon the Top, instead of a Fane, or Weather-cock? Why that (says my Friend) is a Brazen Dragon, exalted as an emblem of the Churches Persecution.

The London Spy, IV. 1699.

137. *riding*: 'ride' is used here in the same sense as in *Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), IV. 141, 'I will find out a Russet-coat Wench and a Hay-cock, And there I will ride Tan-tivee.' Cf. 'Riding Season', 'riding time' (*O.E.D.*).

189. *not a wet finger*: not at all; to do a thing 'with a wet finger' meant to do it with the greatest ease (*O.E.D.*).

243. *Chitsface*: chitty-face, baby-face. In Congreve's *Love for Love* (1695), IV. xiii, Ben says, 'Why, Father came and found me squabbling with yon chitty-fac'd thing, as he would have me marry.'

289. *Birdsnies*: a term of endearment; 'nye' for 'eye'; cf. 'pig's-nie'. The *O.E.D.* quotes Davenport's *City Night-Cap* (1661), II, 'O my sweet birds-nie! what a wench have I of thee!'

IV. 29-30. *Gentleman on the other side the Water*: Louis XIV; reference to the war in Flanders.

66. *Fellmonger*: dealer in skins and hides.

120. *Gunpowder spots*: beauty spots made with gunpowder.

Powder, which was for destruction meant,

Was here converted into ornament;

But yet retains its wonted nature still,

And from your neck, as from a Port, do's kill.

On a Blew Spot made in a Ladys Neck by Gun-Powder,
in *A Miscellany of Poems*, ed. A. Behn, 1688.

171. *sly Cap*: as we should say 'sly chap'; cunning person. The earliest example in the *O.E.D.*

281. *half Moon*: a formation of army drawn up crescent-wise (*O.E.D.*).

427. *hemph*: see note, II. 167, *ante*.

450. *your*: you'r, you're (you are)

453. *Buttuck*: buttock, slang for 'whore'.

460-1 *Constable, Watch, stokes, stokes, stokes, murder*: The *O.E.D.* quotes this passage under 'stock', meaning the obsolete wooden frame in which petty offenders were formerly confined. Apart from the possibility of 'stock' being ever pronounced with a long 'o' there is the additional fact that, in the sense in which the *O.E.D.* understands it, the passage would hardly be the natural exclamation of a person threatened with murder. It seems to me as if 'Stokes' was either the nick-name of police officers in general (like 'Bobby') or, what is more likely, the real name of some police officer of that time. In support of this suggestion I quote the following passage from Shadwell's *The Scowrsers*, 1691, I, where Ralph says to Sir William Rant, 'Why here, in *Covent-Garden* you would needs have a Skirmish with some drunken Bullies, awkward roaring blustering Rascals: And Brigadier Stokes with a detachment of Quarter Staves and rusty Halberds fell in Pell Mell and routed both Parties.' The fact that the word is printed in roman and with lower-case 's' is not a serious difficulty, as Q 1 is very badly printed.

465. *Whose*: for 'who's', as in ll. 553 and 661 later in the scene, and *Cheats of Scapin*, III. 150.

478. *Jack Straw*: worthless fellow; originally the name or nickname of one of the leaders in the rising of the Commons in 1381.

536. *Erasmus Paradise*: i.e. hung between heaven and hell.

IV. 561. *quest*: of hunting-dogs, to break into a peculiar bark at the sight of game; hence 'make a noise' (*O.E.D.*).

V. 5. *Geneva Bible or a Practice of Piety*: The Geneva Bible, popularly called the 'Breeches Bible', first came out in 1560. Lewis Bayly, Bishop of Bangor (d. 1631) was the author of the famous devotional work called *The Practice of Piety*. It came out early in the seventeenth century, but the exact date is not known. There was a third edition in 1613, and an eleventh in 1619.

It would appear that Courtine is not altogether in jest when he looks for a copy of the Bible and the *Practice of Piety* in the house as a confirmation of its being a brothel. From similar statements of other writers it seems as if it was the custom in such houses to keep these religious books. In one of his *Letters from the Dead to the Living* Tom Brown makes Mother Creswell, the notorious procuress of the time (see *Venice P.*, Prol. 33), say, 'I had a Church Bible always lay open upon my Hall-Table, and had every Room in my House furnish'd with the *Practice of Piety* and other good Books for the Edification of my Family' (*Works*, 1720, ii. 313). Again, in *The Bawdy-House* he says, '*The Bawd* . . . lives by the Sins of the People. Tho' she has generally *The Practice of Piety* in her Window, yet she knows of no Religion but chort Quaterns, and easy Bubbles' (*Ibid.*, iii. 297).

24-5. *ferreting Moorfields*: Moorfields was notorious for its houses of ill fame. On 24 March, 1668, Pepys talks of 'the tumult . . . about Moore-fields, among the 'prentices, taking the liberty of these holidays to pull down bawdy-houses'. Rochester, satirizing the author of the filthy play, *Sodom*, says, 'Thou Moorfields Author, fit for Bawds to quote'

30. *ferking*: beating.

44. *lelye*: variant of 'leally'; loyally.

334. *Leager*: (arch.) 'leaguer' meaning camp.

360. *stumm'd Wine*: to stum is to raise new fermentation in dead wine by adding stum or must to it.

559. *draggle tail'd*: with the skirt trailing in the ground in mud and wet; dirty, sluttish; used again in *The Atheist*, ii. 300, and v. 237.

Bridewell: a house of correction. Pepys went there on 22 August, 1664, when he saw, among others, 'one pretty whore brought in last night, which works very lazily'. The work, of course, was to pound hemp.

V. 592. *Ringoes*: variant of 'Eryngo', the candied root of the Sea Holly, formerly used as a sweetmeat and regarded as aphrodisiac (O.E.D.).

599. *Satyriorion*: kind of Orchis regarded as aphrodisiac (O.E.D.).

645. *Go from the Window*: popular old song, found with variation in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *The Woman's Prize*, *Blurt Master Constable*, and *Monsieur Thomas*.

693 *hanch*: hank, restraining hold. In Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, III. i, Woodall says of priests, 'They were cunning people, doubtless, who began that trade [matrimony], to have a double hank upon us, for two worlds; that no pleasure here, or hereafter, should be had without a bribe to them'.

Epil. 36. *Trincalo's and Stephano's*: in the alteration of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* by Dryden and Davenant. (Thorn-ton).

VENICE PRESERV'D

Ded. *Dutchess of Portsmouth*: Louise Renée de Quéroutalle (1649-1734), mistress of Charles II, and mother by him of Charles Lennox, first Duke of Richmond, referred to later in the dedication.

It is curious that this play, characterized as it is by a zealous partisanship of James, Duke of York, should have been dedicated to her. Otway must have been unaware of the fact that she had sided with Shaftesbury and other Whig leaders in their policy of excluding James from succession to the throne. Once the latter was out of the way, she had hopes of inducing the King to make her son his successor; though, it should be said, she changed her tactics and tried to befriend James later. Also, Otway's strictures on the dastardly attack on Dryden (Epil., 20) could not have been very palatable to her as she was in collusion with Rochester in that affair.

14. *Apple to an Emperour*: the apple of great beauty that a peasant offered to Theodosius II, Emperor of the East. The Emperor presented it to the Empress Eudocia, who in her turn gave it to her favourite Paulinus, from whom it came back to the Emperor. When questioned by her husband, Eudocia said that she had eaten it. The Emperor's jealousy was aroused

and the Empress lost his affection. Paulinus was banished and later killed. Massinger used this story for his *Emperour of the East*.

Pro1. The references here are to the events connected with the Popish Plot in the first twenty-two lines and to Shaftesbury personally in the last fifteen. The Tory writers of the day regarded the Plot as the invention of the Whigs in general and of Shaftesbury, their chief, in particular.

3. *three years*: Titus Oates made his first discovery of the Plot in September, 1678, and the play was first performed on 9 February, 1682.

8. *Inch-board Evidence*: The *O.E.D.* does not give any instance of precisely the same use of 'inch-board' as here, but it notes the expressions 'to swear through an inch-board or two-inch-board', meaning 'swear home or hard'. Otway's expression would therefore mean 'evidence furnished by hard swearing', and this interpretation would exactly suit the reference that he has here to the evidence of Titus Oates in connexion with the Popish Plot. Cf. the following ironical reference to Bishop Burnet and Titus Oates in a contemporary pamphlet entitled *A Sober Vindication of the Reverend Doctor and the Harmless Board* (1682):

Nor is the silly reflection upon his brother Dr. T. O. [Titus Oates] of more moment: For that Worthy Divine, let his Enemies say what they will, never did swear through an *Inch-Board*, though indeed he did once testify through a *Key-hole*.

15. *black Bills*: a kind of obsolete weapon like the halberd. One of the allegations made by Oates against Coleman in the latter's trial in connexion with the Popish Plot was about his complicity in a projected rebellion to be raised in Ireland, for which £2,000,000 and 40,000 black bills were provided.

The next point was what the Witness knew of any Rebellion to have been raised in Ireland. . . . The Witness being asked if he knew anything of *Arms*: Gave Evidence That 40000 Black Bills were provided to be sent into Ireland . . . they were furnished by the Popish Commission-officers. . . .

The History of the Plot, 1679, p. 3 [by Roger L'Estrange].

See also *A True Narrative of the Horrid Plot*, 1679, p. 7 [by T. Oates], and *The Tryal of Edward Coleman*, 1678.

16. *Spanish Pilgrims*: part of the deposition of Bedloe against Langhorn in the latter's trial on 14 June, 1679, was

about his complicity in a design of the Jesuits to land an army of Irish soldiers disguised as Spanish pilgrims in Wales. The evidence was that Langhorn was the recipient of a letter

from the Irish Jesuits in *Salamanca*, directing that . . . the whole Popish Party in England should be in readiness; for they had now gotten some *Irish* casheer'd Souldiers that should be laid to embarque at the *Groyne*, under the colour of *Pilgrims*, and then to land at *Milford Haven*.

The History of the Plot, 1679, p. 51.

See also *The Tryal of Richard Langhorn*, 1679.

Prol. 17. murther'd Magistrate: Sir Edmond Berry Godfrey (1621-78), justice of the peace for Westminster and Middlesex.

19-20. *four days stiff . . . ride in Chair*: reference to the circumstances connected with the disposal of Godfrey's body as they transpired in the trial of Green, Berry, and Hill on 5 February, 1679. The evidence was that after strangling him on Saturday night (12 October, 1678), his murderers carried the body to Somerset House where Hill had a chamber, and where they kept the body till the following Wednesday, when it was got up and so carried off about *Midnight* in a *Sedan* . . . all the Company helped to get him into it . . . and carried him on as far as *Soho Church*. *Hill* was ready there with a Horse, and there the body was set up astride and Hill rode behind it holding it up. . . .

History of the Plot, 1679, p. 65.

See also *The Tryals of Robert Green, Henry Berry and Lawrence Hill* (1679).

22. *Commission*: reference to the 'discovery' of Oates that the Pope had declared England to be his Kingdom, and sent over commissions for raising a rebellious army there. The commissions of the higher officers were said to have been sealed by Johannes Paulus de Oliva, general of the order of Jesuits, and those of the lower officers by Whitebread, the provincial in England. The long list of officers appears on p. 61 of Oates's *A True Narrative of the Horrid Plot* (1679). See also *The History of the Plot* (1679), and *The Tryals of William Ireland, Thomas Pickering and John Grove* (1678).

23. *Traitour*: Renault, meant to suggest Shaftesbury.

29. *Senatour*: Antonio, a caricature of Shaftesbury; the identity is evident from the name (Shaftesbury's Christian name was Anthony Ashley) and age ('Sixty one years old', III. i.

40) of Antonio, as well as from the fact that he is described as 'A fine Speaker in the Senate' in the *Dramatis Personae*, and is always made to boast of his power of making speeches. There is also his burlesque speech about the (Popish) Plot in Act v, 127-49.

Prol. 31. *lewdness . . . Letcher*: Cf. Dryden, *The Medall*, 36-41, for a similar description of Shaftesbury. In their political animosity the Tory writers cast no end of filth on him.

33. *Mother Creswold*: also spelt 'Creswell', a notorious procuress of the time, too well known in Restoration literature to need introduction. To represent the Whigs as patronizing her was a common taunt of the Tories. Thus the Whigs are labelled 'Creswellites' in a contemporary Tory pamphlet entitled *Tyburns Groans*. Also, cf. the following satire on the Whigs in *Song at the Loyal Feast in Westminster-Hall on July 10th. 1684*, a broadside of 1684:

Let *Ferguson* Preachers, and *Farrington* rank Letchers
No more cant *Sedition*, and *Church-Reformation*,
Come from flogging at *Creswells*, to saving the Nation.

Similarly, in a pamphlet entitled *A Letter to the True-Protestant-Doctor, the Reverend Titus Oates* (1684), Sir Thomas Pilkington, the Whig sheriff of London, is similarly satirized:

In your next, let me have account whether Sir *T. P.* is not pined away for the want of *Mother Creswells* Provisions for the Carnal part of him.

The taunt appears again in Otway in *The Atheist*, Epil., 35.

34. *Poland, Poland*: another, and a better known, banter of the Tories was to represent Shaftesbury as having aspired to the Polish throne in 1675. So Dryden wrote of 'the Polish Medal' in the opening of *The Medall*, and referred to 'many a poor Polander' in the 'Epistle to the Whigs' prefixed to it. This, and the fact that Shaftesbury had an abscess kept open by a silver tap procured him the well-known nicknames of 'Tapsky' or 'Potapsky'.

The literature of this current banter is large, of which the following prose and verse pamphlets may be mentioned: (1) *A modest Vindication of the Earl of S—y: In a Letter to a Friend concerning his being Elected King of Poland*, 1681. (2) *The Last Will and Testament of Anthony King of Poland*, 1682. (3) *Great News from the King of Poland*, 1682. (4) *The King of Poland's Ghost*, 1683. (5) *A Congratulation of the*

Protestant-Joyner to Anthony King of Poland, 1683. (6) *The Case is Alter'd now: or, the Conversion of Anthony, King of Poland*, 1683. (7) *The Last Memorial of the Agent from the K. of Poland*, 1683. (8) *The Polititian's Downfall; or Potapski's Arrival at the Netherlands*, 1684.

II. 43. *Ephesian Matron*. in the *Satyricon* of Petronius.

51. *mumping*: munching with toothless^s gum.

99. *Chargeable*: expensive, as in *The Atheist*, I. 123

220 *Sea-coal*: mineral coal as distinguished from charcoal.

300. *Bowels*: see note, *Cheats of S.*, II. 229.

III. i. 20. *Fubbs*: see note, *Friendship in F.*, III. 660.

Pugg: see note, *Souldiers F.*, II. 216.

81. *Basan-Bull*: Psalms, xxii. 12.

III. ii. 163. *Nose-slitters*: Under the Coventry Act nose-slitting was at this time considered as felony without benefit of clergy. The Act took its name from Sir John Coventry, who, as the result of having made some remarks upon the King's mistresses, Nell Gwynn and Moll Davies, in the House of Commons in 1670, had his nose slit to the bone by hired ruffians.

220. *foil*: track of hunted animal, here used figuratively.

249. *towz'd*: see note, *Souldiers-Fortune*, I. 264.

464. *Too blame*: see note, *Don Carlos*, v. 404.

V. 153. *Tory rory*: See note, *Friendship in F.*, II. 191-2.

158. *Hey then up go we*. forms the refrain of many a ballad of the time. It was a very popular tune. Thus we have *A New Ballad from Whigg-land* (1682), *The Thames Uncas'd* (1684), *A Looking Glass for a Tory* (1682), all composed to this tune. See also the quotation from *The Whigs Exaltation* (1682) in the note to l. 24 of the Epilogue.

356. *Huzzing*: echoic, like 'whizzing'.

Epil. 18. *Rascal's stab*: Thornton suggests that this may refer to the murder of one Scroop by Sir Thomas Armstrong in the Duke's Theatre. But, apart from the fact that it took place several years earlier, it does not seem from the context that Otway is thinking of any particular event.

20. *Rose-alley Cudgel-Ambuscade*: the well-known assault on Dryden on 18 December, 1679, in Rose Street in Covent Garden, by men in the pay of Rochester. Dryden was wrongly

supposed to have been the author of Mulgrave's *Essay on Satyr*, in which Rochester was severely handled.

Epil. 24 *Picture-mangler at Guild-hall*: The incident referred to here happened in January, 1682. *The True Protestant Mercury*, no. III, of 25-8 January, 1681-2, reported:

The Picture of the Duke of York in *Guild-hall*, having been cut and mangled, by an unknown hand, is since taken down, and likewise the Ornaments upon the Court of *Hustings* . . . to prevent the like for the future.

The Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen published a proclamation on Friday, 27 January, 1682, condemning the act and offering a reward of £500 for the discovery of the offender. A copy of the proclamation may be seen in *The Observer*, no. 95 of Wednesday, 1 February, 1681-2.

The Whig's Exaltation or, A Pleasant New Song of 82, an anti-Whig broadside of 1682, refers to the incident:

The *Whigs* shall rule *Committee Chaw*,
Who will such *Laws* Invent
As shall Exclude the *Lawful Heir*
By *Act of Parhament*.
We'l cut *His Royal Highness* down
E'en shorter by the *Knee*,
That He shall never reach the *Throne*,
Then *Hey Boys up go We*.

We'l Smite the Idol in *Guild-Hall*,
And then (as we were wont)
We'l cry it was a *Popish Plot*,
And swear those Rogues have don't,
His Royal Highness to Unthrowne,
Our Interest will be,
For if He e're Enjoy his Own,
Then *Hey Boys up go We*.

36. The Duke of York was at this time in Scotland, where he had withdrawn since October, 1680. He came back to England in March, 1682, within a month after the first production of the play.

THE ATHEIST

Ded. *Lord Eland*: William Savile (1665-1700), created second Marquis of Halifax on his father's death in 1695; educated at Geneva and Oxford; M.P. for Newark from 1689 to 1695.

42-3. *Tongue of an Angel*: the Exclusion Bill was thrown out by the Lords on 15 November, 1680, chiefly through the efforts of George Savile, first Marquis of Halifax. All writers have borne testimony to his great eloquence on this occasion. Burnet wrote: 'He gained great honour in the debate, and had a visible superiority to Shaftesbury in the opinion of the whole house' (*History of My Own Time*, ed. Airy, II. 259). Dryden's eulogy in *Absalom and Achitophel*, I. 882-7, is well known.

44. *Serpent*: i.e. Shaftesbury.

Prol. 21. *fegues*: 'does for', 'settles the business of'; as in Etherege, *She wou'd if she cou'd*, III. 3, where Sir Oliver says to his dancing partner, 'Oh my little Rogue! have I got thee? How I will turn and winde, and fegue thy body!'

Vizor-Masques: see note, *Friendship in F.*, I. 1.

24. *Two Houses joyning*: the union of the two theatres, the King's house and the Duke's house. The combined company gave their first performance at Drury Lane on 16 November, 1682, when Dryden wrote the 'Prolögue and Epilogue to the King and Queen'.

26. *Holborn-Ballads*: see note to *Westminster Drollery* in *Friendship in F.*, v. 258. Of the popular poetry associated with Holborn at least one collection has survived, and this is, perhaps, what Otway has in mind here: *Holborn-Drollery. Or, The Beautiful Chloret surprized in the Sheets: All the Love-Songs and Poems with which she has been Treated this Long-Vacation being Publish'd. To which is annexed, Flora's Cabinet Unlocked*, published in 1673. It is prefaced by two pompous addresses, the first to ladies, and the second to gentlemen. And though the compiler boasts that there is nothing in it that will put ladies 'to the Expence of a Blush', there is much that will put them to the expense of a yawn. Otway is certainly not wrong in including them among the 'Vast Deluges of Dulness'. He refers to them with similar contempt again in Act II. 274-5, and in *To Mr. Creech*, I. 35.

28. *Jockeys and Jennyes set to Northern Airs*: Jockey and

Jenny were the typical lad and lass of popular Scotch love-songs and ballads. Many of these may be seen in Thomas Durfey's collection, *Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719; e.g. those beginning 'Oh Jenny, Jenny, where hast thou been' (I. 169); 'Jockey was a dawdy Lad' (I. 289); 'Jockey was as brisk and blith a Lad' (III. 280); 'The Jockey Su'd me long' (III. 245); 'Tell me Jenny, tell me roundly' (III. 258); 'Jockey late with Jenny walking' (IV. 90); 'Jockey met with Jenny fair' (V. 317).

But here Otway is not thinking of these, but of the poems with a political character which employed the form and device of the popular Jockey and Jenny ballads for the purpose of describing and satirizing contemporary Scottish affairs. Several of these have survived. Of an earlier time we have *Jockies Lamentation, whose Seditious Work was the loss of his Country and his Kirk*, a broadside on Cromwell's conquest of Scotland. Coming to Otway's time, there is the broadside of 1679 entitled *Jockey's Downfall: A Poem on the late Total Defeat given to the Scottish Covenanters near Hamilton Park, June 22, 1679 by his Majesties Forces under the . . . Duke of Monmouth*. There is also a satire on the Whigs entitled *A New Ballad of Jockey's Journey into England, in the Year 1681. With his Remarks upon the Times*, a broadside of 1681.

I. 1. For the anti-matrimonial sentiments of the Restoration gallant, and his love of a life of pleasure, to which Beaugard gives expression in Act I, cf. *The Character of a Town Gallant*, 1675:

His Trade is making of *Love*, yet he knows no difference between that and *Lust*, and tell him of a *Virgin* at Sixteen, he shall swear then *Miracles* are not ceas'd. He is so bitter an Enemy to *Marriage*, that one would suspect him born out of *Lawfull Wedlock*, For he never hears Matrimony nam'd but he sweats and starts as bad as at the Salute of a *Serjeant* and has 40 Lines of *Conjugium Conjugium* got ready by heart to rail at it. But for the most delicious Recreation of *Whoring*, he protests a Gentleman cannot live without it.

57. *Scanderbeg-Monkey*: from Scanderbeg or George Castriotes, the famous Albanian warrior, who led a successful opposition against the Turks in the 15th century; in common use in a contemptuous sense.

110. *Smock-fac't*: i.e. having a pale smooth face; effeminate-looking; here in a transferred sense (*O.E.D.*).

I. 145. *Nits*: small gnats or flies.

200. *Famelick*: obs. adj. from 'family'.

261. *Bona-Roba*: see note, *Friendship in F.*, v. 522.

261-2. *Smithfield Horse-courers Equipage*: a 'horse-courser' was a jobbing dealer in horses. Smithfield was well known for its cattle-market. Bardolph went there to buy a horse for Falstaff. For a description of the horse-courers of Smithfield cf. *The London Spy*, v. 1699, p. 11:

Pray Friend, said I, what are those Eagle-look'd Fellows in their Narrow-brim'd White-Beavers, Jockeys Coats, a Spur in one heel, and Bended Sticks in their Hands, that are so busily peeping into every Horses Mouth, and saunter about the Market like Wolves in a Wildness, as if they were seeking whom they should Devour? Those Blades, says my Friend, are a subtle sort of *Smithfield-Foxes*, call'd *Horse-Courers*, who Swear every Morning by the Bridle, They will never from any Man suffer a Knavish Trick, or ever do an Honest one. They are a sort of *English Jews*, that never deal with a Man but they Cheat him; and have a rare faculty of Swearing a Man out of his Sense; Lying him out of his Reason, and Cozening him out of his Money. . . .

290. *the Plot*: the Rye House Plot, revealed in June, 1683.

296. *Assignations at Covent-garden Church*: Cf. *The London Spy*, ix. 1699, p. 12:

We over-took abundance of Religious Lady-birds, Arm'd against the Assaults of Satan, with *Bible* or *Common-Prayer-Book*, marching with all Godspeed to *Covent-Garden-Church*; Certainly, said I, the People of this Parish are better Christians than ordinary, for I never observed upon a Week day, since I came to *London*, such a Sanctified Troop of Females flocking to their Devotions, as I see at this part of the Town. These, says my Friend, are a Pious sort of Creatures that are much given to go to Church, and may be seen there every Day at Prayers, as Constantly as the Bell rings; and if you were to walk the other way you might see as many Young-Gentlemen, from the *Temple* and *Grays Inn*, going to Joyn with them in their Devotions; we'll take a Turn into the Sanctuary among the rest, and you shall see how they behave themselves: Accordingly we step'd into the Rank, amongst the Lambs of Grace, and enter'd the Tabernacle with the rest of the Saints, where we found a parcel of very Handsome Cleanly well-Drest Christians, as a Man would desire to Communicate with, of both Sexes, who stood Ogling one another with as much Zeal and Sincerity,

as if they Worship'd the Creator in the Creature, and Whispering to their next Neighbours, as if according to the Text, they were confessing their Sins to one another, which I afterwards understood, by my Friend, was only to make Assignations . . .

I. 307. *Points*: i.e. thread lace made with the needle. This modish term had recently come into use. The *O.E.D.* does not give any instance earlier than 1662.

Garnitures: see note, *Alcibiades*, Prol. 18

Mill'd Stockings: i.e. ribbed. The earliest instance in the *O.E.D.*

307-8. *Foubert's Academy*: the academy for riding, fencing, and other forms of physical training established by Monsieur or Major Foubert near Haymarket in the latter part of the reign of Charles II. The place where it stood was called 'Foubert's Passage' and is now called 'Foubert's Place' (Wheatley, *London*).

333. *nabble*: knabble, nibble.

351. *build Pauls again*: St. Paul's Church was destroyed by the Great Fire of 1665.

360-1. *Ballum-rancum*: naked dance; used again in Act III. 578.

455. *blub Lips*: see note, *Souldiers F.*, I. 252.

475. *New Exchange*: see note, *Friendship in F.*, v. 517.

II. 10. *Rappers*: a 'rapper' was a great oath. The term had recently come into use. The earliest instance in the *O.E.D.* is from Dryden's *The Kind Keeper* (1678), iv. i. 'Udsniggers, I confess, is a very dreadful oath. . . . If you can swear such Rappers too, there's hope of you.'

53. *Chase-guns*: The *O.E.D.* quotes from J. Harris, *Lexicon Technicum* (1704): 'Chase-guns are such whose Ports are either in the Head (and then they are used in chasing of others) or in the Stern, which are only useful when they are pursued or chased by any ship or ships.'

54. *athwart my Harser*: The *O.E.D.* points out that 'harser' (= hawser, large rope or small cable) has been used here in mistake for 'harse', a variant of 'hawse', meaning the space between the head of anchored vessel and the anchors.

55. *under Hatches*: below deck.

149. *Cream-pot*: dairy maid.

273. *Barn-elms*: near Putney; notorious for the ghostly

duel that was fought there between the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Shrewsbury (Pepys, 17 January, 1668).

II. 360. *faux Atheist*: for such combinations with 'faux' meaning 'sham', cf. Etherege, *Man of Mode*, iv. i. 'In *Paris* the Mode is to flatter the Prudè, laugh at the Faux-proudè, make serious love to the Demi-proudè, and only railly with the Coquettè.' Otway later has 'faux Baves' in Act iv. 4.

391-2. *shallow Monster*: so Trinculo calls Caliban in *The Tempest*, II.

III. 53. *Rant*: see note, *Friendship in F.*, II. 191-2.

59. *Aquamirabilis*: 'the wonderful water', a well-known cordial.

95. *top't it off*: to 'tope' is to drink off quickly and in large draughts. Cf. *News from Covent-Garden* (1675), '[The Gallants] briskly top'd off half a dozen Rummers of *Frontinac*'. Also, in Etherege's *Comical Revenge*, III. iii, Palmer says, 'Here's a good health to all that are so: Tope—here, pledge me'.

100-15. *nickt. . . . The Main was seven . . . the chance Four . . . two Deuces*: at the game of Hazard. Of the thirty-six changes, twenty-four were Mains, viz. eight Fives and Nines, ten Sixes and Eights, and six Sevens. If Seven was the Main and the caster threw Four, that was his Chance. If he threw Eleven, that was a Nick and he swept the board. Also; as happens here, he won if he threw two Deuces.

112. *powd'ring*: rushing.

155. *brustle*: go hastily with a rustling noise. A very rare term, as the *O.E.D.* quotes only one instance, from Rider's *Horace's Odes* (1636), I, 'The . . . green skind adder brustled through a bush'.

177. *Tick-tack*: also 'trick-track'; an old variety of backgammon, played on a board with holes along the edge, in which peps were placed for scoring (*O.E.D.*).

178. *Piece*: an old English coin, afterwards the sovereign and the guinea.

283. *kill a Beadle*: there is no point in Mr. Montague Summers's suggestion that Otway has a particular reference here to the murder of a beadle by three Dukes, which occasioned the Poem, 'On the Three Dukes Killing the Beadle', in *Poems on Affairs of State*. That incident took place, as the poem itself

says, on 26 February 1672, no less than twelve years before this play.

It is to be understood generally, as one of the 'scouring' feats that Daredevil, in the proper manner of a Restoration rake, would like to perform. So in Act v. 892-4, the Father says to Daredevil, 'Thy breaking of Windows, Killing Constables and Watchmen, Beadles, Taylors, Hackney-Coachmen, and Link-Boys'. See, also, note on 'scour' in *Friendship in F.*, v. 183.

III. 363-4. *win her with nothing but his Cap and Feather*: the cap and Feather denote the beau.

391. *prune*: prink, deck oneself with nicety.

504. *Wealth is a great*: from *Hudibras*, II. i. 453-66.

597. *chopping*: big, strong, vigorous; used again in iv. 505.

627. *whew'd*: hurried; the earliest example in the *O.E.D.*

IV. 48. *swinge*: chastise.

61. *Fox*: sword. The *O.E.D.* conjectures that this use arose from the figure of a wolf on certain sword-blades being mistaken for a fox.

84. *trippans*: from O.F. 'tripper', to trip.

142. *sculk*: i.e. skulk, hide; used again in Act v. 682.

163. *Thingum Thangum*: a meaningless expression, used to suggest vaguely what the speaker has in mind; like 'what-do-you-call-it'. The *O.E.D.* quotes this passage, but erroneously records it as the earliest instance of the usage, mistaking the date of *The Atheist* as 1680.

197. *Grubb-street*: Cripplegate, called Grobbs-street as early as 1307: The name was changed to Milton Street in 1830 (Wheatley, *London*).

351. *Conveniency*: like 'convenient', means mistress.

356. *Swinger*: vigorous, lusty person, with a suggestion that is understood from the context. Cf. v. 710-11 *post*; also Dryden, *The Kind Keeper*, I. i, where Aldo says of Woodall, 'Before George, a proper fellow, and a swinger he should be, by his make! the rogue would humble a whore, I warrant him'.

464. *chous'd*: deceived.

497. *Bulker*: see note, *Souldiers F.*, I. 329.

545. *rampant*: see note, *Souldiers F.*, I. 235.

IV. 546. *Like a Dog with a Bottle*: from *The Batchelors Song* by Thomas Flatman (*Poems and Songs*, 1674, p. 63):

Like a Dog with a bottle, fast ti'd to his tail,
Like Vermin in a trap, or a Thief in a Jail,
Or like a Tory in a Bog,
Or an Ape with a Clog:
Such is the man, who when he might go free,
Does his liberty loose,
For a Matrimony noose,
And sels himself into Captivity;
The Dog he do's howl, when his bottle do's jog,
The Vermin, the Thief, and the Tory in vain
Of the trap, of the Jail, of the Quagmire complain.
But welfare poor *Pug*! for he plays with his Clog;
And tho' he would be rid on't rather than his life,
Yet he lugg's it, and he hug's it, as a man does his wife.

V. 22-3. *Voluntier into Germany against the Turk*: reference to the siege of Vienna by the Turks, which began in the middle of July 1683 and lasted for two months.

30. *familiar at White-Hall*: see note on 'With-drawing room', *Titus and B.*, Ded., 28.

37. *Ready*: cant term for ready money. Otway's use of it is earlier than any recorded in the *O.E.D.*

Caravan: in thieves' cant, an object of plunder. Otway's use of it is earlier than any recorded in the *O.E.D.*

39. *high upon the Huckle*: i.e. well pleased.

53. *Dulcinea del Toboso*: sweetheart, from the name given by Don Quixote to his mistress.

196. *a towzing and a mowzing*: see note, *Souldiers F.*, I. 264.

251-2. *Doll-Common*: the Cheater's punk in Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist*; prostitute.

288. *Months mind*: see note, *Souldiers F.*, II. 532.

346. *Nutmeg*: for flavouring wine. 'And notemuge to putte in ale'—Chaucer, *Sir Thopas*, 52.

347. *Seven and Eleven*: throw in the game of Hazard.

Sink-Tray: Cinque-trois; throw of Five and Three in Hazard. Cf. Chaucer, *Pardoners Tale*, 325, 'Seven is my chaunce, and thyn is sink and treye'.

Doublets: (1) at dice, the same number turning up on both the dice at one throw; (2) old game at tables or back-

gammon. The *O.E.D.* records the passage under (2); but as the Father is referring to various throws at dice, (1) seems more appropriate.

V. 351. *Eighty eight Tune*: This was a favourite old tune. The original song was about the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588. *Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719, iv, gives on p. 37 'Sir Francis Drake: Or, Eighty Eight'. It also gives 'The Catholick Ballad' (p. 33) and 'The Jovial Bearward' (p. 38) to the same tune.

377. *Tripe*: imitation velvet of wool and thread.

484. *shuckle*: chuckle.

785-6. *the groans of the Protestant Board*: The story was given out in 1682 that a dresser-board made of elm uttered groans whenever it came in contact with anything savouring of Roman Catholicism, foretold the future, and replied to questions. *The True Protestant Mercury*, no. 181, of 27-30 September, 1682, reported: 'Yesterday the Groaning Board was before the King, and a man who eat as much *Poison* as would kill 12 Men, and when he swelled, went out and took an antidote and came into the Kings presence very well.' The prose and verse pamphlets called forth by the Board are many: *The last Words and Sayings of the True Protestant Elm-Board . . .*, *More last Words and Sayings of the True Protestant Elm-Board . . .*, *A Sober Vindication of the Reverend Dr. and the Harmless Board . . .*, all published in 1682. Bishop Burnet, who was derided in these pamphlets for his strong championship of Protestantism, replied in *A Real Vindication of Dr. B— from the Base and Scandalous Affronts . . .*, also published in 1682. References to the Board are also found in *An Assembly of Moderate Divines* (no date), and *The True Spirit and Elixir of Cant* (1684). The following passages are quoted from *A New song on the Strange and Wonderful Groaning Board* (1682):

Some say, you Groan like a *Whigg*
Or rather like a *Ranter*;
Some say, as loud, and full as big
As *Conventicle Canter*.

Some say, you do *Petition*,
And think you represent
The *Woe*, and sad condition
Of Old Rump Parliament.

Some say, 'tis a *New Evidence*
Or Witness of the *Plot*;
And can discover many things
Which are the Lord knows what.

V. 890-1. *Thy rubbing out Milk-scores and lamb-black* of *Signs*: part of the night-exploits of a Restoration rake. See note on 'scour', *Friendship in F.*, v. 183. Cf. also the following words of Sir Christopher Swash in the scouring scene in Shadwell's *The Woman Captain* (1680), III: 'Now let's break Windows. . . Pull down all the Knockers, and wipe out the Milk scores; will this Rogue my Footman never come with Lamb-black, and a Brush that we may blot out the signs.' To 'lamb-black' is to lamp-black.

1007. *Sings Old Simon*: 'Old Simon the King' was a favourite tune, and there are many ballads of this time composed to it; e.g. 'The New Market Song' (1684), 'A New Miracle of Dr. Nomans safe Return from the Grand Turks Court at Constantinople' (n.d.), and 'A General Sale of Rebellious Household-stuff' (1682).

1009-10. *Tabitha . . . Cutter*: characters in Cowley's *Cutter of Colerain Street*.

1013. *Malmsey Nose*: nose inflamed by drink. 'Malmsey' was a sweet wine, originally the product of the neighbourhood of Monemvasia in the Morea (O.E.D.).

1026. *too blame*: see note, *Don Carlos*, v. 404.

Epil. II. *Rocket on Queen Besse's Night*: Cf. 'November Squibs, and burning *Past-board Popes*' in *Poet's Complaint*, II. The reference is to the historical pageant of Pope-burning, or 'Solemn Mock Procession of the Pope, Cardinalls, Jesuits, Fryers', as it was also called. The discovery of the Popish Plot in 1678 gave a new impetus to the annual celebration of Guy Fawkes Day, and with the object of keeping aflame the anti-papist feelings of the London mob, the Whigs brought out their first Pope-burning pageant in 1679, having altered the date to the 17th of November, the day of Queen Elizabeth's accession. These pageants continued annually till 1682, when a royal proclamation forbade them and the effigies were seized. As political demonstrations they remain the most formidable and imposing that have been ever produced in England. Dryden describes them in *The Prologue to the Loyal Brother*,

1682, and Roger North's account appears in the *Examen* (1740), p. 579 sq. A good description will also be found in *The Domestic Intelligence* of Tuesday, 18 November, 1679.

Epil. 15. *Whig-Tyde runs out, the Loyal flows*: The ascendancy of the Tory party, which may be said to have begun from the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament at the end of March, 1681, was by this time complete. And it was particularly so in the City of London. The triumph of the Whigs at the election of Pilkington and Shute as sheriffs in the midsummer of that year was counterbalanced by the election of Sir John Moor, a strong Tory, as Lord Mayor the following Michaelmas. Their next triumph later in the year on Shaftesbury's release by the Grand Jury on 24 November also proved short-lived, for very soon after began that series of unscrupulous manoeuvres by which the Tories tried to get complete control of the jury system of the metropolis. The electoral body in urban constituencies was gradually reduced to complete subservience, and the charter of the Whig stronghold, the City of London, after being seriously menaced by successive *Quo Warrantos* in 1681-2, was ultimately confiscated in 1683 (see *Epilogue to Her Royal Highness*). The Duke of York was recalled from Scotland in March, 1682, and almost one of his first acts was to cast Pilkington for damages to the immoderate sum of £100,000. The Tory party, which did not show modesty in triumph, also returned their nominees North and Rich as the sheriffs of London towards the middle of that year by highly irregular procedure, and Pilkington, who attempted to foil the Tory Lord Mayor's arbitrary action in this connexion, was accused of riotous conduct, and heavily fined the next year. In November Shaftesbury fled, and a further humiliation awaited the Whigs when Sir Patience Ward, the Whig Lord Mayor, was wrongly convicted of perjury in May, 1683, to which the epilogue refers below.

24. *the Perjur'd Wretch*: Sir Patience Ward, the Whig Lord Mayor of London, elected on Michaelmas day of 1680. On 19 May, 1683, he was wrongly convicted of perjury in connexion with the action for *scandalum magnatum* brought by the Duke of York against Pilkington, the Whig sheriff of London, for which the latter was found liable for damages to the sum of £100,000 on 24 November, 1682. Pilkington, who had refused to accompany a deputation of the Corporation on 10 April, 1682, to pay respect to the Duke on his return from Scotland, was accused of having said that the Duke had burnt the City before,

and was then coming to cut their throats. Ward was accused of having sworn that to the best of his remembrance he had not heard these words spoken. He was found guilty, and would have been made to stand in the pillory if he had not fled to Holland. (See Burnet, *History of My Own Time*, ed. Airy, ii. 348-9.)

Epil. 27. *bepaw*: befoul as with paws.

31. *Insure your Ears*: this seems to have been the joke of the day. Compare the following broadside of 1683, written on the same occasion of Ward's conviction, and entitled *Hue-and-Song after Patience*:

Hail to London fair Town,
All hail to the Mayor and the Shreves;
Hail to the Scarlet Gown,
Whose Sentence our *Patience* grieves;

Some say, that the *Saints* may not Swear,
But lie ev'n as much as they can;
Yet *Patience*, in spite on's *Ears*,
Will swear and Forswear again:
That *Patience* should be so far lost,
Alas! who with *Patience* can hear?
That a *Saint* sho'd be Knight o'th' Post,
And an *Elder* without an *Ear*?

35. *Mother Creswell*: see note, *Venice P.*, Prol., 33.

THE POET'S COMPLAINT OF HIS MUSE

Thomas Earl of Ossory: Thomas Butler (1634-80), the eldest son of James, first Duke of Ormond; appointed Governor of Tangier in June, 1680, but died shortly after, on 30 July. Dryden's eulogy on him in *Absalom and Achitophel*, i. 831 sq., is well known. For Evelyn's eulogy see *Diary*, ed. Dobson, iii. 50.

47. The succeeding lines contain some autobiographical hints, for which see *Life*.

131. *Pusillage*: Fr. *pucelage*.

145. *Off-springs of the choicest kinds*: meaning *Don Carlos* principally, which was hailed as the best heroic play of the time. Otway's other masterpieces were not yet written.

218. *Sodom Farce*: *Sodom or the Quintessence of Debauchery*, a five-act play in heroic verse. The title sufficiently

denotes its character and content. The story goes that it was performed before a mixed audience presided over by Charles II, and that the actors appeared in their skin. It is supposed to have been printed at 'Antwerpen' in 1684 with the initials E.R., but the last extant copy is said to have been burnt by Bishop Heber. Manuscript copies exist in the British Museum and some other libraries.

The play has been attributed to Rochester, but though nothing definite can be said about its authorship, the arguments against ascribing it to Rochester may be thus summed up:

(1) The severe, even brutal, attack on it by Rochester in the poem, *To the Author of a Play called Sodom*. As to the argument that the writing of this poem was a subtle ruse on the part of Rochester to ward off suspicion about his authorship of *Sodom*, we can only say that though he might have done it, we do not know that he did it.

(2) The definite ascription of the play to 'One Fishbourn, a wretched Scribler', in footnotes to the above poem in the 1721 and 1731 editions of Rochester's works.

(3) The acceptance of Fishbourn, 'a member of the Inns of court', by authorities like Baker and Genest.

(4) The evidence furnished by Otway in this passage. As he is satirizing Rochester as 'Lord Lampoon and Monsieur Song' in l. 234 below, he has some other writer in mind as the author of *Sodom*.

About Fishbourn nothing is known except what has been said above.

225. *Who a late Session of the Poets wrote*: Otway had in mind Elkanah Settle. See *Life*.

234. *Lord Lampoon and Monsieur Song*: Rochester. See *Life*.

237. *The City Poet*: Thomas Jordan (1612?-1685), a prolific writer, author of a comedy, *Money is an Ass* (1663), and a considerable body of miscellaneous literature including poems and pageants. He was the poet of the Corporation of London from 1671 to 1685. His duty in this capacity was to invent pageants for the annual Lord Mayor's shows, and to compose panegyrics on the successive Lord Mayors elect.

Whether Otway had any particular reason for falling foul of Jordan is not known. It might have been nothing but the general contempt in which, as a writer, Jordan was held by his contemporaries. The other reason that may be suggested is

political: that Otway was angry with Jordan for having 'begot a Pageant' on Sir Robert Clayton, the Whig Lord Mayor elect of 1679. This particular pageant was called *London in Luster*, and was published the same year. It is also true that later in the year of publication of *The Poet's Complaint* Jordan made another pageant 'for the City's next Lord Mayor', Sir Patience Ward, another staunch Whig. This pageant, *London's Glory*, was published in 1680. But if this was the reason—no better is known—Otway's attack was certainly unjustified, for it was the official duty of Jordan to invent these pageants irrespective of the political creed of the Lord Mayors. And the next year, when Sir Robert Moor, a staunch Tory, became the Lord Mayor, Jordan's pageant, *London's Joy* (1681), was equally eulogistic and splendid.

246. *Libell*: this monster, as Otway has created it, is the allegorical embodiment of the Whig faction in the reign of Charles II. In describing it Otway gives an account of (1) the origin and development of the faction, (2) its object and spirit, (3) its activities, and (4) the character of the persons composing it. The lineaments of this symbolical figure are not always well defined in detail, nor did one particular person sit for it, though the features of Shaftesbury may be recognized here and there. But the broad outlines are clear, and may be thus analysed:

(1) The Whig faction in the reign of Charles II is the offshoot of the old regicidal spirit of the Civil War: 'Libell' is the offspring of the witch 'Good Old Cause' who lived in a cottage built 'of mens Bones slaughter'd in Civill War', whose hellish Charms bore the name of 'Godliness' (Puritanism), and whose pander was 'Presbyter Rebellion' [st. 9].

(2) The old spirit of the Civil War (the Witch) began to manifest itself again in the city after the Plague and the Fire of London [st. 10]; it gathered around it all the hypocritical, avaricious, self-seeking and anarchical malcontents, and inflamed the masses with political demonstrations [st. 11].

(3) 'Libell' is then born, and is attended at his birth by Hypocrisy, Impudence, Scandall, Malice, and Mutiny. His future libellous and anarchical nature is evident from his birth [st. 12].

(4) He is sent to nurse in Scotland: Otway's implication is that much of the political trouble in the reign of Charles II, as in that of Charles I, was fostered in Scotland. He must also have had in mind the recent rising of the Scots Covenanters

at Bothwell Brig in 1679, and the common cause made with them by the Whig party in England.

(5) 'Libell' is bred in the revolutionary politics of the Commonwealth, and learns the art of parliamentary debate for his anarchical designs [st. 14-15]. One of his principal weapons is pamphleteering in prose and verse [st. 16].

(6) Thus equipped, he is now out to destroy the royal brother. The reference, of course, is to the Whig policy of excluding James from succession to the throne.

259. *There liv'd a widow'd Witch*: Thornton aptly quotes the well-known passages from *The Fairie Queene* (III. vii. 6 and IV. i. 27) to show that Otway's description of the Witch and her abode is very much in the Spenserian manner.

269. *bore the name of Godliness*: this and the following lines satirize Puritanism.

277. *Backward repeat it all, as Witches Prayers do*: for this popular superstition cf. *Hudibras*, I. iii. 343-4:

He that gets her by heart, must say her
The back-way, like a Witches Prayer.

286. *Presbyter Rebellion*: in making Presbyterianism the pander of the Witch, Otway refers to the alliance between the English Parliamentary party and Scottish Presbyterians in the early days of the Civil War under the Solemn League and Covenant of 1643. He further describes it as 'late dead' (l. 285) in allusion to the recent routing of the Scots Covenanters at Bothwell Brig by the Duke of Monmouth on 22 June, 1679, a few months before the publication of this poem.

288. *The Good Old Cause*: the spirit of the Civil War. This shibboleth was frequently employed by the Tory writers of Otway's time against the Whigs to imply that the essential motive of the latter was the same as that of the rebels and regicides of the Civil War; or, to quote Roger North, the Whig faction against Charles II 'was a fresh Growth out of the *Caput mortuum* of that which actually destroyed King Charles I' (*Examen*, 1740, p. 16). Cf. *Absalom and Achitophel* II. 107-8:

But for the Good Old Cause, that did excite
Th' Original Rebels Wiles, Revenge and Spight . . .

Cf. also the titles of anti-Whig squibs as *The Good Old Cause Revived* (n.d., c. 1681); *Scandal Proof, or An Heroick Poem on the Renowned Champions of the Good Old Cause* (1681); and plays like Mrs. Behn's *The Roundheads or, The Good Old Cause* (1682).

292. *destroying Angel*: the Plague of London, 1665.

308. *Angel with a Sword of Flame*: the Great Fire of London in 1666. As Thornton notes, Otway adopts the common Tory doctrine of the time that the Fire was sent from heaven as a punishment for the sins committed by the nation during the Civil War and the Commonwealth. The Whigs, on the other hand, said that it was the work of Papists.

313-14. *The Witch . . . Began to show her elf again*: Otway rightly ascribes the rise of the anti-government party to the years immediately following the Fire of London. The principal factor that brought it into being was the cause of the Protestant religion at home and abroad. Otway refers to this in 'her pious old Disguise' (l. 312), with the additional implication that the rebels against the government of Charles II used the same mask of religion that had been used before by the rebels against the government of Charles I.

320. *Reuben*: Genesis xxxv. 22.

325. *to the City went*: the chief strength of the Whig party lay in the City.

327. *Suburb-Trull*: in Dryden's *The Kind Keeper* (1678), iv. i, Mrs. Pleasance, while driving the prostitutes away from the house, says, 'Down with the Suburbians, down with them'. The London suburbs were at this time inhabited by the lowest class of such women. Otway refers to Wapping and Shoreditch in this poem (l. 367), and to Moorfields in *The Souldiers F.*, v. 25.

330. *A Wight*: according to Thornton, Sir William Waller, the Middlesex magistrate ('Arod' of *Absalom and Achitophel*, II), is probably meant here. But there is nothing to make the identification with certainty.

332-3. The meaning is not quite clear here. Interpreting the passage as 'whose story forms an episode of *Hudibras*', it would seem that Otway is referring to Shaftesbury, who was satirized in the Third Part which came out in 1678. Otherwise the passage would mean that the 'Wight' went about his business as equipped as Hudibras starting out on his adventures.

347. *make their Godliness their Gains*: Thornton aptly quotes from *The Medall* (1682), 34-5:

He cast himself into the Saint-like mould,
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd while Godliness was gain.

As Otway's poem was earlier, the indebtedness should be on Dryden's side.

351-2. Reference to the sequestration during the interregnum.

358. *May-day-Routs*: refers to the annual political demonstration made by the Whigs on the 29th of May (the anniversary day of the birth and restoration of Charles II), which should be clearly distinguished from the other demonstration made by them on the 17th of November, viz. the annual Pope-burning pageant referred to in '*November Squibs. . . Popes*'.

Though not so formidable as the other, the Whig demonstration on the 29th of May had assumed proportions serious enough to have called forth a royal proclamation prohibiting it as illegal:

Whitehall, April 7. His Majesty in Council was pleased this day to make the following Order, and to direct it to be Published.

For the preventing tumultuous Disorders which may happen hereafter upon pretence of assembling to make Bonfires and Publick Fireworks, and disappointing the evil Designs of Persons disaffected to the Government, who commonly make use of such Occasions to turn those Meetings into Riots and Tumults:

It is this day Ordered by His Majesty in Council, That no person or persons whatsoever do presume to make or encourage the making any Bonfires or other publick Fireworks on the Twenty ninth day of May next ensuing, being the Anniversary day of the Birth and happy Restauration of His Most Sacred Majesty. . . .

London Gazette, no. 1502, April 8-12, 1680.

Cf. also *Ignoramus-Justice*, a satirical Tory broadside of 1682 on the trial and acquittal of Shaftesbury:

And now in spite of *King* and *Queen*,

With a fa, la, &c.

More Jollity was in the Streets to be seen,

With a fa, la, &c.

Then on the *Twenty-Ninth of May*,

Though it was the *Restauration-day*

With a fa, la, &c.

November Squibs and burning Past-board Popes: reference to the annual Pope-burning pageant made by the Whigs on the 17th of November. See note on 'Queen Besse's Night' in *The Atheist*, Epil., 11.

367. *Wapping Drain* or *Shoreditch Quean*: see note, *Epilogue to Venice P. on the Duke's Coming to the Theatre*, 44. Otway

is implying contemptuously that the Whig party was composed of the vulgar dregs of the London suburbs. These localities, especially Wapping, have, besides, an historical significance. The chief strength of the Whig party lay in the City, in such localities as Wapping, Southwark, Aldgate, Tower Hill, Cheapside, Mile End, and Temple Bar, and these places are frequently met with in the political literature of the day. Thomas Sprat in his *True Account and Declaration of the Horrid Conspiracy* (1685) mentions the Fortune at Wapping as one of the principal resorts of the fire-brands of the Rye House Plot. According to Christie, Shaftesbury moved from Exeter House, in the Strand, to Thanet House, in Aldersgate Street, in 1676, where he was in close touch with the City (*Life of Shaftesbury*, II. 224-5); Christie also mentions how Shaftesbury always relied on the support of the City, on 'his ten thousand brisk boys of Wapping' as he used to say, for the success of his political efforts (*ibid.* II. 448); and that after his downfall Shaftesbury lay in hiding in obscure places at Wapping for some time before he fled to Holland.

According to Roger North the Whig leaders often brought down mobs from these localities to intimidate authority. One from Wapping, and Southwark was mustered in February, 1677, in order to force Parliament into declaring itself dissolved (*Examen*, p. 66); and on another occasion, that of Shaftesbury's trial on 24 November, 1681, 'according to Custom, the *Wapping* and *Suburb* Detachments were upon Duty, possessed of the Yard, the Street, full of Insolence and Threats in their Bruit and Faces: And, when the Return of *Ignoramus* was made, there was an hideous Shout . . .' (*Examen*, p. 113).

Wapping and Shoreditch were notorious for their women of ill fame. Wheatley says, in *London*, III. 243-5, that to die in Shoreditch was not a mere metaphorical term for dying in a sewer. For Wapping, see note, *Souldiers F.*, I. 53.

385. *Pryn*: William Prynne (1600-69), the well-known puritan writer, author of *Histriomastix* (1632).

387. *Father was a Lord*: in all probability a reference to Shaftesbury, whom the Tory writers regarded as the source of the political trouble.

396. *Sister-witch*: Scottish Presbyterianism, the adherents of which formed the extreme faction against Charles I, and were still offering stubborn resistance to the misgovernment of Charles II. Otway has rightly made Edinburgh the abode

of the foster-mother of 'Libell'. During the days of the Popish Plot and the Exclusion Bill, the Whig Party in England espoused the cause of Scotland, and sympathized with the Scottish Covenanters when they rose in rebellion at Bothwell Brig in 1679. On 25 March, 1679, Shaftesbury made the famous speech before Parliament, in which he said, 'No good here till Scotland is redressed. The King cannot be good to us, as his nature is. Scotland is Mors in Olla'. According to Roger North, who calls this speech 'the signal to the Scotch Rebellion', numerous copies of it were sent the same night to Edinburgh to convince the rebels that there was a party in the English Parliament ready to support them. (*Examen*, 1740, pp. 77-8.)

This espousal of the Scottish cause by the Whigs, and even that particular speech of Shaftesbury's, are referred to in *Sejanus: or the Popular Favourite* (n.d.), a broadside against Shaftesbury and other Whigs:

<p>¹ Reported spoken by E. S.</p>	<p>Some raze a name, and some insert a clause, Order their Bills themselves, and Vote them Laws: With awful care some Scribes penning be A Speech for ¹ <i>Sister Scotland's Liberty</i>, 'Gainst <i>L—dale's</i> unbounded Tyranny.</p>
--	---

399. *Northern factious Town*: Edinburgh, the stronghold of Scottish Presbyterianism.

411. *rivell'd*: wrinkled.

439. *A Wretche's Converse*: it is impossible to say if any particular person is meant here.

464. *Forty one to Horrid Forty eight*: 1641 began with the Long Parliament still sitting, and ended with the Grand Remonstrance of 22 November, the signal for the Civil War; 1648 ended with the King being brought to Windsor on 23 December, his execution taking place shortly after on 30 January.

'Forty one' and 'forty eight' became the bywords for high treason, and were frequently employed by the Tories of Otway's time against the Whigs. Cf. the well-known Whig pamphlet, *An Appeal from the Country to the City* (1679), to which Otway refers later (l. 530)

These [the Tories] are the men who exclaim against our Parliaments Proceedings, in relation to the [Popish] Plot, as too violent, calling these Times by no other Name but that of 40

or 41. When to amuse as well his Sacred Majesty as his good People, they again threaten us with another 48.

489-92. Otway here imitates Butler both in style and subject.

For as we make war for the king
Against himself, the self-same thing
Some will not stick to swear we do
For God and for religion too.

Hudibras, I. ii. 513-16.

The Parliament derived great advantage from their hypocritical jargon, and those subtle distinctions by which they separated the King's *natural* from his *political* character. By these expedients they blinded the people; and while they furiously levied war against the person of the King, they affected to treat him, in his political capacity, as joined with the parliament, with respect. (Thornton.)

499-508. These lines may be taken to suggest Shaftesbury.

508. *green Ribband in his Hat*: a green ribbon in the hat was the party-badge of the Whigs at this time. Cf. Roger North, *Examen*, 1740, p. 272:

And this was the Club [of the Whigs] called, originally, The *King's Head Club*. The Gentlemen of that worthy Society held their Evening Sessions continually at the *King's Head Tavern* over-against the *Inner-Temple Gate*. But, upon Occasion of the Signal of a *Green Ribbon*, agreed to be worn in their Hats in the Days of *Street Engagements*, like the Coats of Arms of valiant Knights of old, whereby all the Warriors of the Society might be distinguished, . . . they were called also *The Green Ribbon Club*. Their Seat was in a Sort of Carfour at *Chancery-Lane End*, . . .

Cf. also *Sejanus: or the Popular Favourite*, a satire on Shaftesbury and the Green-Ribbonites:

This busie Noddle of the Factious Crew,
Not now distinguished by th' old Northern Blew, }
(The Badge of upstart Whigs must still be new)
With his Green bob in this new Senate sits,
And round him all those Liv'ry-men of wits;

The reference to the club in *Absalom and Achitophel*, II. 524-33 is well known.

523. *Painter's Advices*: Edmund Waller's *Instructions to a Painter* (1666) celebrating the naval victory of the Duke

of York over the Dutch on 3 June, 1665, introduced in English poetry a new style of writing about contemporary men and affairs in the form of a series of instructions given to an imaginary painter, and concluding with a short address to the King. The form soon became popular as a convenient vehicle for satire, though Waller had used it for eulogy. Sir John Denham is generally supposed to have been the author of four such 'Directions' or 'Advices to a Painter' published about the time when the Dutch sailed up the Thames and threatened London in 1667. They criticized the posture in which naval affairs stood at that time, and Pepys, who mentions three of them, says how the last made his 'heart ake to read, it being too sharp, and so true'. (*Diary*, 16 September, 1667.) Andrew Marvell poured into them his noble wrath against the government, and, by setting the seal of his genius on them, helped more than anybody else to popularize them. His *Last Instructions to a Painter* was written in 1667, *Farther Instructions to a Painter* in 1671, and the most important of all, *Advice to a Painter*, written about 1673, and first published, in all probability, in 1678. There were also *The Second Advice to the Painter* (circa 1679) and *New Advice to a Painter* (c. 1680), written in imitation of Marvell. The 'Advices' continued to appear after 1680: *The Third Part of Advice to the Painter, concerning the Great Turk* (1684), *Advice to a Painter upon y^e Defeat of y^e Rebels in y^e West* (MS., 1685), *Advice to a Painter, being a Satire on the French King* (1692), &c.

523. *Letanies*: another, and a more popular, kind of political and personal verse-satire was the 'Litany' in the form of a series of rhyming octosyllabic triplets concluding with the refrain 'Libera nos Domine'. Though they go back to pre-Restoration days, as in *A Free-Parliament-Letany*, *A Letany for the New Year with a Description of the New State*, and *A New Letany for these Times*, all dated 1659, their harvest time was the period of the Whig agitation in the reign of Charles II. Thus we have *The Loyal Subjects Littany*, *The Second Part of the Loyal Subject's Litany*, *The Loyal Protestants New Litany*, *The True Protestants Litany*, *A Letany for St. Omers*, all published as folio broadsides in 1680. There was also a large number of them after 1680.

524. *Ballads*: they were the most copious of the various kinds of popular literature called forth by the political and religious turmoil of the second half of the reign of Charles II.

They were generally issued as folio broadsides, and composed to popular tunes like 'Hey boys up go we', 'Cook Lorrel' and 'Packington's Pound'. They were also issued anonymously, as that was the only refuge for unrelieved scurrility, the one thing they seem to have aimed at. Only a few out of a multitude are mentioned: *The Catholick Ballad and Room for a Ballad* of 1674; *The Geneva Ballad*, 1678; *The Ballad of the Cloak, Geneva and Rome*, *A new Scotch Ballad call'd Bothwell-Bridge*, of 1679; *The Wiltshire Ballad* and *The Essex Ballad* of 1680.

530. *The Country's late Appeal: An Appeal from the Country to the City: For the Preservation of his Majesties Person, Liberty, Property; and the Protestant Religion*; perhaps the most violent political pamphlet ever written in English. It was signed 'Junius Brutus', and Charles Blount is now generally accepted to have been the author, though Robert Ferguson has been sometimes suggested. It had an enormous sale on its first appearance in 1679, of which year there are two issues extant, one in folio and the other in quarto. It provoked a great controversy, and there was an immediate reply by Roger L'Estrange, *An Answer to the Appeal from the Country to the City*, published in the autumn of 1679, and reprinted in 1681; there was also another pamphlet, *An Answer to the Appeal from the Country to the City expounded*, published in 1680. When Benjamin Harris, the editor of *The Domestic Intelligence*, was prosecuted for having printed the original pamphlet, the Whig majority in the House of Commons identified themselves with the sentiments expressed in it by making an address to the King in favour of Harris.

The pamphlet was bitterly anti-Catholic, and its object was to inflame the masses against the Duke of York, and to enlist sympathy for Monmouth as the better successor to the throne, and confidence in Shaftesbury as a public leader. It is to be doubted if there has ever been such a direct appeal to the fear and hatred of the masses as there was in this pamphlet when it warned Londoners against the Papists:

First, imagine you see the whole Town in a flame, occasioned this second time by the same Popish malice which set it on fire before. At the same instant fancy, that amongst the distracted Crowd, you behold Troops of the Papists, ravishing your Wives and Daughters, dashing your little Childrens brains out against the walls, plundering your Houses, and cutting your throats. . . .

549. *Royall Brother*: James, Duke of York.

582. *Spreading his Fleet*: reference to the naval victory of James over the Dutch off the coast of Suffolk on 3 June, 1665 (celebrated by Dryden in *Annus Mirabilis*).

632. *his retreat to Foreign Land*: James left England for Holland (and thence Brussels) on 3 March, 1679, at the request of the King, when the agitation over the Popish Plot was at its highest.

691. *there so tenderly embrac'd*: as Thornton says, Otway appears from l. 683 to have been present at the parting of the two brothers, and, therefore, probably describes the scene with accuracy; although it differs from the report of other authors, e.g. Burnet, who said, 'the Duke was sent away upon very short warning, not without many tears shed by him at parting, though the King shed none' (*History of My Own Time*). The same scene is more pathetically painted in *Absalom and Achitophel*, II. 592 sq.

EPILOGUE TO VENICE PRESERV'D ON THE DUKE'S COMING TO THE THEATRE

This epilogue was spoken on the occasion of a great triumph for the Tories. On the previous day (20 April, 1682) the feast given to James, Duke of York, by the Royal Artillery Company at Merchant Taylors Hall had been celebrated with great success; while the projected counter-demonstration of the Whigs in the form of a rival feast to be held at Haberdashers Hall on the day of this epilogue had been forbidden by royal proclamation two days before. See *Prologue to the City-Heiress*.

9-11. Reference to Scotland, where James was sent in October 1679, after his return from Brussels. Otway here expresses the same view as in *The Poet's Complaint*, that much of the national disaffection in the reign of Charles I and II was fostered in Scotland.

12-13. It is true that James had made himself popular in Scotland. Burnet, who had no great sympathy for him, wrote, 'The Duke behaved himself upon his first going to Scotland in so obliging a manner, that the nobility and gentry, who had been so long trodden on by the duke Lauderdale and his party

found a very sensible change; so that he gained much on them all' (*History of My Own Time*.)

15. *New-mo'd Rebellion*: the rise of the Whig party with its championship of Protestantism leading to the policy of excluding James from succession to the throne.

28. *Unmurm'ring to obey*: reference to James's withdrawal to Brussels in March, 1679, at the desire of the King, when the Popish agitation was at its highest.

31. *Bout'feu's*: incendiaries.

Petitions: reference to the practice of tumultuous petitioning for the holding of Parliament set on foot by the Whigs after Charles had, in the most arbitrary fashion, dissolved it in July, 1679, and it had become quite evident that his secret motive was to defer its sitting indefinitely by successive prorogations (as a matter of fact it did not sit till October of the next year). A petition to this effect signed by seventeen Whig peers and laid before the King on 7 December by ten of them, including Shaftesbury and headed by Prince Rupert, may be said to have started the agitation which very soon spread all over the country. An angry royal proclamation issued on 12 December forbidding such petitioning only aggravated matters. There were also counter-addresses from the Tories expressing abhorrence of such petitioning. The country was divided between 'petitioners' and 'abhorrrers'.

As the epilogue is addressed to the City, Otway had also in mind the more recent action of the Common Council of London in voting a petition to the King for the calling of a Parliament after the dissolution of the one at Oxford at the end of March, 1681. As the result of this, a deputation of the Corporation, including Sir Robert Clayton and Sir Patience Ward, the Whig ex-Lord Mayors, had waited on the King at Windsor on 14 May. They were refused admittance to the royal presence and told to go to Hampton Court, from where also they were dismissed with a snub.

The political literature of this period teems with references to these stormy petitions. Dryden refers to them in the *Prologue to the Loyal Brother* (1682):

The Critick humbly seems Advice to bring,
The fawning Whigg petitions to the King;
But ones Advice into a Satyr slides,
T'other's Petition a Remonstrance hides.

Also, *The Loyal Health*, a political squib of 1682.

But a pox take all those
That promoted *Petitions*
To poyson the Nation,
And stir up *Seditions*.

Similarly, the anti-Whig broadside, *The Cabal* (c. 1681):

To make Cabals, and by a bold Petition
Imbroil the Nation in a new Sedition.

38. *malecontents that ev'rywhere go arm'd*: Otway is thinking of the 'Protestant Nail', a pocket weapon carried by the Whigs at the time. It is said that in the days of the Popish Plot agitation following the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, so widespread and profound was the general terror that no Protestant would go out unarmed for fear of being killed by Papists. It is also said that ladies carried small pistols under their muffs when out, and had them under the pillow at night.

44. *Wapping Feasts, and Mile-End High-places*: see note to *Poet's Complaint*, 367.

The strength of the Whig party lay in the City, and these localities, especially Wapping, frequently appear in the political literature of the time as prominent centres of Whig activity. That there were frequent feasts given by the Whigs at Wapping and Mile End also appears from a contemporary Tory pamphlet satirizing Titus Oates, and entitled *A Letter from a Friend in London, to Another at Salamanca* (1681):

You wou'd not know him [Oates] from a *Tory* when he meets with a Plentiful Table and good Company, as that he has often done behind the *Exchange* as well as at *Mile End*, where he was Caress'd with Dukes and Earls, but at the Expence of the poor *Wappingers*.

Cf. also *Treason Unmasked*, a folio broadside of 1681:

Perkin makes fine Leggs to th' shouting Rabble,
Who to make him King, he thinks are Able.
But the Bauble
Is only chose for Use;
The silly Idiot serves but for a Tool still
For Knaves to work their Feats,
And remains a dull incipid Fool still,
For all their Damn'd Caballs and *Wapping* Treats.

45. *Medals*: obvious reference to the medal struck by the Whigs to celebrate Shaftesbury's release on 24 November, 1681,

the occasion of Dryden's *The Medall*, published less than two months before the day of this epilogue.

50. *Attoning*: 'atone' here means 'compose', 'reconcile'.

53. *Infant Prince*: this rumour, to which Otway gives expression here, about the Duchess being with child, was very widely circulated and much discussed at this time. But the prayers of Otway were not granted, for the issue was a daughter, Princess Charlotte Maria, born in August following. The Prince of Wales was not born till 10 June, 1688. Nat. Lee also expressed the same sentiments as Otway in *To the Duke on his return, In the Year 1682* (Tonson's 'Miscellany', Part I, 3rd ed., 1702):

Heaven eccho's Come, but come not Sir alone,
Bring the bright pregnant Blessing of the Throne.
And if in Poet's charms be force or skill,
We charge you, O ye Waves, and Winds be still,
Soft as a sailing Goddess bring her home,
With the expected Prince that loads her Womb,
Joy of this Age and Heir of that to come.

55. *He goes to fetch*: James sailed on 3 May to fetch the Duchess from Scotland. On this occasion, too, Otway's loyal wishes came to nothing, for the Gloucester frigate in which James sailed was wrecked off Yarmouth on 6 May with considerable loss of life, an event lamented in *Absalom and Achitophel*, II. 1065 sq.

PROLOGUE TO THE CITY HEIRESS

The City Heiress: an anti-Whig play by Mrs. Behn in which Shaftesbury is satirized as Sir Timothy Treatall, the hero; published in 1682. The reference in the prologue to the prohibited Whig feast at Haberdashers Hall on 21 April, 1682, as a recent event fixes the date of the first performance of the play as the end of April or early May.

Mrs. Barry: acted Lady Galliard in the play.

9. *roar*: see note, *Friendship in F.*, II. 191-2.

10. *gloat*: see note, *Friendship in F.*, III. 438.

11. *convenient*: mistress.

15-26. With this reference to Titus Qates compare Roger North, *Examen*, 1740, p. 205:

I . . . proceed now with our *Spanish* pretended Doctor, and his Pesadumbres. He was now in his *trine* Exaltation, his Plot

in full Force, Efficacy, and Virtue; he walked about with his Guards (assigned) for fear of the Papists murdering him. He had lodgings in *Whitehall*, and 1200 l. *per Annum* Pension. . . . He put on an Episcopal Garb (except the Lawn Sleeves) Silk Gown and Cassock, great Hat, Sattin Hatband and Rose, long Scarf, and was called, or, most blasphemously called himself, the Saviour of the Nation. Whoever he pointed at, was taken up and committed; so that many People got out of his Way as from a Blast. . . . The very Breath of him was pestilential, and, if it brought not Imprisonment, or Death, over such on whom it fell, it surely poisoned Reputation, and left good Protestants arrant Papists, and something worse than that, in Danger of being put in the Plot as Traitors.

19. *Yeomen*: the guards assigned to Oates by royal order.

28. *Pug*: small daemon or imp; a sprite; Puck.

31. *silken Doctor*: Oates had utilized his sojourn at the English Jesuit Seminary at Valladolid (from where he was expelled) for giving out that he had received the degree of Doctor of Divinity at Salamanca. A greater lie was never spoken. He was never at Salamanca in his life, and he had to put up with no end of ridicule for the lie. Dryden's irony in *Absalom and Achitophel*, l. 657-9 is well known. More blunt is the ridicule in *An Address from Salamanca, to her (unknown) Off-spring Dr. T. O.*, 1682, where his Alma Mater says:

Such are my Cares for thee, Oh! could I see
In *Parchment Records*, or in *History*
Thy Name Inroll'd, that I might Blessings give
To thy great Soul, by which thou maist live
But finding not thy Name, I scarce believe
Thou didst from Us a *Doctors* Garb receive.

31. *home-spun Ananias*: in 'home-spun' there is a sly hit at Oates's descent from a family of Norwich ribbon weavers. Cf. Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*, l. 638-9:

Prodigious Actions may as well be done
By Weavers' issue as by Prince's son.

In 'Ananias' the reference is to Acts, v. 1-6.

32. *Left the lewd Court, and did in City fix*: rapid as was the exaltation of Oates to popular and courtly favour after his first discovery of the Plot, his decline, when it came, was rapid too. The execution of Lord Stafford on 29 December, 1680, turned the tide of popular opinion against his Plot and ended his reign of terror. He was further involved in the general downfall of the Whigs that commenced with the dissolution of

the Oxford Parliament at the end of March, 1681. Though allowed to reside in Whitehall, his pension underwent successive reductions, till at the end of August, 1681, it was altogether discontinued, and he was turned out of Whitehall (*Hatton Correspondence*, 30 August, 1681). He then took up abode in the City, as appears in the following report of the *True Protestant Mercury*, No. 68, of 27-30 August, 1681:

We hear that his Majesty hath lately issued out an Order, not only forbidding Dr. Oates to have any personal recourse to the Court, and places adjacent, but hath suspended the Weekly allowance which he was formerly pleased to grant him; in pursuance to which Order, the Dr. hath begun to remove his Goods, and hath already removed the greatest part of them into the City.

34. *And fills the heads of Fools with Politicks*: this is corroborated by Roger North, who says that after the execution of Lord Stafford, on 29 December 1680, had ended Oates's reign of terror, the latter 'was content to take up with lesser Games, as going about soliciting and fomenting Matters against the Government' (*Examen*, 1740, p. 221).

35-46. The reference is to the well-known feast organized by the Whigs to be held at Haberdashers Hall on 21 April, 1682, as a counter-demonstration to that given to the Duke of York by the Royal Artillery Company at Merchant Taylors Hall on the previous day. Elaborate preparations were made, subscriptions collected, and a large number of tickets of invitation sent out. But a royal proclamation was issued on the 19th, forbidding the feast as factious and illegal, and causing great exultation among the Tories. Cf. *Absalom and Achitophel*, II. 915-20.

36. *zealous Guinny*: the tickets of invitation for this Whig feast were issued at one guinea each.

More to show us what Ninneys
Are all rebellious Beasts,
The Cuckolds sent in their Gunneys
To make this Jolly Feast.

The Whigg-Feast, 1682.

The Whigs from North to South, from West to East,
Did all Contribute to a LOYAL FEAST;
To this great work a GUINEY was the least.

The Loyal Feast, 1682.

40. *Sham-Thanksgivings*: The ostensible object of the

Whig feast will appear from the tickets of invitation, which read as follows:

It having pleased Almighty God by his wonderful Providence, to Deliver and Protect His Majesties Person, the Protestant Religion, and English Liberties (hitherto) from the Hellish and frequent Attempts of their Enemies [the Papists]: In testimony of Thankfulness herein, and for the preserving and improving mutual Love and Charity among such as are sensible thereof, You are desired to meet many of the Loyal Protestant Nobility, Gentry, Clergy, and Citizens on Friday the 21 day of this instant April, 1682 at Ten of the clock, at *St. Michaels Church* in *Cornhill*, there to hear a Sermon, and from thence go to *Haberdashers-Hall* to dinner; and to bring this Ticket with you.

This is also ironically referred to in *The Loyal Feast* (1682)

With Duty to their Lawful Prince,
A Loyal Subject every one;
To Pray for him is the Pretence,
And then to Rail and Plot against the Crown:
From *Church* they did intend to th' *Hall*,
Their Noble Guests to Entertain;
But they were Routed, Horse and all,
And Tony will never be himself again.

41. *Sham-Plots*: The full significance of the phrase, the sense in which Tory writers of this period used it, will be evident from Roger North's elucidation of it in *Examen*, 1740, p. 231:

The noble Captain *Dangerfield* [of the Meal Tub Plot] being an Artist in all Sorts of Land Piracy, translated this Word [i.e. *Sham*] out of the Language of his Society, to a new Employment he had taken up of False Plotting. . . . The Meaning is not simply a false Plot, but the Word implies somewhat of Trapan, joined with it. For the grand Plot of *Oates* was as false as any other can pretend to be; and, although it had a *Sham-plot*, like Jackall on Lyon, to attend it, yet itself was no *Sham-plot*, because all the Business was dispatched by pure and direct swearing, under which the Accused were passive, and concerned only in making the best Defence they could. But, when it happens that the accused are drawn in to entangle, or to make Evidence against themselves, or to accuse others falsely, though there be swearing enough into the Bargain, that is properly a *Sham-plot*.

EPILOGUE TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

18. *royal Boy*: see note, *Epilogue to Venice P. on the Duke's coming to the Theatre*, 53.

26. *Carry a Quo Warranto into France*: threaten the liberty of France. Read together with l. 23, the passage shows that Otway is thinking of the Duke of York's exploits against the French in Flanders under Spanish service in 1657-8.

In *Quo Warranto* the reference is to that highly unscrupulous campaign which the government of Charles II was at this time directing against the municipal independence of London, and which had begun soon after the release of Shaftesbury by the Grand Jury on 24 November, 1681. As the sheriffs of London were elected, and independent of state control, the government could not think of any other way of reducing the judicial machinery of the City to subservience except by attacking its very charter. The first *Quo Warranto* against the City was served on December, 1681, and the second in the next month. The charter was ultimately confiscated in 1683.

WINDSOR CASTLE

In a copy of the poem formerly belonging to Narcissus Luttrell, and now in the possession of Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith, Oxford, there is a Manuscript note in Luttrell's hand bearing the date 28 March, 1685, and the price 6*d*.

39. *Philistian Lords, &c.*: reference to the period of the Commonwealth.

51. *The first*: James, Duke of York.

55. *Reserv'd in Pleasures*: to be understood strictly as the language of panegyric. James, about whose innumerable and interminable amours even Charles II said that his brother had his mistresses given to him by priests as penance!

67. *the second*: the Duke of Gloucester, who died on 13 September, 1660.

173. *a noon-day Star*: the star that is said to have appeared at noon on 29 May, 1630, the day of Charles II's birth. It was celebrated by the poets of the day in many a panegyric; e.g. Dryden, *Astraea Redux*, l. 288, and *Annus Mirabilis*, stanza 18.

THE COMPLAINT

It is quite probable that this song was written about the same time as the Love-Letters, of which it reads like a distinct echo in parts:

The Song. I love, I dote, I rave with pain,
No quiet's in my mind

Letter I. I endure too much *Torment* to be silent. . . . I love you,
I dote on you;

The Song. My Rival's rich in *Worldly Store*
May offer heaps of Gold,

Letter II. Take it *ill Natur'd*, take it, give it to *him* who would
waste his *Fortune* for you; give it the *Man* would fill your
Lap with *Gold*, . . .

The Song. When like some panting hov'ring Dove,
I for my Bliss contend,
And plead the Cause of eager Love,
She coldly calls me Friend;

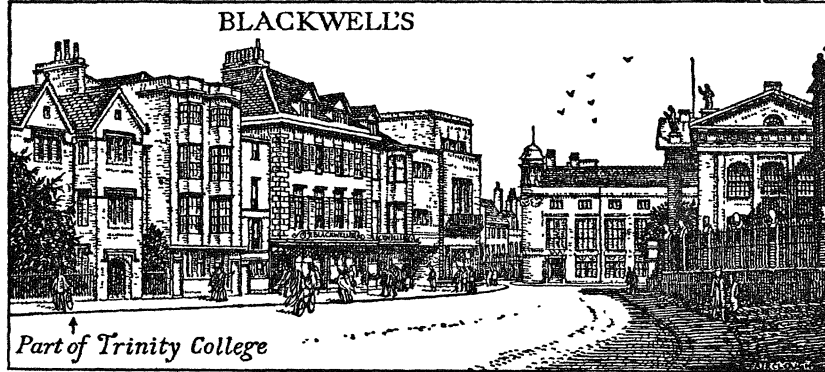
Letter II. I ask for *glorious* Happiness, you bid me welcome
to your *Friendship*, . . .

LOVE-LETTERS

Letter II. 56. *the Child*: in 1677 Mrs. Barry had a daughter by Rochester.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD
BY JOHN JOHNSON, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

B·H·
BLACKWELL
Ltd
48 to 51
Broad Street
OXFORD



THERE, in the Broad, within whose booky house
Half England's scholars nibble books or browse.
Where'er they wander blessed fortune theirs :
Books to the ceiling, other books upstairs ;
Books, doubtless, in the cellar, and behind
Romantic bays, where iron ladders wind.

JOHN MASEFIELD

Whatever book you may want, wherever you may be—

ask BLACKWELL'S

